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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editors beg to announce that Volume V., commencing January, 1833, of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY, will be materially increased in size, and no addition made to the present price, viz. TWELVE SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

We respectfully give notice, that we cannot answer for the insertion of approved Articles in our number for January, unless we receive them (post paid) on or before the 20th of November next; nor can we undertake to return MS. communications to their authors.

The surmise of a Correspondent regarding "any Charge" is erroneous; we charge for no species of communication, excepting advertisements.

Several articles are unavoidably omitted this quarter. We offer our best thanks to all friends whose papers are under our consideration.

We shall gladly receive the Articles alluded to in the letter from Edinburgh.

We offer our acknowledgments for the present of the Gaelic work. We have, at this period, really no time to send a written reply.

THE
CAMBRIAN
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
AND
Celtic Repertory.

No. 13.—JANUARY 1, 1832.—VOL. IV.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE CELTS,
ESPECIALLY OF THOSE WHO INHABITED NORICUM.

Translated from the German of Prof. Muchar, of Gratz.

“Nec me quis in favorem gentis, quasi ex ipsâ trahentem originem, aliqua addidisse credat, quam quæ legi aut comperi.” JORNAUD, *de Reb. Get.*

THE country lying between the Danube and the Inn, and between the Mount Kahlenberg and the southern chain of the Alps, was called, by the Romans, Noricum; such are the boundaries, as given by Ptolemy. The chain of mountains commencing three miles above Vienna, at the Kahlenberg, (Mons Calvus,) called by the ancients Mons Cetius, takes its course through Stiria, and comes in contact with the southern Alps; at this point of union Ptolemy places the mountain Karvankas, and the Hierosolimitan Itinerary fixes the Roman station Hadrante, the limit of Italy and Noricum. The Kahlenberg, in the other direction, descends in easy declivities towards Pannonia, (Hungary,) and, from its woody summits, was called Cetius, from the Celtic word Coed (wood); it is conjectured by the learned Magnus Klein that Kötsch, near Marburg, and Katschwald* in Stiria, are derived from the same word; according to Strabo and Isidorus Hispalensis, Orig. lib. 14, c. 8, the Alps, (Alpia, Alpiona,) were so originally named by the Celts. Noricum

* Katschwald corresponds with our Cotswold; in this and other instances, the Germans retained the original Celtic name of the place, and added a translation; thus Coed, wood; ~~wald~~, wood; Cotswold: Monybere in Hertfordshire; Mynidd, hill; ~~berg~~, hill: Carbury; Caer, fortress; ~~burg~~, fortress; Penhow, &c. &c.

comprised, according to the Romans, Upper and Lower Austria, a considerable portion of Stiria and Carinthia, a part of Western Tyrol and of Bavaria.

Nothing is known of the history of Noricum previous to its occupation by the Celts. The geologist observes, from the formation of the country, from the petrifications, and the impressions of fish on the rocks, infinite in number and variety, that Upper and Lower Austria must once have been covered by a vast lake, formed by its rivers, the Inn, Drave, Save, Mur, Traun, &c. &c. The declivity of the Stirian mountains, the masses of rock and stones rolled from those hills towards the plain, shew them to have been, at a remote age, one of its banks; the shattered fragments of huge rocks lying in awful confusion at Karst, in Carinthia, are a testimony of some convulsion by which, apparently, the lake found a sudden outlet. The first occupiers of this land had to contend with many difficulties; the extensive swamps that filled the air with paludinous exhalations fraught with death; savage animals whose remains announce to have been of a species now extinct; dark forests, and impenetrable thickets: even now, in the storm, when subterraneous rivers (of which there are several in Carniola) thunder through their gloomy caverns, the peasant crosses himself, and relates traditions of dark lakes of the ancient time, of devouring dragons, and devastating wild boars. Of the latter, Suidas speaks in allusion to the derivation of the name of an old city of that country: "Apud Noricos, aper, divinitus immissus, agros vastabat; quem cum multi invaderent, nihil proficiebant, donec quidam eum prostratum in humeros sustulit cujusmodi fabula et de Calydone refertur; cum autem Norici suâ voce exclamassent 'Vir unus!' urbs Virunum est appellata." Of the first occupants of the country, there is neither history nor tradition extant; indeed, little is known of the early Celtic settlers, they committed no records to writing, historical events were only commemorated by oral tradition, and verses which they recited; the wide extent of country from the Tanais to Gaul was long a terra incognita to the cultivated people of the South; it is to the conquest of the Romans, who planted their eagles on the Rhine and the Danube, that we are chiefly indebted for any accurate information with respect to Noricum. The fabulous narratives of the Grecians mention the excursions of Hercules and Ulysses to the land of the Hyperboreans, and Diodorus says, "Monumenta et tumulos quosdam Græcis litteris inscriptos in confinio Germaniæ Rhetiæque adhuc exstare." An Egyptian legend notices the voyage of a nameless mariner, who sailed from the Euxine up the Ister to where it separates into two arms, (an error of the ancients,) on the confines of Scythia and Thrace; by following one channel, he is said to have reached the Adriatic. At a very early period the wanderings of other travellers were laid down on charts pre-

served at Æa, in Cholcis; Apollonius says "*Ipsi scriptas avorum suorum conservant tabulas ubi omnia itinera et fines monstrantur.*" Such reports had reached Greece fifteen hundred years previous to the Christian æra; and, in reliance on them, it is related, the Argonaut Jason, on his return from Cholcis, followed by Absyrtus, the brother of Medea, endeavoured to escape from his pursuer by sailing from the Black Sea up the Danube, in order to reach the Ionian Sea; but searching in vain for that branch, and having followed its course to the Hercynian forest, he returned and embarked on the Save, from whence he sailed into the Nauportus, and up that river, until winter compelled him to disembark; his winter station he named Æmonia, (Laybach,) after his native country Thessaly: from thence, with the assistance of the natives, he carried his vessel over the mountains, until he arrived at another river, which conducted him to the Adriatic, near Trieste. The Cholcians, who were in pursuit of Jason, followed in the same direction, and they remained as new settlers in Istria, after Absyrtus had been killed by Jason or Medea. Although credit cannot be given to this narrative literally, yet it would appear that, at a very remote age, some connexion did exist between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Pannonia and Noricum. Strabo admits the expedition as an historical fact, from monuments that existed in his own time: "*Και εστιν υπομνηματα της αμφοιν στρατειας.*" Justin and Pliny mention the arrival of Jason, in the Adriatic, after sailing along the Save and the Nauportus; the ancients ascribed the name of the latter river to the circumstance of its having borne the Argo; and the island, at its confluence with the Adriatic, was called Absyrtides, from the death of Absyrtus. Pola was believed to have been founded by the Cholcians, his companions. Inscribed monuments are said to have existed of Ulysses' expedition into these regions; the ancient traditions of the people of Noricum, the pilgrimages which they are recorded to have annually made with offerings to Apollo, at Delphi, afford some foundation for believing that the Greeks had intercourse with this country, even before the invasion of the Celts, who, according to Justin, gained it by conquest: "*per strages Barbarorum penetraverunt, et consederunt, pugnando cum ferocissimis gentibus.*"

Strabo says that the general name of the Celts, west of the Rhine, was *Γαλαται*; some authors, however, divide them into three distinct nations, Aquitanians, Belgians, and Celts; the former being evidently a different race, "*τελεως εξηλλαγμενης*," both in language and in person, and bearing a resemblance to the Spaniards rather than to the Gauls.* The latter, he says, however,

* The word Gal indicates the vast extent of territory occupied by the Celtic people at various periods, viz. in Britain, Galloway, Galway, Caledonia,

do not speak precisely the same language, “*οὐκ ομογλωττους,*” but having some slight variety, “*μικρον παραλλαττοντας ταις γλωτταις.*” And Cæsar states that there were many different dialects among the tribes of Gaul, “*Hi omnes linguâ inter se differunt.*” It is of course natural to expect that in process of time changes should arise both in language and manners; but Strabo, though he admits that there are various dialects, yet that there is a strong personal resemblance throughout the Celtic nation, “*γαλατικην μὲν τὴν οψιν,*” they were like the Germans in stature and fairness of complexion, “*τῷ τε πλεονασμῷ, τῆς ξανθοτητος.*” It appears that, at a remote period, the Celts arrived in Noricum, from the East, as hunters with their bows, or as herdsmen with their cattle. The Nomadic throng marched from forest to forest, and wherever they found game or grass, that was, for a time, their home. A part of their nation crossed the Rhine and Gaul, and proceeded onward, until the ocean opposed the progress of their wanderings, and constrained them to expand themselves widely over the adjacent countries, and lastly to clear the ground of forests, and devote themselves to agriculture; so that after the lapse of years, they extended from Cadiz to the morasses of the Netherlands, and peopled each bank of the Rhine and the Danube, to the south-eastern extremity of Hungary; the plains of Austria, the mountains of Tyrol, as far as the shores of the Adriatic.

EMIGRATION FROM GAUL.

The great colonizing emigrations of the Celts had a considerable influence on the fate of Noricum and Pannonia; the Biturigian Celts had elevated Ambigat to the throne of Gaul 600 years before Christ: “*Celtarum quæ pars Galliæ tertia est, penes Bituriges summa imperii fuit ii regem celtico dabant.*” At that period the population had increased to such an amount that subsistence and space were deficient for the redundancy. Livy says, “*Imperio Ambigati, Gallia adeo frugum hominumque fertilis fuit, ut abundans multitudo vix regi posse videretur.*” From this circumstance resulted disunion and civil feuds, “*intestina discordia, et assiduæ domi dissensiones:*” as a remedy for the evil, Ambigat commanded his two nephews, Bellovesus and Sigoves, the most conspicuous in rank of the youth of his realm, to quit the country to seek other settlements, “*ad novas sedes quærendas,*” accompanied by

Wales; the Gallicias in Spain and Poland, Wallachia, Gaul, and Gallia Cisalpina, still called, in German, ~~Welshland~~; Galata in Turkey; Gallatia in Asia. In scripture we find there was a different dialect in Galilee, Mark, xv. 70. The Highlanders still call themselves Clan na Gael, (the children of Gal,) which corresponds with Beni-Gal, Bengal. The Cymri were possessed of the Crimea, Cimmerian Bosphorus, Cimbric Chersonesus, Gumri in Asiatic Turkey, Monte Gomero in Italy.

a vast portion of his subjects, and to take their direction according to the will of their gods. The leaders drew lots, by which Sigoves was commanded to conduct his followers towards the Hercynian forest, and Bellovesus to cross the Alps into Italy, of which the fruits and wines had already excited the cupidity of the Celts. They abandoned their country, each accompanied by 150,000 armed men, "*trecenta millia hominum*," besides a multitude of old men, women, and children; these directed their tardy march towards the Alps of Piedmont, but before they passed them, they halted to assist the Phocian colony to take possession of Marseilles; they then crossed over, and the plains lying between those mountains and the river Po were overwhelmed by Bellovesus, and his Biturigeans, Arverni, Ædui, Carnunti, Sennones, (the founders of Siena,) and other tribes. Through a false reading of Livy, it has been thought that Bellovesus, or at least a portion of his followers, took their way to Noricum, through Carniola; but Strabo clearly fixes the point of his passage, for, he says, he crossed where Hannibal did, "*Την δια Ταυρινων, ην Αννιβας διηλθεν.*" At subsequent periods additional tribes quitted Gaul, to join their brethren in Lombardy, and in the space of four hundred years all the different states in Upper and Central Italy had been overcome by the Celts, or had been constrained to form alliances with them. In two separate attacks of Rome herself, they brought that haughty city nearer to destruction than Porsenna, Pyrrhus, or Hannibal were able to accomplish. The monuments of their power still exist in Milan, Brescia, Verona, Como and Trent; where first the few forefathers of a numberless posterity fixed their humble dwellings, which were afterwards converted into fortified and distinguished cities; "*mediolanum metropolis, pagus olim, nam per pagos eâ ætate habitabant cuncti.*" (Cæsar.) The redundancy of population was the true cause of the Celtic invasion of Italy, and not, as attributed by fabulous tradition, to the display of fruits carried from thence by the Helvetian joiner Helico, or instigated by the revenge of Aruns, the instructor of an ungrateful prince. Perhaps to the increase of population, the cause assigned for these emigrations, may be added the spirit of enterprise and the ardent love of liberty, for which the Celts were remarkable, according to the universal testimony of ancient authors; for when one tribe, less powerful, was threatened by the oppression of another, they preferred the loss of home to the loss of freedom, "*immo potius cum omni familiâ migrarent quoties ab aliis validioribus pellerentur.*"

In the same year, Sigoves marched with the tribes attached to him across the Rhine, and reached their destination before those of his brother. The exact spots of the immense and ancient ("*congenita mundo*") Hercynian forest occupied by them have not been transmitted to us by history, but we are told that these were the tribes that in subsequent ages extended on to Pannonia,

Thrace, Greece, and Lesser Asia. Pompeius Trogus says, "*hortante dein successu, divisis agminibus, alii Græciam, alii Macedoniam, omnia ferro proterentes petivêre.*"

The Celts, at later periods, compelled by excess of population, for it is said by Strabo, "*Mulieres eorum pariendo educandoque foetu felices,*" or being stimulated by the hope of plunder, or the ambition of conquest, made farther important incursions. Pausanias informs us that the Celts, a nation inhabiting the uttermost parts of Europe, collected a vast body of men, (*contractis undique copiis,*) marched towards the Ionian Sea, and conquered all Illyria and Macedonia: "*quidquid gentium ad Macedonicum usque nomen patet oppressere.*" The first successful invasion was undertaken against Thrace, under the command of their leader Cambaul; but want of confidence, from the smallness of their numbers, dissuaded them at that time from an attack on Greece. In the mean time another portion of the Celts had taken possession, after sanguinary conflicts, of Pannonia, "*domitis ibi Pannoniis.*" Pausanias adds, that two hundred and eighty years before the Christian æra, being addicted to plunder, and impelled by a disposition for war, "*externis nationibus bellum inferre,*" they collected a large force of horse and foot, "*ingens manus peditum, neque multo equitum minor,*" which they divided into three columns, to invade Greece; one part of the army, under the command of Cerethrius, assaulted the Thracians and Triballi; another was conducted by Brennus* and Alcichor; and the third attacked the Macedonians and Illyrians, under Bolg. These armies did not, however, adhere to their original plan of a simultaneous irruption into Greece; for Bolg retired with his troops, after laying waste Macedonia; but Brennus, in the following year, with an army of 150,000 foot and 60,000 horse, overran Macedonia. Dissensions arose among his troops, and two leaders, Lomnor and Lutar, with considerable numbers, separated from Brennus, plundered Thrace, and forced their way to Lesser Asia, where they remained: these men were the founders of the kingdom of Gallatia, comprising Mæonia, Paphlagonia, Phrygia, and part of Cappadocia. Appian enumerates several of the tribes that formed that army, among which were the Trockmeri, Tolistoboi, Ambituri, and others; and Strabo makes mention of the tribe Tektosagi, as a part of Brennus's forces who plundered Delphi: but the greatest part of his troops perished in Greece, according to Polybius, as did also a reserve of 15,000 foot and 3,000 horse. Other detachments about to join Brennus returned to their native country, "*per eadem vestigia quæ venerant ad antiquam Patriam.*" Justin particularly mentions a part of the Tektosagi as having reached their former dwellings near Toulouse; and Athenæus names the tribe of the Scordisci, under their leader Bathanatius, as having settled on their retreat

* Probably not the real name but a title, Brenhin, king.

at the confluence of the Save and the Danube. Of these repeated warlike incursions of the Celtic nation, Justin remarks, "such was the multitude of their people that they were to be found dispersed over many parts of Asia, for the eastern monarchs would never commence any hostile operation without the aid of Celtic soldiers; and when they were expelled from their kingdoms, it was to that nation they fled for refuge: so great was the terror of the Celtic name, and such the confidence in their victorious arms, that kings relied on them as the only means of preserving their thrones, or of being restored to possession of them when lost, "*tantus terror Celtici nominis, et armorum invicta felicitas, ut aliter neque majestatem suam tueri, neque amissam recuperare se posse, sine Celticâ virtute arbitrarentur.*" The first mention of their bravery as stipendiary troops, is that contained in the letters of Themistocles, respecting the battle of Salamis, "*in navali pugna contra Xerxem præclare et fortiter dimicarunt.*"

According to Cæsar and Pliny, the Celts were divided into greater and lesser tribes, which preserved the distinguishing appellation wherever they emigrated, and settled apart from the parent stock. We have observed that part of the nation became possessed of the flat country about the Danube, and extended thence to the Alps and the shores of the Adriatic; the northern parts of which (the present Friuli and Carniola,) were occupied by the Carni or Carnuntæ. At their appearance the Veneti, and the relicts of Tuscan colonies placed there, were compelled to recede, as well as Liburnians, early celebrated as a maritime and commercial people. The Carni were descendants of those whose settlements were on the Loire and about Paris, and of whom considerable numbers accompanied Bellovesus into Italy. The towns they founded in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic were subsequently named Forum Julium, Concordia, Aquileia, Tergeste, and Œcra: the clan contiguous to them were the Taurisci, inhabiting the Alps; but the Carni must have extended, at some period previous to the Roman conquest of these territories, to the northern side of the Alps, as the names of places indicate, viz. the Carnian Alps, Julium Carnicum, in the Geilthal; Pliny mentions "*Julienses Carnorum,*" and Ptolemy the "*urbes Carnorum Mediterraneæ;*" but subsequently the political divisions and nomenclature of the Romans were substituted for the original Celtic names, and Carnia was lost in the "*regio decima Italiæ;*" however, the tribe of the Carni existed on the northern shore of the Adriatic as late as two centuries before Christ, which an inscribed monument found at Trieste attests, (Della Croce Hist. Trieste.) At last the general name of Noricum superseded that of the distinct clans; but, after the fall of the Roman empire, the ancient name of Carnia* has

* This district is still remarkably rugged, the surface being in parts covered with heaps of rock and stones,—Carn, in Welsh.

been revived in the present Carniola. Part of this tribe founded Carnuntum, on the Danube; the ruins of this city, once celebrated for its commerce, still exist: Zosimus informs us it was the seat of a Celtic colony.

The Celtic Taurisci are called by ancient writers promiscuously Tauristæ, Teurini, Troii. It has been conjectured that the name of Stiria is derived from thence; the old Celtic word Tor, meaning a mountain or high place, is evidently the origin of this appellation, and bore this signification in oriental languages, as well as those of the west: in Asia and Sarmatia there were mountains called Taurus. Stephanus of Byzantium says, the Taurisci are people living in the mountains, “*Ταυρισκοι, εθνος περι τα Αλπινα ορη.*” Some authors, by Taurisci, would convey the idea of mountaineers, but Polybius and others mention the Taurisci or Teurini as the name of a distinct clan, inhabiting the Alps about Turin, and the mountains of Savoy. Strabo also places them in the neighbourhood of the Carni, in the eastern Alps, near Aquileia: “*Και των κατα Ακυλειαν τοπων οικησι Νωρικων τινες και Καρνοι των δε Νωρικων εισι και οι Ταυρισκοι.*” This tribe is also recorded to have had settlements in Thrace, “*τοις Θραξι, τετοις δε και τα Κελτικα, οι τε Ταυρισκοι.*” The possessors of the Upper Alps about Mount Brenner* were the Bræani; these were the “genus implacidum, devota pectora morti liberæ.”

In the country about Salzbouurg where the salt mines exist, which it is known were worked formerly by the Celts, lived the Alaunoi, and the town close to the mines is now called Hallein: halan is the Celtic for salt. Noricum was celebrated in those days for its iron: Clemens, of Alexandria, states that the inhabitants manufactured brass, and were the first to purify iron: “*Νωρικοι κατειργασαντο χαλκον, και σιδηρον εκαθηραν πρωτοι.*”

THE WEAPONS, &c. OF THE CELTS.

The authors of antiquity unanimously ascribe to the Celts the advantages of a comely appearance: they were of robust and hardy frames, “*Viros et flore ætatis et corporum forma præstantes, immania, membra procera corpora,*” of fair complexions, “*lactea colla;*” from whence some have supposed they were called Celts, (Galatai,) “*Gallia a candore populi nuncupata,*” γαλα being the Greek for milk, (St. Jerom. præfat. ad epist.) They wore long hair, (hence gallia comata,) which was generally of a reddish cast, “*promissæ et rutilatæ comæ,*” and they adopted artificial means of tinging it of that colour: “*Inde truces flavo comitantur vertice galli; comas habent naturâ rufas studio tamen augent naturæ colorem.*” Pliny also says they coloured their hair, “*prodest et*

* As this mountain is the summit of that side of the Alps, it probably was called Brenner from Bryn-or, Celtic for cold ridge.

sapo, Galliarum hoc inventum rutilandis capillis." Their countenances were animated; their eyes blue and of a fiery expression, as if each contained two pupils, "truces et cærulei oculi pupillas in singulis oculis binas habere videntur." (Aulus Gellius.)

Hunting and fishing were their favorite occupations; they delighted in warlike expeditions, in which they were conspicuous for impetuous bravery, carried even to rashness; but in war they were stained with cruelty, the companion of uncivilization. Justin says, "universa hæc natio bellicosa est, et ferox ad pugnam prompta, gallorum gens aspera." Florus describes them as "animi ferarum." Some of the tribes were more distinguished than the others for their warlike disposition. Cæsar speaking of the Tektosagi, "habet gens ista summam bellicæ laudis opinionem;" but of the Celts in general, being inclined to warfare, it is needless to say more than to cite the words of Livy, "natio pervagata bello prope orbem terrarum." They appeared in battle with iron or leathern breastplates; in helmets of steel, on which were sometimes plumes of feathers, or horns; menacing crests, representing fierce animals: some were armed with crooked thin sabres, (spatha,*) adapted for rapid cutting; others used long, straight, pointed swords; they also had long iron spears, javelins, battleaxes, and slings, and were celebrated for their swift arrows.† Sometimes, with a fatal temerity, they devoted themselves in battle to certain death, fighting nearly naked; but in general they carried long narrow shields, on which were painted the figures of ferocious wild beasts, or the representation of some memorable action. They fought on foot, or in war-chariots occasionally, though they preferred being on horseback: on their cavalry they principally relied for victory, it was renowned in contests with the Romans; Strabo says it was more brilliant in action than the infantry, and that when subsequently their troops were incorporated with those of the Romans, that the flower of their army consisted of Celtic cavalry, "optimam equitatus sui partem Romani ab his habent." The nobles, and those invested with command, shone in armour inlaid with gold or silver, or wore over ordinary armour, quilted cloth of various bright colours; on their necks they had chains of gold, and they wore armlets (torc, in Celtic,) of precious metals set with coral. Silius says of them,

"Colla viri fulvo radiabant lactea, torque,
Ex auro et simili vibrabat crista metallo
Auro virgatæ vestes, manicæque rigeant."

Diodorus and Polybius state that their arms were ornamented with gold: "cum auro pugnare Torquatus indicio est, quippe tota acies torquibus aureis et virgatis sagulis fulgebat."

* From hence, perhaps, the verb spaddu.

† Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the excellence of the bows of the Silures in later days, which, he says, were of witch-elm.

In war they encountered their enemies openly, without recourse to stratagem, relying rather on their valour than on the wiles of tactics; "*aperti, minimeque insidiosi, qui per virtutem non per dolum dimicare consueverunt.*" They rushed headlong to the combat in blind rage, or under the excitement of intoxication, often without a preconcerted plan, or studious of the advantages of position, "*nullâ præter vim et audaciam re instructos.*" The same author relates that they were accustomed, before the commencement of a battle, to make vows and offerings to their gods, and were animated by the recital of songs commemorative of the achievements of their forefathers. When charging the enemy, they beat their shields with their swords, brandished their weapons, and uttered loud and menacing exclamations: the onset was furious; but in a protracted contest, and especially if under the oppression of a warmer climate than their own, they were deficient in perseverance; so that, if they did not overthrow their antagonist in the first dreadful collision, they were generally routed. Polybius says the Romans took advantage of the discovery of this circumstance, which they had learnt from experience of former attacks, of which also Livy has given a description corroborative of what is recorded by other historians of their appalling and deafening cheers: "*ad hoc cantus ineuntium prælium et ululatus et tripudia et quatientium scuta in patrium morem horrendus armorum strepitus!*" During the battle, the women and children, and those incapable of bearing arms, remained in the rear, in a situation fortified by their waggons: they excited the warriors to the combat with every animating exhortation; the timid they impelled either through violence or reproach; the valiant they rewarded with their admiration. Strabo describes the Celts as availing themselves of the advantages of victory with sanguinary and barbarous cruelty, that they were in the habit of tying the heads of their enemies to their horses' manes; and Posidonius states that he saw them exhibited over the gates of their towns, but the heads of the hostile leaders of rank were preserved by them by means of spices and drugs; they considered them trophies, which were ostentatiously displayed. The weapons of the vanquished were suspended in the houses, a ceremony which was accompanied by singing the praises of the victor; according to Diodorus, "*hostium spolia famulis tradunt in foribus domorum cum cantu atque hymnis affigenda; nobiliorum capita aromatibus uncta, in thecis condunt, ostendentes hospitibus nulloque pretio ea vel parentibus vel aliis reddunt.*" If the warriors were defeated, the women preferred death rather than survive those they loved: in this they were encouraged by the belief that they should meet them in a future state.

An invincible attachment to freedom, and a strong inclination to war, were their striking characteristics. The favorite subjects of their poetry were warlike prowess and the glory achieved in

their hostile irruptions, and these verses were transmitted through many ages to their descendants.

THEIR HABITATIONS.

The Celts lived in separate dwelling houses: they selected situations in woods by the banks of streams, "*vitandi æstus causâ.*" To these abodes they gave names descriptive of their locality, and sometimes the possessor was designated by the name of his residence.

Both the greater and lesser clans had their separate districts allotted to them, but which in the aggregate were comprehended in states, *ἑσθηματα*, (Strabo.) These consisted of a certain number of contiguous tribes, and when several were thus united, the district (*pagus*) was distinguished by the name of the more numerous tribe which composed it, and in whose territory was situated the principal place of strength, which, according to Justin, they learnt from the Greeks to fortify with walls and ditches; and later, in every hamlet united by consanguinity, (*Kidwâd*,) "*vicatim per familias cognationes*," arose a fortress, though Polybius says, "*villas habitabant nullis septas mœnibus*," yet in other parts of his writings he agrees with Strabo that they possessed fortified places. Athenæus makes mention of their cities: "*κωμοι και πολεις.*" The period in which they began to fortify is not known, but it appears, from Justin, that they were instructed to do so by the Grecian colony at Marseilles, from whom also they learnt the arts of more civilized life, "*ab his coloniis Phocæorum igitur, et usum vitæ cultioris et urbes mœnibus cingere dedicerunt.*"

To each separate dwelling was apportioned land and wood sufficient for the maintenance of the family, and when this increased beyond the means of subsistence thus afforded, a separation ensued in search of other lands.

The Celts lived in wooden houses, into which their cattle were brought for protection;* the roofs were of thatch, on which they placed large stones, to secure them from the effects of the winds: "*domos e tabulis cratibusque in speciem cameræ fastigiatæ vel tholi construunt multâ superinjectâ arundine vel magno imposito tecto.*"

* The custom of introducing the cattle into the dwelling house still exists in the mountains of Wales, and in the Caucasus.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

STAY, stay,
 Good New-Year's day!
 Just whilst my "thousand things" I sing or say.
 There, rest and list: but, first, resolve my doubt
 Where to begin;
 Or with the "opposition" year that's "out,"
 Or with the "ministerial" year that's "in."
 Well! be it with the last: "the last!"
 'Tis what thyself shalt be, ere twelve brief hours are past.

That year, that "last," is dead! and of its crew,
 Its "twelve" brave captains; serjeants, "fifty-two;
 And "rank and file" three hundred sixty-five,"
 Not one is left alive!
 Where are they now? ask of th' inconstant wind,
 Where thou may'st find
 The strains that, only yesternight,
 From pipe and jocund horn,
 Upon its viewless "wings" were borne,
 To prelude in thy long expected morn,
 Steeping our senses in delight;
 Or ask the virgin moon, whose brow,
 Unwrinkled, shines, where now
 Sleep all the glancing beams, that lit thy way
 To-day;
 And, when they've told thee, I will tell thee true,
 Where bides the parted year with all his crew.

But they have left their tokens; yes!
 Some in the sore distress
 Of friends, and weeping kin;
 Some, in the catalogue of sin,
 Fearfully multiplied; and some again
 In sickness, weakness, weariness, and pain!
 And is this all the reckoning? then farewell
 Gone year! and who shall ring thy knell?
 But no, thou unsubstantial shadow, no!
 We may not wrong thee so:
 O'er many a human lot thy presence threw
 A mantle of the freshest, greenest hue;
 Yea, there are those that almost could believe
 That year one summer's eve:
 And, on their heart,
 Thine epitaph have penned,
 As of "a dearest friend,"
 And wellnigh wept from such a friend to part.

But this is to delay the song
 That does to thee, my gentle Day, belong,
 Trick'd out in all thy bravery;

The quaint fantastic gear,
Which thou hast worn this many a hundred year:
(For thou art old, tho' young,
Born, when the infant world from nothing sprung:)
And ready, in thy glee,
Amid the sprightly din,
That warns us of thy "coming in,"
To foot it on the crystal snow,
With all thy store of New-Year's gifts, a goodly, goodly shew!

So now I brace the lyric string,
Thy praise, and only thine, to sing.
And now, ye bells, your merry descants ring:
And now, good maids, and youths, your wonted off'rings bring!
Lo! there they are—

"Gloves" for the honest hand to wear;
"Penknives" the grey goose quill to mend,
That friend may talk with friend;
And "Almanacks," with crimson covers,
To note the meeting hours of lovers;
"Comfits," for younger folk, and "cakes;"
Bright "silver sixpences," for your dear sakes,
Ye serving damsels! hoarded up;
And, for the hearty clown, the froth'd and brimming cup.

Lo! they are there:
And each and all shall share
My roundelay.
For each and all belong to thee, oh jocund day!
But who are ye dark scowling wights, that come,
With measur'd steps, like spectres, and as dumb?
And why, with shaking head, and waving hand,
Bid ye our choral troops disband,
As if sweet minstrelsy were treason to the land?
Oh, ye are they
That would uncalendar our New-Year's day.
Fashion, of dainty garb, and mincing mien;
And Pride, that deems the touch unclean
Of lower folk; and he, the cheat that tries
To foil unwary eyes,
Dress'd in religion's rev'rend guise.
Now hold, ye nightmares of this ridden earth!
And we will shew you why the day is consecrate to mirth.

Life is the journey of a parlous way,
Stage after stage:
And some its morning reach, and some its day,
And some its night of age.
And little reck'd it to the tale
Of this life's fortunes, when or where
The pilgrim's march might fail,
If all were black and bare;
If not a sunbeam cheered,
If not a flower appeared,
If not a friend bore company, his wanderings still to share.

New-Year's Day.

But life, with all its sorrow,
 And tho' it may not borrow
 Assurance for the morrow,
 Hath its joys, too,
 Nor mean, nor few :
 Friendship and love connect him with his kind—
 And he hath converse with the things of mind ;
 And he hath 'eyes to see,' and 'ears to hear'
 The charms and wonders of this poised sphere ;
 And what is better, heart and soul to trace
 The mercies of that richer world of grace.
 These its keen relish to our being give,
 And wing that praise, "Thanks be to God we live,—
 "And still
 "In that good school may discipline the soul
 "For its acceptance at the heav'nly goal
 "On Zion's hill!"
 And when with thee we stand, fair Day!
 We know that we have reached a stage of their own parlous way ;
 We joy that yet a "little longer's" giv'n,
 That we may win our upward flight to heav'n.

 And, "two-fac'd" Janus! even thou canst teach,
 Thou, whom the "nat'ral man" of yore
 Chose, from his deities, to go before
 The months of the revolving year,
 And did a temple to your name uprear,
 (So tell the masters of the Roman lore,)

That pleasant 'tis, to onward time to reach,—
 Pleasant to see th' unwearied sun,
 "Rejoicing as a bridegroom," run
 His course anew,—
 To see, in graceful dance,
 Advance
 The hours, the months, the days,
 Hymning, in Faith's calm ear, their mighty Master's praise ;
 Pleasant to feel, in nature's deathlike face,
 To love and life reviving,
 The token that our mortal race
 Once run, is not our all,
 Nor this revolving ball
 Our only home,
 Throughout the universal, circling dome,
 But that another bourn "awaits our earthly" strivings.
 So "two-faced" Janus taught
 Such were the whisp'rings of the inward thought
 In "lightless" man :
 But we
 Have our clear promise of eternity ;
 And, more than he,
 May love the herald of the annual train,
 The "witness," too, which cries aloud "that promise is not vain."

 But list! ten thousand thousand spirits chide
 The ling'ring of the new-born "tide."

Bring me the wassail bowl,
 And this shall be the theme we troul.
 "Here's to thee, Pride!
 "And Fashion! e'en to thee;
 "And Health, and Wealth, and Glee;
 "To all—yea, to the very caitiff, there, that lowers,
 "And calls it piety, on all our mirthful hours."
 Now let the choral band
 Join hand in hand,
 And deftly foot it, on the sparkling ground,
 Ice bound;
 And bear the joyful greeting round;—
 Now strike a fuller strain;
 A fuller one again;
 Now let the "gifts" be sped,
 Till not a hand be left ungarnished.
 And now, once more, the burden bear,
 And let the wretch be mute, who dare.
 "To each and all, love and good cheer!
 "And happy be the New-born Year!"

W. V.

 ANECDOTE OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES AND THOMAS DAY.

ON removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor: Sir William, with some warmth, said to his friend who was present, "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with a composure for which he was remarkable, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider: suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over that insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a much more noxious animal than this poor spider."

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

THE oldest Welsh document I know, is a ms., in the opinion of the best judges, of the tenth century: it consists of a few pages bound up in the middle of a volume, in the Harleian library, in the British Museum, marked No. 3859. It was pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Petrie, keeper of the Records in the Tower of London, and appears to be either a portion of the work of Nennius, or of a Chronicle of the Six Ages. The volume has the words "*Britannia insula a quodam Bruto consuli Romano dicta*," in one part; and concludes with *Finit αλλεχι*, or something very like it. Although but a fragment, this Welsh portion is especially curious as a specimen of ancient orthography; and that it may be the better understood, I shall attempt to give the modern mode in a second column.

Ué map Iguel,	Owain or Ywain (died in 987,) son of Hywel dda, (died in 949.)
map Catell,	son of Cadell, (died in 907.)
map Rotri,	son of Rodri, (surnamed the Great.)
map Mervin,	son of Mervyn (Vrych, or the Freckled.)
map Ethhil merch Cinnan,	son of Essyllt, daughter of Cynan, (surnamed Tindaethwy.)
map Rotri,	son of Rodri (Moelwynog.)
map Iutgual,	son of Idwal (Iwrch, or the Roe.)
map Catgualart,	son of Cadwalader.
map Catgollan',	son of Cadwallon.
map Catman,	son of Cadvan.
map Iacob,	son of Iago.
map Beli,	son of Beli.
map Run,	son of Rhun; (other pedigrees make him son of Eyniawn, the eldest son, Rhun being the second.)
map Mailcum,	son of Maelgwn (Gwynedd.)
map Catgolan' lauhir,	son of Caswallon Law-hir, (Long Hand.)
map Einau' girt,	son of Einiawn Urth.
map Cunedd,	son of Cynedda (Wledig, or the Illustrious; other pedigrees make Einiawn the son of Caredic, son of Cynedda.)
map Æcern,	son of Edeyrn.
map Patn̄ Pesrut,	son of Padarn Beisrudd, (Crimson Coat.)
map Tacit,	son of Tegid.
map Cein,	son of Cain.
map Guorcein,	son of Gwrgein.
map Doli,	son of Doli.
map Guordoli,	son of Gwrddoli.
map Duwn,	son of Dwvyn.
map Gurdn',	son of Gorddwvyn.
map Amguolos't.	(This name is omitted in other pedigrees.)

map Aguerit,	son of Anwerid.
map Oumu'.	(Omitted in other pedigrees.)
map Dubun,	son of Diwe.
map Brithguein,	son of Brychwyn.
map Eugene,	son of Owain.
map Avallac,	son of Avallach.
map Amalech, q' fuit Beli magui fili ^a , et Anna matr ^a ei ^a , qua' dict' ce ^r c'sobrina Marie virginis, matr ^a . Dni nri Ihu Xpi.	son of Amalech; (other pedigrees have Lludd,) who was the son of Beli the Great, and Anna his mother, who is styled the cousin of the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. (George Owen Harry, in his Genealogy of King James I., a rare tract, says that the error about the Virgin Mary arose from writing B.M. for Beli mawr, which was construed into Beata Maria.)
Vern map Elen merc Lou- warc, map Hiwert, map Tancorste, merc Ouci'.	son of Elen, daughter of Llywarch.
map Marget iut.	
map Teudos.	
map Regin.	
map Catgocan',	son of Cadwgan.
map Cathen,	son of Cadvan.
map Cloten,	son of Cloten.
map Nongor.	
map Arthur,	son of Arthur.
map Petr,	son of Pedr.
map Cincar.	
map Guortepir.	
map Aircol.	
map Triphua.	
map Clotri.	
map Gloitguin.	
map Nimec.	
map Dimec.	
map Maxi ^r guletic,	son of Maxon, the Illustrious.
map Ytec.	
map Ytector.	
map Ebiud.	
map Eliud.	
map Stater.	
map Ymermisser.	
map Constans,	son of Constans.
map Constantini magni,	son of Constantine the Great.
map Constrantu ~ Helen, luicdauc q' de Brittannia exivit ad crucem Xri que- renda usq ^a ad Ierlm ⁿ , ~ inde attulit secu' usq ^a ad C'stantino- poli, ~ ibi usq ^a in- hodiernu' dic'.	son of Constantius and Helen, the leader of a host who departed from Britain, in order to search for the cross of Christ, as far as Jerusalem, and thence brought it with him to Constantinople, where it is said to remain at this very day.
Iguel map Caratauc,	Howel, son of Caradoc.

map Meriaun,	son of Meiriawn.
map Rumaun.	
map Eumaun.	
map Iagor.	
map Catgual crisbau,	son of Cadwal.
map Cangan.	
map Meic.	
map Cinglas.	
map Eugein daut guin,	son of Ywain White Teeth.
map Enniaun girt,	son of Einiawn Yrth.
map Cunedda Udgual,	son of Cunedda, (the illustrious Idwal.)
map Tutagual,	son of Tudwal.
map Anarauc,	son of Anarawd.
map Merwin,	son of Mervin.
map Anthel.	
map Tutagual.	
map Run.	
map Neithon.	
map Senill.	
map Dinacat.	
map Tutagual.	
map Eidinet.	
map Anthun.	
map Maxim guletic, q' occidit Gratianu' regi Romanorum.	son of Maximus the Illustrious, who killed Gratian, king of the Romans.
Un map Archgal.	
map Duagal.	
map Riderch,	son of Rhydderch.
map Eugein.	
map Dunagual.	
map Teudebar.	
map Beli,	son of Beli.
map Eifin.	
map Eugein.	
map Beli,	son of Beli.
map Neithon.	
map Guipro.	
map Vugual hen.	
map Cinuic.	
map Ceretic guletic,	son of Caredig the Illustrious.
map Cynloip.	
map Cinhil.	
map Cluin.	
map Cursale.	
map Fer,	son of Fer.
map Confer, ipse vero olicauc dimor me con-uendi t' est.	son of Confer, he indeed—(the remainder I do not find perfectly intelligible.)
Iderch hen.	
map Tutagual.	
map Clinoch.	
map Dumgual hen, linog Eilin map Cinbelin.	son of Dumwal the Old, of the lineage of Eilin, the son of Cynvelin.

map Vu'gual hen rugen.	
map Cinmarc,	son of Cynmarch.
map Merchin nu',	son of Meirchion.
map Gurgust.	
map Coil hen,	son of Coel the Old.
Vallauc,	Gwallag.
map Laenauc,	son of Llenaug.
map Masguic clon.	
map Ceneu.	
map Coll hen orcauc.	
map Coledauc.	
map Morcant vulc.	
map Cincar vrauc.	
map Bran hen,	son of old Bran.
map Dugual moilmuc,	son of Dyvnwal Moelmud.
map Garbaniaun.	
map Cofi hen.	
map Guorepauc.	
map Tecma.	
map Teu' nthauc.	
map Telpu.	
map Urb ilan.	
map Grat.	
map Lumecel.	
map Ritigirn.	
map Oudecant.	
map Outigir.	
map Ebiud.	
map Eudos.	
map Eudelen.	
map Avallac.	
map Beli,	son of Beli.
Anna, Unauc.	
map Pappo,	son of Pabo.
map Ceneu,	son of Ceneu.
map Coll hen, urci	son of old Coll.
ha peret me pion	
Eleuther cascord	
maur.	
map Lectum.	
map Ceneu,	son of Ceneu.
map Coll hen riphu,	son of old Coll.
map Regin.	
map Morgetind.	
map Teudos.	
map Regin.	
Egin iudon iouen tres filii	
Morgetina sc. Rapiud,	
Teudos Caten, tres sc.	
filii Neugof Siannuc	
Elired, filia illor-	Their daughter was mother to the King of Powys.
mater erat Regis	
Powis.	
Un map Neichon.	
map Caten.	

map Caurta,
 map Sergua.
 map Leta.
 map Catleu.
 map Catel.
 map Decion.
 map Cinis scaplaue.
 map Louhe.
 map Guidge.
 map Caratauc,
 map Cinbeli.
 map Teuhauc.
 map Constantis,
 map Constanam magm,
 map Constantius,
 map Galern,
 map Diocletian, qe-
 psecut^r est Xriatios
 toto mundo: in tēpore
 illi 'passi sunt beati
 martures in Britannia
 Albanus, Julian, Aron,
 cū allis complurib^s.
 map Caroi,
 map Probi,
 map Titii,
 map Aureliam,
 map Antun et Cleopatre,
 map Valerian,
 map Galli,
 map Deci^o. m.
 map Philippuu
 map Gordian,
 map Maxim',
 map Alexande,
 map Aurelian',
 map Mapmau Catiu^o.
 map Antori.
 map Severus,
 map Moclus,
 map Comodius,
 map Antonius,
 map Adumanus,
 map Traian,
 map Nero, sub quo passi
 sunt beati ap^{li} Dni
 nri Ihu Xri, Petri et
 Pauli,
 map Domitianus,
 map Titus,
 map Vespasian,
 map Claudius,
 map Tiberius, sub quo
 passus e' dn^s nr̄ Ihe
 Xri.

son of Cawrdav.

son of Caradoc.

son of Constans.

son of Constantine the Great.

son of Constantius.

son of Galerus.

son of Diocletian, who persecuted the Christians throughout the world. In whose time suffered the blessed martyrs, Alban, Julian, Aron, with very many others.

son of Carausius.

son of Probus.

son of Titus.

son of Aurelian.

son of Anthony and Cleopatra.

son of Valerian.

son of Gallus.

son of Philip.

son of Gordian.

son of Maximus.

son of Alexander.

son of Aurelian.

son of Severus.

son of Commodus.

son of Anthony.

son of Trajan.

son of Nero, under whose reign suffered the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, Peter and Paul.

son of Domitian.

son of Titus.

son of Vespasian.

son of Claudius.

son of Tiberius, under whom suffered our Lord Jesus Christ.

Octavianus Augusti, Cessaris. In tempore il li ^a natus est Dn's nri Ihe Xri.	Octavianus Augustus Cæsar: in whose time was born our Lord Jesus Christ.
Uhelm, map Bley diud, map Caratauc, map Lonatiaul. map Eiciaun. map Brocmail, map Ebiau. map Pobdelgu. map Popgen. map Isaac. map Ebiau. map Mouric. map Dinacat. map Ebiau. map Dimaut. map Cuneda, map map Brocmail. map Iustumet. map Egeneud. map Brocmail, map Sualda. map Iuric ^a . map Guernoch. map Glinoch, map Guurgint, varuv truch, map Gargularc. map Meriaun, map Cuneda, ac Gual- lau ^a liu, map Guittun. map Samuel pennissa, map Pappo p ^a Priten, map Ceneu, map Clf ben.	Uhelm son of Bleiddiud. son of Caradoc. son of Brochmail. son of Cunedda. son of Brochmail. son of Clunoc. son of Gwrgant varv drwch (Grim Beard). son of Meirion. son of Cunedda. son of Samuel with a low head. son of Pabo post Prydain. son of Ceneu.
Mor map Moriud, map Adan, map Mor, map Brechiaul.	Mor, son of Moriud. son of Aedan. son of Mor.
Eriaun map Loudegau, Elin map Cinan. map Brocmafl. map Cincen. map Maucanu, map Pascent. map Cattegirn. map Catel dunlurc, Eselir map Gurhaiernu. map Elbodgu. map Cinnin. map Millo. map Canmjr.	Eriawn, son of Llawdegau. son of Morgeneu. son of Cadell deyrnlwch.

map Brittu.	
map Cattegirn.	
map Catel,	son of Cadell.
Elin map Iouab.	
map Guitgen.	
map Bodug.	
map Canatitinail.	
map Cerennior.	
map Ermic.	
map Ecrin.	
Udmerch map Morgen.	
map Catgur.	
map Catmor,	son of Cadmawr.
map Mergiud.	
map Morunned.	
map Morhen,	son of Morhên.
map Morcant,	son of Morgant.
map Botan.	
map Morgen.	
map Mormafl.	
map Glastunu* sc. Glas-	
tenic qui nenarq. vo-	
cat Loft Coft vocaun.	
map Mouric,	son of Meuric.
map Dunguallaun,	son of Dunwallon.
map Archgen.	
map Seissil,	son of Syssyllt.
map Clittauc,	son of Cludawg.
map Areglors.	
map Arcbodgu.	
map Bodgu.	
map Serguil.	
map Iusat.	
map Ceretic,	son of Ceredic.
map Cuneda,	son of Cunedda.
map Incen.	
map Catel,	son of Cadell.
map Brochmafl,	son of Brochmail.
map Elitet,	son of Elided.
map Guilauc.	
map Eli.	
map Eliud.	
map Cincen.	
map Brochmail,	son of Brochmail.
map Cinam,	son of Cynan.
map Maucant,	son of Morgant.
map Pascent,	son of Pascent.
map Cattegir.	
map Catel.	
map Selemiaun Udhail.	
map Arofs.	
map Fernmail.	
map Iudhail.	
map Morcant,	son of Morgan.
map Acrofs.	

map Tendubric Roc-
mail.

map Mouric,
map Arcmail,

map Ris - - -

map Iudhail.

map Morcant,

- - - aun ar

- - - tan ioual.

Merè fiu^a Grippi filu^a
Elired.

- - - dired Ioab.

Ædan filiu^a Cincen.

filius Brocmail,

filius Elived,

Ec sc^a nomina filiorum
Cunedda, quor^{um} numer
- 'erant ix Tepipaun, p^{ri}mo-
genit^{us} q^{ui} moriturus in
regione, q^{ui} vocat^{ur} Manau
Guodotin, su^{us} venit huc
cu^m patre suo ~ cu^m frib^{us}
suis pre; Meriawn, fili,
'ei divisit possessiones
int^{er} fatres suos, ij.
Osmail, iii. Rumaun,
iv. Dunauc, v. Ceretic,
vi. Abloyc, vii. Enni-
awn Girt, viii. Docmail,
ix. Etern; i c' tmin
'eorum a flumine quod
vocat^{ur} Dubr Duiusq^{ue}
ad aliud flumen Tebi.
Tenuer^{unt} plurimas regi-
ones in occidentali plaga
Brittannie.

Nec st^{at} nonima omniu^m
civitu^m q^{ui} st^{at} in tota
Brittannie, quaru^m nu-
mer^{us} xxviii.

Cair Guorchigirn,

Cair Guinntguic,

Cair Mincip,

Cair Ligualid.

Cair Meynaid.

Cair Colun,

Cair Ebrauc,

Cair Custoeint.

Cair Caratauc,

Cair Granth,

Cair Maunguid.

Cair Lundein,

Cair Ceint,

Cair Guiragon,

Cair Peris,

son of Meuric.

son of Arcmael.

son of Morgant.

son of Brocmail.

son of Elived.

These are the names of the sons of Cunedda, of
which are reckoned nine: Tibion, the first-born,
who died in the region which is called Man;
Guodotin, came here with his father, and with
his brothers aforesaid; Meiriawn, his son,
divided his possessions between his brothers,
ij. Osmail, iii. Rumaun, iv. Dunauc, v. Ceretic,
vi. Abloyc, vii. Einiawn Yrth, viii. Dogmail,
ix. Edeyrn. Their lands extended from a river
which is called Dwr Dee to another river
called Teivi. They possessed many regions in
the western of Britain.

Then are the names of all the cities which are in
all Britain, amounting to twenty-eight.

Caer Gwrtheyrn.

Caer Wynt, Venta Belgarum, Winchester.

Caer Municipum, Manchester.

Caer Golun, Colonia, Lincoln.

Caer Evrauc, York.

Caer Caradawc, Old Sarum.

Caer Grant, Granta Camboriturum, Cambridge.

Caer Llundain, Londinium, London.

Caer Geint, Cantii civitas, Canterbury.

Caer Wrangon, Brannogenium, Worcester.

Caer Beris, Porchester.

Cair Daun,
 Cair Legion,
 Cair Guroon.
 Cair Segeint,
 Cair Legeion guar Usic,
 Cair Guent,
 Cair Brichon.
 Cair Lerion,
 Cair Draicon.
 Cair Yensa uelcoft.
 Cair Celemion,
 Cair Luit Coft.

Caer Dawri, Dorocina, Dorchester.
 Caerlleon, Castrum legionis, Chester.

Caer Seiont, Segontum, near Conwy.
 Caerlleon ar Usk, Castrum Legionis, Caerlleon.
 Caerwent, Venta Silurum, Caerwent.

Caer Lirion, Batæ, Leicester.

Caer Selemion.

Trusting this very ancient document may be of some use to
 Welsh scholars,

I remain, gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,

S. R. MEYRICK.

*Goodrich Court ;
 Yn yr Ergaing (Archenfield,)
 Marches of Wales ;
 October 8, 1831.*

ENGLYN.

In the churchyard wall of Abergele, in Denbighshire, is placed
 a stone tablet, on which the following Englyn is engraved.

Yma mae yn gorwedd,
 Yn Monwent Mihangel,
 Gwr oedd a'i Annedd,
 Dair milltir yn y gogledd !

TRANSLATION.

Here lies, in the churchyard of Michael, a man whose dwelling was three
 miles to the north.

What renders this singular is, that the ocean is now within
 half a mile of the churchyard to the north, so that his house
 must have been two miles and a half out at sea, if the Englyn be
 correct. It is one evidence of the many instances of calamitous
 inundations on the Welsh coast.

T. R.

LETTER FROM AN AMATEUR GIPSY.

*To the Editors.**From my Tent in the Valley of the
Pyscottwr, Caermarthenshire.*

GENTLEMEN,

CAN any object in nature be more delightful than a mountain-stream, combining the grandeur of the river with the beauty of the wild brook? such is Upper Towey, and such is also the higher course of almost every noted river in Wales, though neglected by tourists for that more expanded portion of its track which allows fashion to flutter on its surface, and violate the solitude of its banks: here, winding along unmown meadow sides, gurgle, gurgle, just loud enough to break the noonday silence of a valley; there, brawling louder among rock fragments in its shallowness, forming tiny islands of their green lumps nodded over by young fern plumes, and of the gnarled old roots of vanished trees, moss grown, and full of primroses: presently sweeping dark and river-like, with breadth and depth for a pleasure boat, or even a yacht, (which God forbid ever should thrust its gaudy foppery there!) but bearing nothing at all, except a weed or waterlily, or little snowy floating island of foam, borne down from some cataract higher up, heard, and just heard to thunder at a distance, within a venerable mountain-wood, black, up a precipice. Such is the young river, sporting like infancy, all peace and all nature! to me far more attractive than the same stream matured into usefulness, subjugated into a river of burden, flowing on through smiling but insipid fertility, glittering with green and gilded prows and sunny sails, or degraded by the black and sluggish coal barge, that grim abomination of commerce, which scowling among cowslip banks and wooded cliffs, is like some fiendish inhabitant of the world without a sun, come begrimed with all its soot, (for we cannot believe that Satan burns charcoal for ever,) to steal, ugly and horrid, among the golden groves of the world of angels.

I am aware, Gentlemen, this is a most Miltonic bounce for prose; from a wild brook, quite across Phlegethon, and up again above the earth: no matter. I was going to say that a whimsical fellow might run a "right merrie and conceited" parallel between the stages of a Welsh river, and the "ages" of our English Literature. The placid subdued stage just described, the theme of every tourist, that of the "stations" and "points" of view pointed out usque ad nauseam; the lodge of Chepstow and Piercefield, the Towey of Grongar hill and Golden grove; this is like the (misnamed) Augustan age, the Gallicised age of our poetry. But,

give me the Elizabethan age, unsubdued to insipidity; grand, wild nature adorned; too similar, alas! in the neglect it experiences, to the lonely untrodden valley of the river, neglected for its less original though advanced and widened way. In both I see rugged force fighting all obstacles, one of language, the other of roots and rocks, tumbled down the precipices into its bed; but that rudeness very sweetly relieved by snatches of truly cerulean softness of beauty, whose utmost wildness transcends the utmost art of the other. There are the deep warm secret glens, all flowers and verdure, where one might fancy never foot or pettito had trod, till there came that hermit-lamb which has nibbled yonder little spot of rock turf into a grassplot fit for a king to spread his breakfast upon; never flown over till by that very kite, dim seen, low heard, which is sailing across from the white faced cliff on one side of the vale, to the wooded height and ivied rock-ruins on the other. A lover of nature, and our old dramatists, and Welsh vales, will not boggle at my simile, but recognise a certain affinity between those lovely wild dingles, blooming fresh, as it were, from the hand of God; and many a sweet and touching unexpected scene, the fine inspiration of god-like genius bursting on us out of surrounding wildness, in the works of Webster and Shirley, and Chapman, and, above all, Ford, Shakspearian Ford!

One might easily pursue our parallel, follow the beauty of our stream of poetry up to where it begins to be hidden, then is quite lost in barbarous and uncouth wildness, till the very ground fails us, through the obscure grandeur of its remote course in Chaucer and Gower, quite up to the infancy of our language where all is sterile and flowerless, to the deserts of the age of Langland, and of Robert of Gloucester, on to the Anglo-Norman Saxon jargon, where we go floundering and uncertain of meaning, as of step on the tiptop of Pumlumon, by the very cradle of the Wye, brawling forth from its quaking peat bog, barren and horrid.

Now my object is to introduce to your Saesonig readers their old poetical friend, the Towey of Dyer, under his new orthographical face of *Tywi*, playing among the fine companions of his infancy, to them unknown, probably,—*Dethia* and *Pyscottwr*, and *Camdwr*; promising them a sketch of the dwellers thereby, to the whit as wild and singular, though not as beautiful, as the scenery round them. Beauty, if existing, indeed would be little visible for the effects of peat smoke on the “human faces divine,” that peep through an eclipse of their own hearth’s production, on the half-suffocated inquirer at the door. In Welsh mountain houses, be it known, the chimney and window exchange offices; the former, huge and cavern-like, lets in more light than the latter, while the lattice or peephole of broken windows emit the smoke that should find its way up the chimney.

I said the natives are singular; to the proof—they go bare legged,

bare footed; in fact, the younger folk, half-naked; *tea* and *sugar* are rarities and luxuries, little known to them; they are wholly ignorant of all tongues but the Welsh; and, lastly, they constitute a little population of considerable farmers and breeders of sheep, living within half a day's ride of spots familiar to and frequented by all followers of guide books and tours, not one of whom (I speak not of the *native* traveller) I dare swear would have believed that such a state of society could have been pointed to in Britain, in defiance of the "march of intellect" and tea, of the "schoolmaster" and the mail-coach driver.

Myself and my two sons, "companions of my mountain joys," reached *Abergwessyn*, by sunset, "the wildest and most *uninhabitable* part of Brecknockshire," saith Theophilus Jones, in his history of the county. Here are two little churches close together, on the bank of the river Irvon, that silvers with its serpentine inosculation with the Gwessyn this secluded spot, buried among mountains so vast, yet so little varied, that the wide round of russet sheepwalk has the effect on the eye of a perpetual autumn. There is something peace-breathing and solemn in this singular contiguity of two churches, with their ruins of yews of fine antiquity, compensating with the grandeur of nature's architecture the meanness of man's, which in these lowly temples, the one to Saint David, (Llandewi,) the other to Michael the Archangel, (Llanvihangel,) is, in truth, mean enough. The Abergwessyn added to each of these names, signifies the conflux of the Gwessyn with the Irvon Aber always attaching to the junction of the tributary stream, never to the larger. Here we pondered over a brook and farm of odd name, Nant y Flaiddast, "*the brook of the she-wolf*," one of the Termini mentioned in an old charter of Rees ap Griffith to the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, in Cardiganshire. I should have said we reached this *Ultima* Thule, of the Brecknock historian, by a valley so delightful, so embosomed in grand mountains, so nobly wooded, watered, and sheltered, and its fine old mansion, (Llwynmadoc,) that Dr. Johnson might almost have taken it for the model of a happy valley, without addition, to accommodate his *Rasselas*.

Next morning, commencing pedestrians, we crossed naked heights, sheepwalk or peat morass quaking under foot, varied here and there only by a dreary sort of waterfall, such as alone is found at that elevation,—a savage looking chasm of fractured stone without trees, down which a dingy water tumbles; and the whole softer country, deep down, presents its dim and distant richness through its gorge, informing the tiptoe traveller at what a height he has been wandering, and giving a frightful degree of dizzy elevation to the wild pinnacle he stands on.

At last the Towey gleamed deep beneath us, and a fine bird-eye view broke on us of its valley, or rather a wilderness of vallies,

for we looked down on the junction of several rivers, each with its own wild vale ;—of these hereafter, when we shall have descended to them. At present our path went high above the *Tywi*, following its windings along a truly Alpine terrace road, keeping near the top of a vast declivity with wildly hanging trees, the river-banks below, all pastures, spotted with a few white farms.

At every turn of the valley and our mountain bank, a fresh crowd of romantic mountains presented themselves, or what seemed fresh ones, from the wholly new aspects they assumed, standing bold and defined from sky to valley, in their whole precipices of woody turf, or shaly stone, or ivied crags. Reached Ystrad Fin, (the “boundary of the vale,”) an old seat now rebuilt into a modern farm : here it was that Twm Sion Catti, the Robin Hood of South Wales, we are told, caught his reluctant mistress (the heiress of this mansion,) by the hand, as she extended it through the window during a *tête-à-tête*, and extorted a promise of marriage, under the alternative of having it cut off with his sword, and carried away in his pocket for a lovetoken. Just opposite is the noble conical mountain Carreg Tywi, wood clothed, from whose recesses come a roaring, revealing the fall of a whole river into the course of another far below ; that is the dark wooded region where the Tywi itself tumbles down a precipice, not by one leap, but many, broad and obstructed by rocks, diffusing its foamy waters over the face of a whole rock ;—by that we propose to breakfast tomorrow : today we beg the reader’s company at our tent’s mouth, pitched in a wild valley, quite a *terra incognita* of tourists, the vale of the river Pyscottwr : the evening was quite an Italian one, of this present glorious June. Be it known that we occasionally turn *amateur* gipsies, and bivouac *sub cælo*, always travel armed with all means for *fire-raising*, (though quite unconnected with the fire-raisers of Kent ;) a kettle for boiling extempore is also our companion : thus equipped, “the world is all before us where to choose our place of tea.”

No sooner, however, had we pitched on a spot than one “fatal remembrance” dashed our hopes to the earth, the tea was exhausted, the sugar was departed ! away we posted to a good farmhouse, we had passed, called Troedyrwr, or some such name. “The tea had been gone a week, the sugar also ; farmers there very seldom used tea ;” such was the reply of the mistress’s sister, a very decent sensible woman, in the midst of a bare-foot family, supping on whey and potatoes. Tried another such farm, with the same result. “But there’s a *shop* :” happy news ! the good wife pointed up to near the top of a green mountain, where stood, or rather hung, a grey antique hut of stones, sod topped ; “*that’s* the shop !” Toiled up a slippery turf, mounted up above our destined object, to find footing across the head of a ravine or chasm, the depth of the whole hill. Midway across our path, a few inches

broad, stood a young man, with so earnest yet vacant a stare, that we deemed him an idiot, for an eager curiosity that might have made him an immortal, like Newton, possibly, in other situations. "At least we're sure of it *here*," said we, in our ignorance: (Gentlemen, I cannot exist without tea, and to pass a night out of doors without that nectar for nerves, green tea, impossible!) A plague of mountain *shops*! Our wild-looking philosopher informed us that there was just no *call* for such things thereabouts; no, indeed! "the woman was come from Llandovery, but had brought no tea that week:" sorrowing, we retraced our steps; we were already tottering across the ravine and torrent, when the young man's voice recalled us. There stood a large family, male and female; women knitting, naked children shrinking up to them, and an aged man, in fine patriarchal simplicity, pulling up a certain dingy-body article of dress, out of that nameless other which human ingenuity has improved a fig leaf into, to enjoy the royal luxury of a scratch. Foremost stood the spokesman of the group; another young man, equally remarkable for a wild and squalid appearance; and the same *nudite des pies*: in each hand he held a little parcel, which he kept tossing while he told us, that seeing our distress, (God bless the charity of the Ancient Briton!) "the *womankind*" had bethought herself that she had brought a *little* tea from the market, and a *good deal* of sugar; *but, would we buy it all?* To buy the whole stock in trade of a grocer was a little startling. "*How much is it?*" "Here it is," said he, shewing in one hand tea, half an ounce, in the other, sugar, *one pound*! Encouraged by this, we grew extravagant in our desires, and hinted about *bara*, (bread,) our own growing near its end. "Oh, no, no!" that was *out* of the way, they never sold bread. But I was going to have said that, to an English Paul Pry observing us, it must have been a rather comic spectacle; the earnest gravity with which this treaty was carried on, the frequent hints of those in the rear to their orator, (gracefully still playing with the two bales of merchandize, as a juggler tosses his balls,) the object being to sell "the pound, the *whole* pound, and nothing but the pound." Next we ventured to *llaetha* (beg milk,) and departed with our wicker-set bottles brimful of *llaeth*, of the best quality, such as would in London, after dilution with as much water, have formed excellent cream.

Once more our cry was for bread; another shepherd-farmer's door was beset by us: a broad low white dwelling, with huge thickness of thatch, bristling down to the height of a very short man's head; the fold, or farm-yard, native rock starting through scanty sod. *Bara haidd* (*barley* bread,) we obtained, it was in vain to hope any other kind. By *bread*, the Saxon reader will be apt to picture to himself a certain delicious mass, white as milk, soft as sponge, porous as a honey-comb. Now the *bread* we were so

happy to obtain, had crum the same colour as the crust, the crust the colour of English bakers' burnt raspings, the texture somewhat like half-masticated oats in a horse's rejected mouthful, the taste, what? something like cold heavy dumplings, with resinous sawdust. Gentlemen, it is indescribable: a happy second thought supplied us with very sweet *oatmeal* mixed with such milk, a breakfast for a prince, if followed by—green tea two pints and a half, cream half a pint, *miscé*. I well know how far beneath the dignity of a tourist is all this "pribble prabble" about our distresses: I hope, however, the slight glimpses of rude pastoral "life in Wales" which they afford us, may amuse readers as idle, peradventure, as we idle travellers.

The entrance to the valley of the Pyscottwr is one of true sylvan majesty. The mountains that, beyond, narrow into an Alpine ravine, here recede in noble uplands of grass, or grass-like sod, of the richest green, topped in some parts with forests, in other, with ivied cliffs, rising above that precipice of forests, lofty in the summer-blue, at this time gilded with the last of sunset.—At the moment of my writing this present, 18th day of June, 1831, I am sitting, at the mouth of our simple tent, formed partly by two large leaning rock-lumps, numbers of which strew this rarely trodden valley of several miles. The narrowness of it, I presume, renders it of little use as pasture ground; yet the hills do not start up so abruptly as to preclude a delicious turfy stripe on each side, enriched with clumps of hazel and witch elm and briars, now hanging their roses out for us and the "desert air," for utter solitude seemed to prevail there. I believe no eye saw our night fire but our own: we heard a sheep bleat rarely up on high, where enormous natural ruins of rock, literally topped over our heads, poised an end like some old tower's single bulk, left hanging in a ruin. The very dark olive of many of these masses, tints, produced partly by vegetation, partly by weather stains and faded moss, gives a sombre solemnity, quite akin to the effect produced by dusky antiquity of such decayed works of man's hand. Whitened bones of sheep, killed by falls or dogs, huge detached roots of old trees, stocks, and stubs, lay all about, impressing the idea of total seclusion from the footsteps of man; while the enormous tumbled down blocks of crag, that in parts filled the whole defile till the river, lost in its own bed, is only heard thundering down into gulfs of polished wave-worn stone, or seen but by the spray, looking whiter in its rise, from the blackness of lichens, that encrust many of the masses; all this carries the mind back to ideal primordial ruinous states of the world, the chaos itself.

My two boys were soon fast asleep in our semi tent, but the quiet grandeur of the scene, in a mild starry midnight, was too attractive to be soon exchanged for "death's twin brother, sleep." The ruddy gleam of the water tossing in its chaotic prison of

rock, as our fire gleamed across the valley, was picturesque; so was the black breadth of mountains that shut us in, now, by the duskiness of night, obscured into a uniformity resembling a mighty wall, over which the stars wavered; and now and then a disturbed kite, in the nest, or sitting on a nest, sent a low drowsy wail, just heard above the deep moan of the waters flow.

He who would enjoy a midsummer dawn, let him forthwith go to bed in a tent, (for its construction let him apply to a gipsy, or to me, Rural Doctor, of Brecknockshire,) pitched, any how, in the valley of the Pyscottwr, just where a fine break in the barrier heights allows the imprisoned eyes, just awake, to wander down the defiles of other mountains, and imagine (not see) in their solemn recesses, the beauties of the hundred nameless waterfalls that send such a roaring from so far off, to rouse him from or lull him to sleep, as the hour and mood may suit either enjoyment. I shall not balk his experiment, by attempting to describe the pleasures of such a waking, and finding the world we left (at thrusting ourself into our domicile,) dark, silent, and death-like, though still hushed as night, brilliant as noonday; cool, fragrant, musical with birds, and hung all with diamonds of dew, their tiny prisms flashing rainbow-beams at us wherever we turn our eyes, from every dog-rose garland, every tassel of woodbine flowers, every emerald leaf.

This hermit stream, Pyscottwr, at the mouth of the vale just described, unites itself to the *Dethia*, another embowered, embosomed, rocky river, traversing scenery equally wild and beautiful. A striking contrast affects the mind here, betwixt the sort of adorned, and sometimes dreadful magnificence the scenes present, and the undecorated, almost unclothed, meanness and lowliness of the "lords of creation" that inhabit them. We see sweeps of majestic greensward betwixt forests climbing the hills, rivers and rich pastures, and we look around for the noble mansion whose domains we have traversed; instead of such, peeping over its woods in some venerable park, we see but a hut of loose stones and vegetating thatch, its black peat stack its only wealth, and its *lord*, bare foot, bare legged, his tanned skin disgustingly visible through remnants of linen, torpid, with scarce wakened senses; in short, a being but one degree exalted above the savage; who derives nothing from all that lavishness of nature, beyond that dreary shelter from the winds and rains; perceives in all that beauty, nothing beautiful, unless it be the root or the seed, the potatoes or the barley, it returns for his yearly labour, to uphold (and barely uphold) a life prolonged for no other purpose than that eternal labour. If a few farm-houses present a few persons a little higher and happier in the scale of existence than the labourer, even their conditon, from the depressed state of the wool market, (the staple of the farmer here,) is not much nearer to happiness;

and they have to suffer, for a little less privation and hardship, a great deal more anxiety; they have to meet the landlord's, parson's, and tax gatherer's awful visages,—from those visitations the rock cabin and its tenant are exempt. These fine scenes induce melancholy; so we will proceed along the *Dethia*, through bowered lanes, beneath whole mountains, and hanging woods, full of birds, passing one cottage after another, till we reach the spot alluded to, *en passant*, yesterday, the conflux of the Tywi with the *Dethia*, reinforced by Pyscottwr. The sublime and the beautiful of scenery are here remarkably combined: we spread our breakfast, (this, however, is not the only sublime I allude to,) on one of a hundred little natural grassplots, which the encroachments of the river, in wet seasons, have left, on its recession, insulated along its rocky sides, where thickets, hanging trees, and smoothest sods intermingle, over-topped by abrupt rising hills, which at this spot bend round into a noble amphitheatre.

Deep polished excavations, forming huge natural cisterns of brilliant water, yawned all about in singular grotesqueness; the river plunging in its mid-channel down into a profound gulf: opposite, the whole stream of the river Tywi wandered and struggled, and leaped among oaks and jutting crags and falls, down the broad face of a whole lofty mountain, not one waterfall but many, coming down from heights hidden by a forest in air, as one might imagine it, with a thunder proportioned to the great descent. Cows lowed and grazed, and sheep whitened the narrow meadows above us; above them the yellow road was seen winding away up the valley we had traversed; on the steep, higher still, stood the one human dwelling in view,—white, clean, thatched, and half buried among trees that leaned all down the precipice it stands on. It is a farm, and yields every grace to the wild landscape that a husbandman's comfortable home can do. But the finest thing by way of contrast, beyond even a distant whole sky-climbing range of uniform forest, (part of the forest of Rescob,) which is greatly fine, is a whole enormous hill of all rock and earth, naked from sky to vale, and looking even a volcanic grandeur from the ferruginous nature of the soil that is seen crumbling, acted on by the air assuming a lurid red and purplish hue,—grand and terrific, quite inaccessible as it is, and of such fearful elevation. Thus standing a huge body of desolate sterility in itself, while all is pastoral Arcadian beauty round its base, it adds wonderfully to the beauty, as does that landscape to its horror.

Grave and silent, without an idea of being intrusive, four or five of the half clothed “natives” of this Salvator Rosa's paradise, came and seated themselves round us, to gaze at our fire, and odd shaped tea-kettle, and white breakfast cloth. None spoke, all stared, and when I strove to commence a gossip, they soon betook themselves each his own way, seemingly in the embarrassment of shyness. In

such a scene and morning, who could forget Herbert's song or hymn!

"Sweet day! so blue, so calm, so bright,
Soft bridal of the earth and sky;
Angels shall mourn thy fall to-night,
For thou must die!"

And so must man! thought I, and a man already far advanced into life's dull afternoon, ere long a vision of the "valley of death," of dry bones, of the skeleton-king's dry and bloodless shambles, the charnel, that most ancient Golgotha, where that "mighty hunter" on the pale horse hides the human wreck and ruin of two worlds full of once living beings from the sight of the living: such a vision, (I don't know what your ages may be,) is apt to peep at a middle-aged man from behind the greenest mountains, from under the shivering of the tenderest leaves; to scowl grim at him from the very depths of the blue sky, and frown a night of horror even from behind the glorious morning sun; a night

"which none
But his unhappy eyes can see."

CRABBE.

Angels only, I sighed to myself, angels or some creatures blessedly exempt from this terrible penalty of death, which we must pay for having lived, ought to walk *Wales* under such a sky as this!

Perhaps it is because I neither fish, hunt, nor shoot, that this dread of death will take possession of my unoccupied mind, in the midst of such scenes and moments, when peace and sunshine, the *summa bona* of human felicity, make life dearer to us, and the idea of its eternal nightfall intolerable. Much as I like the prettiness of the idea, I never could subscribe to the wish of the milkmaid in Walton's Angler, that she "might die in the spring, to have store of flowers to stick about her windingsheet." Yet, with regard to mental resources, I cannot attach much value to the three above named, if it be not a misnomer to call them mental. Forming, however, as they do the almost exclusive refuge from ennui of my Welsh neighbours, I shall venture a few remarks on their pleasures and mine, that of enjoying nature for herself alone. I confess that, "*de gustibus non disputandum*," my delight of peeping at a summer sky, through a ceiling of leaves, as I lie along, hour after hour, may seem as senseless to a fox-hunter as his does to me: I have an ever-springing fount of joy within myself, in a certain keen relish for scenery, sunshine, and blue calm, which renders all other pleasures poor in comparison: I consider this taste merely as a taste, not a whit more to be boasted of than any other relish, for turtle or venison for instance; therefore disclaim, *in limine*, all confounding of my liking with positive taste, which may or may

not accompany the taste for mountains and green fields. Yet I am proud of my resource, and what I would urge is, that most men might, by fostering their quiet sensibilities, supersede the necessity for crueller sports. Yes, gentlemen, carrying about with me this capacity for joy, pure of blood and wrong, while my brethren the *country gentlemen* are driven to seek theirs with noise and fury, the infernal outcries of the pack, the murderous gun, or the asinine patience of the angler's fixed eye and stupid stand; I compare myself (laugh who will,) to the Heaven-provided camel, who can traverse the sandy desert at his ease, having within a fount of living water to refresh him, rest where he will; and those my neighbours who cry out on the dead dullness of the *country*, (to them, indeed, a desert,) I resemble to Arabian steeds, or any other more externally gifted and vigorous animals, who yet must depend on that country for sources of refreshment, and therefore take up with any brackish pool or puddle they can discover in it, akin to the poor and dirty enjoyment of vermin-hunting, whether their haunt be in the air, the earth, or the water.

First, for shooting,—it commences in the very *golden age* of the seasons, when the farewell smile of summer is upon the earth, a sad solemn beauty of the beautiful *dying*, sleeping upon the yellow harvest fields and the ruddy orchards, inspiring a sort of whispering reverence, with regret for departing nature,—nature on her deathbed, when every day of golden blue assumes a mournful preciousness; *then* it is the sportsman bursts in with his rout to his *play* of blood and death! Out upon him! it is like the burst of burglars and murderers into the house of sleep, upon the sacred hour of nature's rest and misery's holiday of forgetfulness. *Then* in the calm pensiveness of the year's decline, when even the hard heart is softened, and a soft one will almost bleed for the death of a ladybird, then begins the campaign against those our friends of the thicket and the dingle, that sing us a song from their chamber of green leaves as they are going to bed, or hop around us for a supper of crumbs, as we take tea on some warm woodside, yellow with sunset and gemmed with wood-strawberries, peeping from out of the ground-ivy leaves and the moss. Good God! is it not enough that creatures die to clothe us, to feed us, to serve us, but they must also die, and die miserably, to *make us sport*?

Now for fishing: a naked savage of Terra del Fuego or elsewhere, standing hour after hour on the rushy margin of his dismal lake, wrapped in mist, or on the dead shore of the sea, to ensnare a fish for his salvation from a death of hunger,—such a being so occupied, may be a rational man, and his purpose is rational; but the excuse for such a miserable labour ceases with the necessity. When I look on a well-fed gentleman, standing middle-deep in the Wye, for hours, to catch a salmon, I cannot help thinking how my savage, if as well fed as he, would laugh to see his sad task

taken up by the gentleman, for nothing but the great pleasure of catching the rheumatism!

As to hunting,—if it be the natural aim of a reasonable creature to drown thought, that is, reason, then is the hue and cry of hunting, the spectacle of many men at full speed, assuming the character and emulating the ferocity of dogs to their very yell, with no object but a wretched hare or a fox, neither of which they care a rush about, yet ravaging the poor man's fields, like an enemy, for the sake of it; then, I say, is hunting, and its mischief, and frantic uproar, a rational amusement.

And here, if I be charged with presumption in arraigning field-sports, the delight of many a wiser man than myself, I can only say that I had a mind thereby to countenance myself in a sort of supine enjoyment, the very essence of which is peace; the breach of which—of the peace of nature, is the very essence of the hunter's bliss.

A letter *really* written on a mountain ramble, may hope to be pardoned for a little rambling. Mine has rambled with a vengeance; but, lest it should grow mountainous also, I must defer the conclusion of our week's journey of discovery till another occasion, it being my object to visit only those few little-explored valleys and recesses of the Welsh mountains which preserve primitive habits of life, and present beautiful natural objects.

For myself, as your present and possibly future correspondent, I call myself "*Rural Doctor*," for sundry reasons. I am a doctor, and I prefer to practice on a *rural* population, and I have a sort of passion for rural things; yea, to the milkmaid; nay, cow girl; nay, downward to the rural tripod she sits on, by her cow, in the Wye side meadow in the morning. I desire thereby to be distinguished from my bustle-loving brethren of a city: for, whereas, they love the "*otium cum dignitate*," (that is, lolling in a chariot,) I prefer the "*otium sine*," to wit, sitting by the hour in a green tree, or under a dead one, when the moon hangs at midnight over the Wye, and the autumn leaves go hurrying down its flood: or I might steal a pun, and say, that *I* love to *lie* by a brookside, and my learned brothers by a bedside. Ergo, pocketing my diploma, (albeit, not of Aberdeen,) I forego without a sigh all those glories of M. D. consequence with which many an Aberdeen Doctor Medicinæ round me awes my simple neighbours, and (pleased to do good where I can,) enjoy "my hollow tree and liberty:" I am not the least ashamed to have time to eat my dinner, and even write an epistle to the Cambrian Quarterly, instead of a prescription. Though not far beyond what ancient writ assigns as half the age of man, I have antedated the most grievous ill of extreme age, to be left alone in the world, to have outlived all friends. Where I and mine, therefore, pitch our tent, our little

world is formed around us at once: I have no distracting ambitions or anxieties, to draw my soul away from my mountains back to the world I have forsaken, and which is to me, indeed, no more, —a dream that is past.

My profession I leave behind me on my leaving home, thenceforth I am a sort of peripatetic philosopher in a small way, my little boys are my disciples; I point out to them the latent principles of the *picturesque*, so far as I am able, and strive to instil a taste for innocent and peaceful enjoyments.

It is scarcely possible that any stranger can imagine the squalid semi-barbarism and poverty I have described, to be characteristic of the lower orders in Wales generally. On the contrary, in few mountainous regions (and be it known, that I have seen and trod Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees some sixteen years ago,) are such happy scenes of home comfort, as well as hospitable urbanity, to be found as in the Principality. Yet is it somewhat melancholy to observe the traits of decay and desertion so manifest among its beauties: not only the castles, of the remains of Welsh as well as feudal, present this aspect, but the mansions of more recent erection and consequence, stand dwindled into ruinous farm-houses, from the extinction of families; that extinction accelerated by the suicidal sort of *internal* war, waged by the opulent, who can command it, against longevity. I allude to the accursed scourge of intemperance, self-inflicted by the gentry; the heads of families being taken off in rapid succession, at an early age, by the fire, incessantly plied, of *alcohol*, in all forms; no less destructive than real war with its fire and sword, when it is considered that the ravage of the one is partial and temporary, of the other universal, silent, ceaseless.

I am, gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

The RURAL DOCTOR.

MY NGHARIAD,

Gwyw calon gan hiraeth.—DIAR.

Mae Nghariad yn wen; ail gwynder y lili,
 Ai llygaid yn llon, a llym val y beri,*
 Gwridawg ei deurudd, màl breilw† ar gavod;
 O, seren y bore ynghanol rhianod!

Mae Nghariad yn serchus, ac er vy moddloni,
 Rhydd vywyd ir'delyn, rhydd gân er vy lloni;
 Mae 'n rhyvedd o gywrain, yn llawn o ragorion,
 Yr unig a garav yn mhlith daearolion.

Mae Nghariad yn gywir; ei geiriau á gredav,
 Ei llaw ar ei dwyvron, âi dagrau á goviav;
 Mae meddwl am dani yn lloni y galon,
 O, fynnon dedwyddyd mewn byd o helbulon!

Mae Nghariad yn vedrus; gwybodaeth sy ganddi,
 A gweddus ymadrawd, hof meddwl am dani;
 Mae 'n caru diwydrwydd, mae 'n vwyn ac yn hawddgar,
 O, enaid vy nghysur wrth dramwy y ddaear!

TEGID.

*Rhydychain.**Translation.*

MY LADY LOVE.

My Lady Love is beauteous, she the lily doth outvie,
 And piercing are the glances of her laughter-loving eye,
 Her cheeks are fair and ruddy, as the rose when fully blown,
 She's lovely as the morning star while loveliest in the zone.

Oh! peerless is my Lady Love! delighting old and young,
 Her presence wakes each minstrel string, and fires the soul of song:
 Truth, virtue, every excellence adorn her gentle mind,
 'Tis her alone I love, among the daughters of mankind!

My love, she's all sincerity,—oh! who can doubt her vow?
 Forget her bosom's plighted troth, her tears that silent flow?
 To think of her, to dream of her, my heart with rapture fills
 (E'en mid a world of wo,) with bliss from joy's pellucid rills.

Accomplished is my Lady Love, few may with her compete,
 She's eloquent, she's diligent, she's modest and discreet!
 While beauty and benevolence presided at her birth,—
 She's my heart's sole consolation while pilgriming this earth.

Oct. 24, 1831.

HAL.

* *Beri*, plural of *bar*, a spear.Ar ladd lladd llachar ar *bar beri*.—*Gwalchmai*.† *Rhosyn*, rose.

TOUR THROUGH BRITTANY.

(Continued from vol. iii. p. 185.)

AMONG the various recollections of Breton chivalry, few are cherished in that country with greater delight than those connected with the *combat des Trente*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *bataille des Trente*, in which thirty Breton knights and attendants entered the lists, in mortal combat, against the same number of English. The particulars of this celebrated encounter are as follows:

During the Breton war of the succession, between *John de Montfort* and *Charles de Blois*, in the reign of our Edward the Third, A.D. 1350, while De Beaumanoir, a Breton knight, commanded the forces of De Blois, at the castle of Josselin, and the Earl of Pembroke, who had been sent over from England, by King Edward, with a body of men, to the assistance of De Montfort, was stationed at Ploermel; it appears that the English troops, under the sanction of Pembroke, and contrary to the conditions of a truce then established, were in the habit of committing many excesses in the neighbouring country, ill-treating the unarmed peasantry, and exercising much cruelty and oppression towards such as fell into their power. Beaumanoir, indignant at these proceedings, went with an escort to Josselin, and remonstrated with Pembroke upon the unworthiness of such conduct; but that nobleman, instead of attending to his arguments, treated him with considerable haughtiness; whereupon, Beaumanoir, with all the good breeding which characterized the gallant and gentle knights of that day, proposes that the difference may be settled between themselves, and that a day be appointed on which they shall meet, with an equal number of followers, and decide the dispute by an appeal to arms. To this the haughty Pembroke immediately consents; and accordingly, upon an appointed day, a tournament of thirty against thirty, takes place on the field of *Mie-Voie*, half-way between Josselin and Ploermel, in which the Bretons are victorious. Froissart, in referring to this combat, says, it was undertaken by these champions for the *love of their mistresses*; and that he had, afterwards, seen at the table of Charles the Fifth, king of France, a Breton knight, named Yewains Charruel, who had been in the combat des Trente, and whose hacked and scarred visage satisfactorily shewed that the day had been well fought.

This celebrated rencontre has always been a favorite subject of

traditional record among the Bretons; and there are several families still in existence in Brittany, which claim a descent from some of the principal persons engaged. I have had the honour of meeting one gentleman who was an acknowledged descendant of Beaumanoir himself, and who was by no means insensible to the merits of his illustrious ancestor.

In addition to the traditions of the Bretons, and the local testimonies of *Mie-Voie* and the adjacent territory, this occurrence has been frequently noticed by historians. But the fact has been lately corroborated by a discovery, in the Bibliothèque du Roi, of a contemporaneous manuscript, containing a poem, in old French, descriptive of the event.

This manuscript was discovered a few years ago by M. de Fremerville and M. de Penhouet, in their antiquarian researches relative to Brittany. It is written on vellum, in 4to., and contains upwards of five hundred lines; and has been handsomely printed, at Paris, by Crapelet, with a facsimile of the original, and explanatory notes, together with the armorial bearings of the Breton champions. The following extracts will serve as specimens:

“*Cp cõmence la bataille de XXX englois et de XXX bretons qui fu faite embretaigne, l an de grace mil trois cens Cinquante le samedi Dehant letare Jherusalem.*”

“Here commences the battle of the Thirty English and the Thirty Bretons, which took place in Brittany, in the year of grace 1350, on the Saturday before Lætare Jerusalem.*”

“Seigneurs or fastes paix ch̃lrs et barons ;
Bannerois bachelers et trestoux nobles hons
Euesques et abbes gens de religions
Heraulx menestreelx et tous bons compaignons
Gentilz hons et bourgeois de toutes nacions
Escoutez cest roumant que dire vous voulons
Listoire en est vraie et lez dix en sont bons
Coment xxx Engloiz hardix cõme lions
Combatirent vn jour contre xxx bretons.”

“Nobles give attention; knights and barons, bannerets,† bachelors,‡ and all noble persons; bishops and abbots, religious men, heralds, minstrels, and all good companions; gentlemen and bourgeois of every nation; listen to the romance which we will relate to you; the history is true, and the expressions [ditties] good; how thirty English, bold as lions, combated one day against thirty Bretons.”

* A festival of the church of Rome, 27th of March, 1351, according to the new style.

† *Bannerets*, knights who had a sufficient number of vassals to form a company, and entitle them to bear a banner in the field.

‡ *Bachelors*, students in arms or arts, gentlemen who had not received the order of knighthood.

"Quant Dagorne fu mort de cest ciecle devie
Deuant aurl le fort fu finee sa vie," &c.

"When Dagorne* was dead, before the castle of Auray his life was terminated," &c.

During his lifetime, the citizens and cultivators of the soil were not harassed by the English: but after his death, all this was changed, for Pembroke began to ravage the country, and illtreat the inhabitants. When Beaumanoir heard of this, he went to Ploermel, to remonstrate upon the subject; and on his way he witnessed the cruelty which was exercised towards the peasantry, for multitudes of them were led captive, bound and fettered, like cattle. Beaumanoir being grieved and enraged at this sight, said to Pembroke :

"Chlr's d Engleterre, vous faictes grant pechie
De trauailler les poures, ceulz qui sient le ble
Et la char et le vin de quoy avon plante," &c.

"Knights of England, you do great wrong in afflicting the poor people, those who sow the corn, &c., they formerly were allowed to remain unmolested. How soon the arrangements of Daggeworth are forgotten !"

"Et Bomebourc sy respont par moult tres grant fierte,
Beaumaner taisies vous; de ce naist plus parle, &c."

"And Pembroke answered him with great haughtiness, 'Beaumanoir, be silent, speak no more of that, Montfort shall be duke of this noble duchy, from Pontorson to Nantes, and even to Saint Mahé. Edward shall be king of France, in spite of the French and their allies.' "

"Et Beaumaner respont par grant humilitez.
Songies un aultre songe, cestui est mal songée
Quer jamais par tel voie nen auriez demy pie."

"And Beaumanoir answered with great humility, 'Conceive another idea, this was ill imagined, for by such a road you can never proceed half a foot.' "

He then makes the proposal to Pembroke of deciding the dispute in mortal combat, and an arrangement is entered into that they shall meet for that purpose, thirty against thirty. Upon which he returns to his friends, and relates to them the result of his interview, stating that it is determined they shall meet together, with their companions,

"Men properly chosen, who know well to wield the lance, the battleaxe, the sword, and heavy dagger.†"

* Sir Thomas Daggeworth, the English commander, who held the castle of Auray for the Countess de Montfort. He was slain in a battle with Raoul de Cahors, one of De Blois's captains.

† A sort of sword, shorter than that generally used, but broader; and worn, at the right side, like a dagger.

“ Sy feroit bon choisir qui bien ferroit de lance
Et de hache, et despee et de dague pesante.”

Upon this his friends express their approbation, and request him to choose his retinue; and there is a promptness in the manner in which the offer is made and accepted that is very striking.

“ Prenes quil vous plaira, tres nobile baron.
Je pren Tintiulac a Dieu soit beneichon
Et Guy de Rochefort et Charuel le bon,” &c.

“ Take whom you please, most noble Baron. ‘ I take Tinteniach, to God be thanks; and Guy de Rochefort, and Charruel the Good; William de la Marche, and Robin Raguenele; Huon de Saint Yvon; Caro de Bodegat,* whom I should not forget; Geoffroy de Bois,† of great renown; Oliver Arrel, the valiant Breton; and John Rousselot of the Lion Heart. If these will not defend themselves gallantly against the felonious Pembroke, I shall be much deceived in my expectations.’ ”

He then proceeds to select his esquires, whose names are given as follows:

“ Guillaume de Montauban, Alain de Tinteniach, Tristan de Pestivien, Alain de Keranrais and his uncle Oliver, Louis Guion of the two-handed Sword; Hugues Capus the Prudent, and Geoffroy de la Roche. ‘ If these do not defend themselves well against the rapacious Pembroke, they never more deserve to gird on a sword of steel.’ ”

“ Se ceulx ne se deffendent de Bourcbourc le merchier,
Jamais ils ne deuroient chandre de branc dachier.”

He also selected Geoffroy Poulart, Maurice de Treziguidi, Guion de Pont blanc, Maurice du Parc, Geoffroy de Beaucorps, and Geoffroy Mellon—

“ All whom he called, returned him their thanks; they were all present and ready in attendance.”

Beaumanoir also selected John de Serent, Guillaume de la Lande, Oliver Monteville, and Symon Richard—

“ All ready to put their hearts and bodies to the risk, and all assembled without delay.”

Sir Robert Pembroke, on his part, chose thirty combatants, whose names were as follow:

KNIGHTS.

Robert Knolles
Hervé de Lexualen
Hue de Caverlay

Richard de la Lande
Thommelin Belifort‡
Thommelin Hualton.

* Caron de Bosdegas, ms.

† Guiffrai de Bones, ms.

‡ He fought with an iron mace, weighing twenty-five pounds.

ESQUIRES.

Jean Plesanton
 Richard-le-Gaillard
 Hucheton de Clamaban
 Repefort
 Jennequin de Betonchamp

Hennequin Herouart
 Hennequin-le-Marechal
 Boutet d'Aspremont
 Hugues-le-Gaillard.

MEN AT ARMS.

Croquart
 Walter Lallemant
 Robinet Melipart
 Isanny-le-Hardi
 Daggeworth
 Helcoq
 Helichon-le-Musart
 Hubinet Vitart

Troussel
 Robin Ades
 Perrot de Gannelon
 Guillemin-le-Gaillard
 Rango-le-Couart
 Jennequin-Taillard
 Dardaine.

“Of these, twenty were English, bold as lions,
 Six were Germans, and four Brabantians,
 Armed in mail, bacinets and haubergeons,
 With swords and daggers, lances and falcions.”

Having marshalled his attendants, Beaumanoir addresses them in a speech which strongly marks the character of the times, and the high sense of honour which prevailed; for instead of disparaging the courage of his enemies, in order to inspire his followers with better confidence, as is sometimes done in modern times, he, on the contrary, assures them that they have to deal with men of valour, and warns them of the necessity of exerting themselves to the utmost.

“Seigneurs, dit Beaumanoir, o le hardy visage
 Ja trouverois Englois qui sunt de grant courage,” &c.

Pembroke also, on his part, addresses his companions, and tells them that he had caused the books of Merlin to be consulted, and that they assured him of success.

The parties having arrived on the ground, Pembroke proposes a parley and a postponement of the combat; which Beaumanoir rejects. The fight then commences, and the first shock is terrible: Charruel is taken prisoner;* the valiant Tristan is struck to the ground with a mace; and so are Rousselot and Botegat. The poem then proceeds to give a particular description of the combat, of which the following extracts may suffice.

* He was afterwards rescued, and joined the fight.

“Grande fu la bataille dedens le pre herbu :
Caron de Bosdegas fu de martel confondu
Et le vaillant Tristan fu a la mort feru
Lors sescria moult hault, Beaumanoir ou es tu,” &c.

“Grande fu la bataille en my la prarie
Et le chapple horrible et dure lesturmie
Le Bretons ont du piis, ne vous mentiray mie
Car deux sy en sunt mors et trespases de vie
Et trois sunt prisonniers o leur soit Dieu en aye
Ne sunt que xxv embataille fournie
Mais Guiffroy de la Roche requiert chevalerie
Un escuier moult noble de grant anchesourie
Et Beaumanoir lui donne en non Sainte Marie
Et lui dit : Beau doulx filx or ne tespargne mie
Membre toy de celui qui par cevalerie
Fu en Costentimnoble a bele compaignie
Et je jure Dieu qui tout a em baille
Que Englois la compereront ains loeure de complie
Et Bomcbourc lentendy ne le prise une aillie
Trestoute leur poste ne leur grant seigneurie
Ains dit a Biaumanoir, par moult grande estoutie
Rent toi tost Beaumanoir je ne tochiray mie
Mais je feray de toy un present a ma mie,” &c.

“Grande fu la bataille et longement dura
Et le chapple horrible et decha et de la
Ce fu a un sammedy que le soleil roia ;
Forment se cõbatoient lun lautre nespargna
La chaleur fu moult grande chacun sy tressua
De sueur et de sanc la terre rosoya
A ce bon semmedy Beaumanoir sy jeuna
Grant soif oust le baron a boire demanda
Messire Guiffroy de Boues tantost respondu a
Bois ton sanc Beaumanoir la soif te passera,” &c.

“Forte fu la bataille et le chapple mortel
My voie de Josselin et du chasteau da Pelmel
Dedens un moult beau pre seant sur un ceuel
Le chesne den my voie ainsi est son appel
Le lonc dun genestay qui estoit vert et bel
La furent les Englois tretoux en un moncel,” &c.

“Grande fu la bataille jamais tele norres
Forment se contenoient les Englois aliez
Hõme nentre sur eulx ne soit mort ou blechiez
Toux sont en un moncel com si fussent liez
De Montauban Guille le preux et laloses,” &c.

“Grande fu la bataille et li estour planier
Tintiniat le bon estoit tout la premier,” &c.

“Grande fu la bataille certez nen doubtez mie
Englois sunt desconfis qui vouldrent par enuie
Avoir sur les Bretons poste et seigneurie
Mais tretout leur orgueil tourna en grant folie,” &c.

"Mighty was the conflict on the grassy plain; Caro of Botegat was stunned by a mace, and the valiant Tristan smitten to death. Then he cried aloud, 'Beaumanoir, where art thou? here, the English have seized upon me, wounded and overthrown; but I never despair of victory on the day I see thee near me;' " &c.

"Mighty was the conflict in the midst of the field, and the carnage horrible, and fierce the tumult. The Bretons are worsted; I relate no falsehood, for two of them are slain, and three are prisoners; and there are but five and twenty engaged in the fight. But Geoffroy de la Roche, an esquire of most high and noble ancestry, demands the order of knighthood, and Beaumanoir confers it on him, in the name of St. Mary, and says unto him, 'Good gentle son, spare not thyself; remind thee of him who, by his order of knighthood, was at Constantinople, in the company of such honourable associates; and I swear that the English shall pay the cost of thy knighting before the hour of vespers.' Pembroke heard him, but he considered not his valour, or his noble conduct; and he said to Beaumanoir, with much confidence, 'Surrender thee, Beaumanoir, and I will not injure thee: but I will present thee as a captive to my mistress, for I promised her, and shall not deceive her, that today I would bring thee to her fair abode.' And Beaumanoir answered, 'I have other things in contemplation, and I purpose them much, together with all my companions, that if it please the King of Glory and saint Mary, and the good saint Yves, in whom I strongly trust, when the die is cast, the hazard falls on thee; and thy life will not be long.' Alan de Keranrais heard the words, and said to Pembroke, 'Unworthy wretch, what meanest thou? Thinkest thou thus to treat a man of such renown? 'tis I myself that defy thee this day on his behalf; and now will I strike thee down with my tranchant sword.' Alan de Keranrais, at the same moment, struck him with his sharp-headed lance, in the midst of his visage, so that the iron head entered into his brain,' " &c.

"Mighty was the conflict and long its duration, and the carnage horrible on every side. It was on a Saturday before Lætare Jerusalem, and the sun shone bright. The heat was excessive; each combatant exerted himself to the utmost, and the earth was reddened with blood. That good Saturday, Beaumanoir had fasted, and he now felt great thirst, and asked for drink. Geoffroy de Boues answered him immediately, 'Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and thy thirst will leave thee;' " &c.

"Fierce was the combat, and the rencontre deadly. Half-way between Josselin and the castle of Ploermel, on an exceeding pleasant plain, at the oak of Mi-voie, by a field of broom that was green and beautiful, there were the English close collected in body," &c.

"Mighty was the conflict, never was known its equal. The English maintained their position, closely formed together; none approached them but fell dead or wounded: they are all in one compact body, as if they had been bound together.* But William de Montauban, the preux and valiant," &c.

* In a note upon this passage the French editor pays a high compliment to the coolness and discipline of the English troops (*le sang-froid et la discipline des troupes Angloises*), which at Cressy and Poitiers, and also at Fontenoy, until attacked by artillery, triumphed over the numbers and valour of the French army, inasmuch as, at the latter place, a column of English infantry sustained the shock of all the French regiments, which came on successively, only to break themselves in pieces against its immoveable mass, (*contre sa masse inébranlable*.)

The poem here describes the manner in which he broke their column, by dashing, on his charger, into the centre of their square.

"Mighty was the conflict, and the mêlée complete. Tinteniat the Good, who was the foremost combatant," &c.

"Mighty was the conflict, doubt it not. The English are routed, who wished to exercise over the Bretons mastery and control; but all their pride has ended in great folly," &c.

Such is the general character of the combat des Trente; whereof, to those interested in Breton antiquities, the foregoing specimens may not be unacceptable; and should any of our Cambrian countrymen take the trouble of comparing it with the compositions of our early bards, they will find, in many particulars, a very striking resemblance, especially in the ancient British poem of the *Gododin*. Like that, the Breton poem is divided into detached portions or stanzas of irregular lengths, from four lines to forty and upwards. In the same manner, one particular sentence is repeated at the beginning of the several successive stanzas, as a sort of groundwork to build upon, and the same rhyme is continued for a considerable number of lines without any change. For example, of the commencing stanzas of the *Gododin*, one contains nine lines all ending with the letters *ei*, as

"Caeawc Cynhaiawc men y dehei," &c.

The next contains the same number of lines ending in *wyt*,

"Caeawc Cymniviât Cyvlat erwyt," &c.

Another contains seven lines ending in *an*; and the following has eleven lines ending in *awr*. In like manner, the combat des Trente commences with a stanza consisting of twelve lines, ending in the syllable *ons*, and, in some instances, the same rhyme is followed for near thirty lines.

In the Breton poem it has been shewn, in the foregoing extracts, that several successive stanzas commence with the words *Grande fu la bataille*. The same order is followed in the *Gododin*; for instance:

"Gwyr a aeth Gattræth oedd ffraeth eu llu
Glasved eu hancwyn a gwenwyn fu
Trychant trwy beiryant en cattan
A gwedy elwch tawelwch fu," &c.

"Warriors went to Cattræth, and loquacious was the host; for the bright and intoxicating mead had been in their banquet," &c.

"Gwyr a aeth gattræth gan wawr," &c.

"The warriors went to Cattræth with the dawn," &c.

"Gwyr a aeth Gattræth gan dyd," &c.

"Warriors went to Cattræth with the day," &c.

"Gwyr a aeth Cattræth buant enwawc
Gwin a med o eur vu eu gwirawt," &c.

"Warriors went to Cattræth, heroes of renown; wine and mead, out of golden goblets, had been their beverage," &c.*

The French poem, it must be owned, has nothing of the wild irregularity of the Gododin, neither does it display the genius and energy of diction which characterize that extraordinary production; but there is, nevertheless, in many respects, a very striking resemblance between them. I will acknowledge that the characteristics which I have been noticing are not peculiar to these two compositions, but may be found in the ancient poetry of some other countries; but when I recollect the intimate connexion which subsisted between Wales and Brittany in the early ages, and how the Bretons transported the compositions of our Welsh bards into their own country, I am inclined to hazard a conjecture that the similarity of style observable between the *combat des Trente*, which is evidently the production of a Breton, and the ancient British poems, must be accounted for, by the fact of the Breton minstrels having continued among them the style of the bardic school, as they did its traditions, and handed it down even to the later *Trouveurs*, who composed their poems in the French language. If this conjecture be correct, it will serve to establish another of those facts which appear so difficult to account for, which is, that whilst the Principality of Wales and the Cymraeg districts furnished the nations of Europe with the materials of romantic fiction, and thus gave a new impulse to their literature, so they also supplied the very style and model of poetic composition, and laid the foundation upon which subsequent schools erected their various systems.

* This is the stanza which Gray translated in his specimens of ancient British poetry, commencing

"To Cattræth's vale in glittering row."

(*To be continued.*)

TO SHELTON OAK.

I.

SEVEN hundred years, with each vicissitude
 Of sunshine, gloom, rain, hail, frost, breeze, and blast,
 Hoar Patriarch of the forest! now have past
 O'er this green spot, since first from acorn crude,
 On the vex'd sea of time, thou didst protrude
 Thine infant stem, and first begin to cast
 Abroad thine arms, once vigorous, but at last,
 Like thy cleft trunk, all blighted, gnarled, and rude.
 By vulgar eye, thou doubtless art esteemed
 Unworthy of the clod that bears thy root;
 Yet mourn not, by the bard thou still art deemed
 Most sacred, for to him thou art not mute
 Nor unadorned, but fair, and long hast teemed
 With melody more sweet than well-touched harp or lute.

II.

Thou sing'st, old tree, to bard of days long flown;
 Of many a truant schoolboy's jubilee;
 Of the swart gipsy's moonlight pranks and glee;
 Of lover's vows and sighs, and the sad moan
 Of houseless outcast, whom thy cavern lone
 Hath sheltered from the blast's keen enmity,
 And, keener still, the scorn of friends that flee
 The wretch whom fate and passion have undone.
 Thou singest, too, of that dire battle's clang
 Which shook yon plain that courts Sabrina's wave;
 And of Glyndwr's stern breast the bitter pang,*
 As, on thy boughs, the mail-clad warrior sprang,
 And saw and cursed the bloody rout that gave
 To Harry's brow a wreath, to Hotspur's heart a grave.

III.

What time spring's balmy breath has *pranked*† the glade,
 When lonely owlet hymns the silent moon,
 Or dewy morn begems the thorn's festoon;
 When summer tide more dear makes rill and shade;
 When groves embrown, and flowers and flowerets fade;
 When churlish winter pipes on harsh bassoon;
 In each, loved tree, by thee a varied boon,
 From olden time, at Fancy's feast is laid;
 Nor shalt thou be unthanked: for this,—a charm
 The bard shall wreath around with heavenly skill;
 Whose spell shall woodman's ruthless hand disarm
 Of sacrilegious axe: forbid all harm
 From loutish ignorance, and guard thee till
 The gentle hand of age its mournful task fulfil.

JOHN WEBSTER, M.D.

Shrewsbury; 1831.

* Tradition says that Owain, arriving too late to assist the rebel army at the battle of Shrewsbury, ascended the old oak at Shelton, and viewed from it the defeat of Hotspur.

† Prank, to decorate.—*Spencer; Milton.*

NUGÆ CAMBRO-BRITANNICÆ.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

THE paucity of original publications in the Welsh language, at the present day, does not appear to furnish sufficiently ample materials for the scope of Cambrian criticism. In this dearth of literary novelty in our tongue, and in order to supply its defect, there is nothing which appears to me so appropriate as occasionally to present your readers with a review either of some of our own more ancient authors, or of those Saxon and Gallic writers who have made Wales or Welshmen the subject of their lucubrations; from both these excursive fields of black-lettered lore, the most abundant harvests may be collected. As introductory to a literary disquisition of this local character, I now take the liberty of handing you a few extracts from some works of this description, not very generally known.

Although our neighbours, both in England and in France, seem disposed, on all occasions and in all periods of our history, to render due homage to the valour and intrepidity of the ancient British, yet, by way of counterpoise to this complimentary concession, they never fail to make the alleged ferocity, irascibility, abject poverty, and brutality of our ancestors, the constant subjects of their sarcastic reproaches. Some of these foreign writers, more especially the poets, have depicted our forefathers as entirely devoid of any the least pretensions to any degree of refinement or civilization; in short, as absolute savages: with what colour of justice, we shall be able to demonstrate in the sequel. One of them in particular, William Britto, a French writer, in the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the fifth book of his *Philippeidos*, a poem, written, as its name imports, in praise of Philip, the then reigning monarch in France, is thus pleased to express himself on the occasion of the invasion of that country by a numerous army of Welshmen, under King Richard.

“Protinus extremis Anglorum finibus agmen
Wallorum immensum numero vocat, ut nemorosa
 Per loca discurrant ferroque, ignique, *furore*
Innato, nostri vastent confinia regni.

“*Gens Wallensis* habet hoc naturale per omnes
 Indigenas, primis proprium quod servat ab annis,
 Pro domibus sylvas, bellum pro pace frequentat,
Irasci facilis, agilis per devia cursu,

Nec soleis plantas, *caligis* nec crura gravantur
Frigus docta pati, nulli cessura labori.
Veste brevi, corpus nullis oneratur ab armis
Nec munit thorace latus, nec casside frontem,
Sola gerens, hosti cædem quibus inferat arma,
Clavam cum jaculo, venabula, gesa, bipennem
Arcum cum pharetris, nodosaque tela, vel hastam:
Assiduus audens prædis, fusoque cruore."

TRANSLATION.

"Then forth, from sea-girt Albion's farther coast,
Of the wild Welsh, he call'd a num'rous host,
To waste our sylvan plains with sword and fire
And all the fiery Welshman's innate ire.

"Of Cambria's sons, this ever was the law,
Which from their earliest ancestors they draw,
War to prefer to all the charms of peace;—
Fleet in the course, their vigour to increase,
They choose the devious paths; to anger prone;
Their only dwellings are their woods alone;
Unshod they run, nor *galligaskins* wear,
By habit taught th' extremest cold to bear.
In toil and labour none can them exceed;
Short are their vests, no armour elogs their speed;
Their heads no helm, their breasts no coat of mail:
Serves to protect when enemies assail;
A bow, a knotted club, a hunter's spear,
Their only arms against their foes appear;
In plunder they incessantly delight,
And their first pleasure is the bloody fight."

The "*irasci facilis*" may still, perhaps, be considered a prominent feature in the moral physiognomy of our countrymen; but the progress they made in general civilization, in less than a hundred years after the death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, is established by the following Leonine verses, which are not without their interest as a literary curiosity.

"Mores antiqui Britonum, jam ex convictu Saxonum
Commutati in melius, ut patet ex his clarius,
Hortos et agros excolunt, ad oppida se conferunt.
Et loricati equitant, et calceati peditant,
Urbanè se reficiunt, et sub tapetis dormiunt,
Ut judicentur Anglici, nunc potius quam Walliei.
Hujus si quærat ratio, quietius quam solito
Cur illi vivant hodie, in causâ sunt divitiæ,
Quas citò hæc gens perderet, si passim nunc confligeret.
Timor damni hos retrahit, nam nil habens nil metuit,
Et ut dixit Satyricus,—Cantat viator vacuus
Coram latrone tutior, quam phalaratus ditior."

The author of these lines, from his attributing the incipient
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civilization of the Welsh to their intercourse with the English, "*ex convictu Saxonum*," as well as to their acquisition of some portion of wealth, was probably himself a Saxon. He proves that, in his time, our ancestors not only wore shoes and stockings, but that they were in the habit of visiting the towns, of conducting themselves with decorum and politeness at their meals, and further, that they cultivated the arts of agriculture and horticulture, and actually slept in beds with tapestry hangings! The luxury and refinement of modern times can scarcely exceed this description; and yet this great change for the better in their habits and manners was effected in less than a century from that period in which William Britto describes them as savages, wandering almost naked in their mountain forests, without a roof to shelter them.

In the reign of Henry the Second, when the Pope forbade the clergy their wives, and inhibited them from marriage, Madoc Hên Gwyllt, a Welsh priest, produced a dozen couplets, in Latin rhymes, on the occasion, which are so far worthy our notice, as not being altogether devoid of humour, as summing up some of the principal arguments against clerical celibacy, and, more particularly, as fixing the period when the English Catholic clergy were first forbidden to marry by papal ordinance. The only reward the poet modestly asks for his poetry, is a *Pater noster* to be said for him by every married clergyman and his lady.

"Prisciani regula penitus cassatur
Sacerdos per *Hic et Hæc* olim declinatur,
Sed per *Hic* solummodo, nunc articulatur,
Cum per nostrum Præsulem *Hæc* amoveatur.

"Ità quidem Presbyter cœpit allegare,
Peccat criminalitèr qui vult separare
Quod Deus injunxerat, foeminam amare,
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.

"O quam dolor anxius! quam tormentum grave!
Nobis est dimittere quoniam suàve,
O Romane Pontifex! statuisti pravè,
Ne in tanto crimine moriaris, cave.

"Non est innocentius, immò nocens verè
Qui quod facto docuit, studet abolere,
Et quod olim juvenis voluit habere,
Modo vetus Pontifex, studet prohibere.

"Gignere nos præcipit vetus testamentum,
Ubi novum prohibet nusquam est inventum,
Præsul qui contrarium donat documentum.
Nullum necessarium his dat argumentum.

"Dedit enim Dominus maledictionem
Viro qui non fecerit generationem.
Ergo tibi consulo per hanc rationem
Gignere, ut habeas benedictionem.

“Nonne de militibus milites procedunt?
Atque reges regibus sibi qui succedunt?
Per locum a simili, omnes jura lædunt,
Clerici qui gignere crimen esse credunt.

“Zacharias habuit prolem et uxorem
Per virum quem genuit adeptus honorem,
Baptizavit enim nostrum Salvatorem:
Pereat, qui teneat novum hunc errorem!

“Paulus cœlos rapitur in superiores
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores
Ad nos tandem rediens, instruensque mores,
Suas (inquit) habeat quilibet uxores.

“Propter hæc et alia dogmata doctorum
Reor esse melius, magis et decorum
Quisquis suam habeat et non proximorum,
Ne incurrat odium et iram eorum.

“Proximorum fœminas, filias et neptes
Violare nefas est, quare nil disceptes,
Verè tuam habeas, et in hâc delectes,
Diem ut sic ultimum tutiùs expectes.

“Ecce jam pro clericis multum allegavi
Necnon pro Presbyteris plura comprobavi,
Pater noster nunc pro me quoniam peccavi,
Dicet quisque Presbyter cum suâ Suavi.”

That ancient historical poet old Robert of Gloucester, may be considered a Welshman, from his having been a monk in *Llanthony Abbey*, during the earlier part of his life. This writer brought the English language to a very high degree of perfection, for the time in which he lived. In the following characteristic anecdote which he gives us of William Rufus, there is not a single word which is not perfectly intelligible at present, and scarcely one which is not good English at this day: there is also a smoothness in the metre very remarkable for the age. It is further observable that his language in the construction of its phrases, and more particularly in the collocation of the words, bears a much closer affinity to the Norman-French than to the old Saxon or ancient British. It is a very pointed satire, told with great *naïveté*, on the pride of the great for costly apparel, merely for its cost, abstractedly from any other consideration.

“As his chamberlayne him brought, as he rose on a day,
A morrow for to wear, a paire of hose of Say,
He asked what they costned,—Three shillings, he said.
Fie-a-dibbles! quoth the king, who sey so vile a deed;
King to wear so vile a clóth! But it costned more,
Buy a paire for a marke, or thou shalt ha corry fore.

A worse paire enough, the other arswith him brought,
 And said they costned a marke, and unneath them he bought.
 Aye, bel-amy, quoth the king, these were well fought,
 In this manner serve me, other ne serve me not."

When Henry the Eighth, soon after the Pope conferred upon him the title of *Defender of the Faith*, translated Dr. Mountayne from a Welsh bishoprick to the see of Lincoln, a curate of the diocess he quitted, Evan Pugh, wrote this Latin distich, which is inserted in "Owen's Epigrams:"

"Defensor fidei montem de sede removit,
 Mira fides montem quæ remove potest!"

Which may be thus Englished:

"The Faith's Defender moves Mountain from this see,—
 Mountains to remove, how great his faith must be!"

One of the best arguments that can be adduced against the alleged ferocity of our ancestors, may certainly be found in the peculiar softness and harmony of their language. In the history of nations, it has always been observed that a people must have attained a very considerable degree of civilization before their vernacular tongue becomes capable of musical expression: the perfection of the language of every country may be considered the best criterion of its moral and intellectual refinement. Here, methinks, I hear one of your Saxon readers exclaim, "But surely, sir, with all your partiality to the Principality, you do not mean to assert that the Welsh language has any pretensions to melody or sweetness? the Welsh, so harshly grating to the ear, so redundant in double consonants and gutterals, that the late Mr. Justice Hardinge is reported to have said, on the Brecon circuit, '*I would rather give up the emoluments of my office, than try a cause in so barbarous a language!*'" To this I answer, Yes, I do maintain, notwithstanding this judicial authority, that of all the modern languages of Europe, the Welsh is the softest and the most harmonious, and the most capable, from the vast variety of its inflections, of admitting a continual reduplication of alliterative repetitions in its cadences. In this it strongly resembles the *Provençal Romanesque* of the Troubadours of the south of France, now a dead language, but from which the early Italian poets formed their own melodious verse. If we compare some of the relics left us of *Taliessin* with the verses of *Sordello*, a celebrated Troubadour of Provence, as they are now extant, in a manuscript in the French king's library in Paris, we must be instantly struck with the similarity which exists between the mechanism of the rhythm and metre of the two poets, each abounding with syllabic alliterations which

give their poetry a pleasing and peculiar softness, and which, in all cases, renders

“The sound an echo to the sense.”

I must here cite the authority of a scholar who will certainly be allowed by all to be a competent judge on this subject: I mean Dr. John David Rhys, the author of a very learned Latin-Welsh Grammar, printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and entitled “*Cymræcæ Linguae Institutiones.*” Dr. Rhys, by birth a Welshman, after studying at Christ Church, in Oxford, for some time, went abroad and resided for many years in Italy, in which country he took the degree of M.D. at the university of Sienna, and was soon afterwards appointed public moderator in the university of Pistoia, another city in Tuscany: he became so great an adept in the Tuscan language as to publish, in Italian, a very elaborate treatise on the construction and pronunciation of that tongue, on the universally admired

“*Lingua Toscana, Bocca Romana.*”

He returned to Wales in the decline of life, and composed his Welsh Grammar in Breconshire. An epitome of his life is given in that excellent topographical work, “The History of Breconshire,” by the late Mr. Theophilus Jones. The Grammar of Dr. Rhys is not merely a dry treatise on the grammatical rules of the language, but he has taken astonishing pains to explain and illustrate the different ancient British metres, and their wonderful *concatenations of alliterations*. From his thorough acquaintance with Welsh and Italian, there never was a man more capable of justly appreciating the respective merits of both these languages: he tells us that there exists a similarity between them, but gives a decided superiority to the Welsh.

He thus expresses himself,

“Erant olim apud *Italos* antiquiores in Carminibus, concentuum quædam genera Cambro-brytannicis concentibus non usque adeo absimilia, *verum gratiâ et venustate Cambrobrytannicis multo inferiora*; nec omni ex parte eodem modo ab *Italis*, quo à Cambro-brytannicis in versibus constituta; ut intuenti et intelligenti lectori est manifestum. Quod forsan lingua *Italica*, pulcherrimæ quidem, et omnium vulgariarum linguarum (meo-judicio) proculdubio *Reginæ*, a quæ ornatè et eleganter ac Cambro-brytannicæ natura, tales concentuum formas nec ferat nec ostendet. Unde jam apud *Italos*, ferè obsoleta reperiuntur hujuscemodi concentuum genera. Sicuti enim unaquæque alia lingua in cæteris aliquid quod sibi proprium sit, meritò adipiscitur: ita quoque et in hâc parte Cambro-brytannica istud tanquam peculiare et proprium sibi vindicat. Sed ex multis, (solum exempli gratiâ et veluti instar omnium,) subjungamus pauca hæc *Circes* carmina, quæ mihi fortuitò contigerunt, ne adeo, ut opinor, antiqua, ad *Ulyssem*, ut fingitur, conscripta, et *Italicè* versa. Quæ carmina, ne vix umbram quidem Cambro-brytannicorum concentuum venusta pulchritudinis ostendere videntur.”

He then presents us with the whole of this Italian epistle from Circe, the daughter of the Sun, to Ulysses, from which I extract the first two stanzas.

Circe, Figliuola del Sole, à Ulysse: epistola decima.

“Ulysse O lasso, O dolce amore i' moro
Se porci parci, qui armento hor' monta,
In Selva salvo à me piu caro coro.

“Ninfa non fie à Circe chente conta;
Se bella, ne Sibilla fassi, O fessi,
Donne, O danne, che Febo affranto affronta.”

Dr. Rhys concludes his dissertation on Welsh metre by citing a number of stanzas, from Taliessin and other Welsh bards, to prove the superior softness of the Ancient British poetry over the Italian, that *Regina Linguarum*, more particularly in that which constitutes the chief pride of Italian poesy, the *concentuum venusta pulchritudo*.

Glüs.

Nov. 14, 1831.

THE NETTLE.

TENDERHANDED, press a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Press it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains:
So it is with vulgar natures,
Treat them kindly they repel,—
Use them rough, like nutmeg graters,
And the rogues will serve you well.

Translation.

Y DDANADLEN.

Tyner cyfwrdd a danadlen,
Colion llidiawg vydd dy ran:
Gwasg hi megys ci dan Arthen;
Dov hi vydda yn y van:
Evellu anvoesolion musgrell,
Am addwynder, rhodynt vrwyn*
Ymddwyn atynt megys rhathell,
Daw ystyvnig brwnt yn vwyn.

CAERVALLWCH.

* Brwyn, a pain or smart.

THE
NEW GAME ACT DEFECTIVE,
PARTICULARY AS IT REGARDS WALES.

THERE is nothing more egotistical, in our opinion, than the foolish cant prevalent among would-be politicians of our day; nor, perhaps, can any thing be more mischievous in its consequences than to hear such men perpetually declare, that "the tories never effected a single act calculated to benefit their country;" or of the whigs, that "no good can ever possibly arise from their administration." With these bigots we have nothing in common, and can hold no parlançe; but towards others, it may be necessary to disclaim, on our parts, such sentiments of absurdity, inasmuch as our *critique* on the new Game act, or upon any other measure of the legislature, would claim to be distinct from any narrow-minded policy, or a base wish to detract from the fame of the eminent statesman who brought the measure forward, or of the cabinet of which he constitutes so honorable a member. Our only object is to make suggestions which are, as we think, calculated towards the well-doing of the country.

To the candid investigator of facts and their consequences, we would observe, for example, that if ever an improvement was made upon an old, ineffective, and, indeed, disgraceful system, which, whilst it professed to protect the people of the metropolis, left them to take care of themselves, such improvement was effected by Sir Robert Peel in his establishment of the new Police; and, on the other hand, if ever any measure was wrought calculated to effect a diminution of rustic crime, Lord Althorp, in the new Game act, has been equally successful: so much then for necessary good or necessary evil resulting from any particular class of politicians.

But though we are convinced much good, in a moral point of view, will accrue to Great Britain by several of the enactments of the new Game bill, still we are prepared to show that a mere prevention of poaching does not embody all those alterations and improvements which many persons, interested in the prosperity and good feeling which should exist in the country, ourselves among the number, looked for. The clauses appointing certain periods when only game shall be killed, the penalties for laying poison, regulations for the sale of game, game certificates, on the laws of trespass, rights of manors, &c. &c., as far as they are intended to work, are satisfactory; but we want a clause to prevent a landlord from depriving his tenant, under *any circumstances*, in the instances of leases and takings at will, of his share of the game reared on the farm, though if he choose to wave that right, let him do so, but let it be on his part purely voluntary.

Of England, we do not profess to speak with confidence, but, in Wales, we are satisfied that such a system would work well; and our remarks (although we believe they would not be inapplicable as regards England,) are offered in reference to Wales only. Surely, on a deliberate investigation of the justice of such a measure, few persons there are who will deny that the grower of game ought, at least, to have a share of that game. It has been asserted, we know, that where experiments have been tried, the game has rapidly disappeared, but it has been *only asserted*, and we are prepared to prove, (an objection to giving publicity to the parties only prevents our doing so,) that the experiment has recently produced a totally different result, and, on the contrary, the oldest and best acquainted with the facts agree that the Game laws, as they have hitherto stood, have not upon farms, whether on lease or otherwise, increased the game. But granting that, in some instance, the tenant do kill all the game, and the landlord lose his share; on examination, the result proves itself mere selfishness on the part of the landlord; for be it remembered that he generally possesses his own farm, or at least his grounds, his park, or his ornamental covers, and, surely, from them he may be provided with some game. What rational motive is there generally to induce the tenant to destroy the game? That it might and would occur, in certain instances, we have no doubt; for example, wherever disagreement exists between the parties, the probability is that it would be so, particularly if the tenant were a man who *could* injure timber, or exhaust the soil; such a man, of course, would not scruple to destroy the game, the more especially if revenge prompted him to the commission of the act. We shall be quite ready at a future period to inquire into any further reasons why game should, or should not be destroyed by the tenant, if the law, independent of the landlord, permitted him to do so; but we really are at a loss, at present, for both time and space for lengthened observations on the point; and we will now merely enter on a short examination of what we believe to be the inducements the tenant would have to preserve the game *conjointly* with his landlord, and how *poaching would thereby be effectually prevented*.

By way of argument, we will propose that a man take a farm of five hundred or one hundred acres; we assume him to be, in his sphere of action, an intelligent being; he enters on the land determined to cultivate it, and to manage his live and dead stock to the best advantage: suppose a person were to rob him of any part of his poultry, (it matters not by what class of persons the depredation be committed,) is it likely, is it in the nature of things, is it possible that the injury would be often repeated, and our tenant be careless of the aggression? which, in point of actual value, as an article of food, is most useful—a fowl or a hare? the answers are obvious. Now we never knew a farmer who did not take care to

provide that most useful and beautiful object yclept a poultry-yard: but, in proceeding with our argument, the answer may be, the landlord has no share in the poultry-yard: we beg pardon, he has an interest in it, as he has an interest in every thing tending to the prosperity of his tenant; and, in North Wales especially, although this may be new to our English readers, there is frequently provision made, between landlord and tenant, for the supply to the former, at merry Christmas and other festivals, of sundry goodly "*duties*," of *geese, ducks, fowls, &c.* Now we will assume that game is, in every respect, to be considered as the joint property of landlord and tenant; will any one be bold enough to affirm that a tenant, living in common amity with his landlord, would, under such circumstances, allow persons to destroy his *wild poultry*, (for such it is,) any more than those animals domesticated in his yard? why would he not as soon interrupt the poacher on his lands, as arrest the thief of his hen roost? Before the old laws were framed, the game was common to the yeoman, except where manorial or other exclusive privileges existed. At that time, it is true, the tenant had no inducement to preserve the game, but the thing we suggest is quite a different affair, and we have too good an opinion of the *tact* of our Welsh farmers, to suppose they would not avail themselves of the use of an article which would seem to them both as a luxury and an useful sustenance, growing round their premises, but which to them, at present, in many instances, is as "*forbidden fruit*."

We may next advert to the injustice of the present, as well as the old Game acts, in depriving the cultivator of the soil of a share of the game; and on this point of our subject, we labour under much difficulty. Habitual prejudice has done much regarding the formation of our ideas of right and wrong; but let us for a moment forget our *class*, and remember only that we are *men*. Many a naturally good and amiable man would be astonished at the proposal that he should give up the game, even in part, to his tenantry. Yes, so would the old mail-clad Norman baron, could he but a second time start into life, and see the innovations made in *feudal* tenures, and the destruction effected on his darling Forest laws. Therefore to such a worthy, though mistaken man, of the present day, as also to such old Norman warrior, we would say, if, upon a *dispassionate* examination of facts, you find your rule of exclusive possession to be founded on *injustice*, is it not honourable in you to grant plain justice? do you live in an age when ill blood between yourself and your tenants cannot injure you? If such a man were to refuse, at least, to enter into the *examination*, we must think too badly both of his heart and his head, to deem him worthy of our notice.

Let us now observe on the law in operation as it affects the feeling of farmers, and on its tendency to render them dissatisfied.

Can there be any thing more mortifying to the grower of the game than to have his gates left open, or his hedges broken, by his landlord, accompanied by a party of gentlemen, not one, perhaps, of whom he has ever seen or heard of, while the gazing tenant has it not in his power to kill a brace of the birds that daily live upon the grain of his labour. Will not such a display of monopoly gall a man, brought up with ideas of British freedom? What are those gentlemen to *him*? *he* owes them nothing, but *they*, in some instances, commit more serious injury than can be well comprehended by any than those who understand the cultivation of the soil.

Suppose we also view the case of hunting; it may be exceedingly amusing to some people to gallop headlong over a man's enclosures, without even the trouble of a passing glance at the injury they perpetrate. We well remember instances of crops of young corn being literally kicked into the air, by a set of reckless red coats,—but we commiserated the injured farmer. We allow that men in their senses, fair sportsmen, and such are our sportsmen in Wales, will not dash over a crop of young October wheat, making it fly like the sand on the sea shore; but this is no palliative, for to deny that it is often done by another sort of riders, would be to assert what is a direct falsehood. “Well, but the farmer may come out, too!” we admit he can do so, if the fairs and the thousand and one things which require almost incessant attention at home or abroad, allow him a participation in the day's sport, and if he can afford a horse capable of carrying him. Again, it is said, “perhaps the field do not commit a farthing's worth of damage.” This is no advantage to him; and the only question worth his notice is, *does he obtain a hare if he wants one?* if he does, it is but an act of common justice; and if he does not, we affirm it to be not only a very unfair deprivation, but a direct act of oppression. As to the assertion that *the farmers do not care for game*; it is *untrue*, why should they not; do they not care for good strong ale? or do they not care for many of those luxuries which their landlords know so well how to appreciate? but, the man who rejoins that they really are indifferent on the subject, we advise to offer his tenant a hare, to present to some dealer in the produce of his dairy, at Bridgenorth or Bristol fairs, where it is most valuable, and let him, the giver, observe how grateful his tenant will be even for that which it is, at all times, an injustice to withhold.

If there be a class of men more than commonly interested in keeping up that old-fashioned feeling of mutual dependence between the proprietor and the cultivator, to that class do we of the Cambrian Quarterly belong. Let no man, therefore, assert that our remarks are calculated to produce discontent; our wish is to see common justice done to the agriculturist, to have his best feelings exerted, to make him satisfied and happy under his land-

lord, that he may look upon him as his friend and protector: for let it be borne in mind, that moment which carries with it a feeling of distrust, also cuts short an association become venerable from the time it has existed between two classes of society, who for ages have been the envy of the world, namely, those of the country gentlemen of Great Britain, and (without which they are valueless,) their tenantry.

Where are there men more loyal, men on whom government, in times of public solicitude, have looked for support, and not looked in vain? by whom were Cressy and Poitiers won? and in later times, when Napoleon scorched the earth with his fierce sun of ambition, and internal commotion stalked almost in open day, who came forward to support real liberty? it was *the British yeomanry*. Of what importance is it, then, that we should carefully abstain from any legislative measure which may lessen their comforts? We are convinced the Game laws have more to do with the promotion of a happy concentration of feeling between all classes of society, than at first may be supposed: we have proved this as regards landlord and tenant; and to treat of what has been repeated by others over and over again, namely the damning effects produced among all classes of the lower orders by poaching, would justly subject us to ridicule: but of one immensely important fact we are certain, which is, that poaching can be prevented by the tenant better than by the gamekeeper; for where the keeper has no corn to grow and no fences to repair, he will, (after making due allowance for his private consumption of game, with the extent of which, we opine, their employers are not exactly acquainted,) not trouble himself so vigilantly about the depredations committed by trespassers, as the man who has an interest in the productions of the soil; but who, as long as by law he is prevented to share in a commodity of which he alone is at the expense of keeping, will *never* trouble himself with preserving, but *sometimes*, on the contrary, will, when the game has become a *nuisance* to him, avail himself of the best private means of lessening their number, and his obvious means are, winking at the poachers. Give him then a property in the game, and the keeper and the poacher will be heard of but as characters passed away, *stat nominis umbra*. With these reflections, we are of opinion that a clause to remedy this crying evil should be introduced, and some of the existing ones altered; or, what is better, the repeal of the last, and the substitute of a fresh Game bill, empowering every farmer to kill game on his own ground.

POETRY BY THE LATE MR. JUSTICE HARDINGE.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

As the name of the late Mr. Justice Hardinge was so frequently and honourably mentioned in the interesting memoir of the Rev. Edward Davies, which appeared in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, vol. iii., p. 408, I flatter myself that the following stanzas written by him, but never published, may prove acceptable to your readers. The song was enclosed in a letter to me, of which the following is a copy:

No. 1, Cumberland place; July 6, 1804.

SIR,

Mrs. Parry (as I understood) of Gressford Lodge, near Wrexham, wrote to Sir Foster Cunliffe, and recommended a ballad of mine to your notice through him; but I have had no advices from him, and, therefore, I take the liberty of soliciting you myself. I am such an admirer of your music, that I wish, of all things, to have these fugitive thoughts of mine honoured with your adaptation.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE HARDINGE.

To Mr. John Parry.

TO FANNY.

Oh, Fanny! could my heart suspect
That age thy feelings would correct,
Would make thee *cold*, and *wise*,
I'd wish that, e're the doom was past,
The day before—it were the last
That open'd Fanny's eyes!

But nature smiles, and blames the fear
That *she* can ever disappear,
By innocence carest.
Her beam is like the parting ray
That gilds the shadows of the day,
And crowns the bed of rest!

A genial spirit, fancy's child,
So brightly gay, and sweetly wild,
Abjures the touch of art;
It is an evergreen of youth,
Unfading as the light of truth,
And planted in the heart.

I have only to add that the manner in which I set the above elegant lines to music, met with the approbation of the learned author.

JOHN PARRY,
Bardd Alaw.

THE VALUE OF CHURCH LIVINGS IN ANGLESEA,

TAKEN IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII. AND ELIZABETH.

ABERFRAW.¹—A rectory, St. Beuno.²

The presentation thereof in the Prince of Wales.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. £20 15 10

Elizabeth, 20 7 6

Incumbent, 1785, Owens.

Llanbadrig.³—A vicarage, in the prince's gift.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 7 8 1

Elizabeth, 7 9 2

Incumbent, 1785, Morgan Ellis.

Llanbeulan.⁴—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath five chapels under it, viz. Llanvaelog,⁵ Llechylched, Ceirchiog, Llanerchmedd, and Talyllyn.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 23 6 8

Elizabeth, 22 4 6

Incumbent, 1785, Thomas Lloyd, D.D. dean of Bangor.

Llandegvan.⁶—A rectory, Lord Bulkeley's gift.

Hath one chapel under it, viz. Beaumaris.⁷

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 20 0 0

Elizabeth, 19 11 8

Incumbent, 1785, Hugh Davies, lord bishop's chaplain; Richard Griffith, Garreglwyd.

Llanddeusant.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath two chapels under it, viz. Llanbabo,⁸ and Llanvairynghornwy.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 20 16 2

Elizabeth, 20 17 6

Incumbent, 1785, John Williams, Trevoys.

Llanddyvrydog.⁹—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llanvihangel Trev y Bardd.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 14 9 7

Elizabeth, 14 10 0

Incumbent, 1785, Nicholas Owen, M.A.; John Edwards, of Bangor; Henry Lloyd, of Tre-gayan.

Llanddyvnan.¹⁰—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath three chapels under it, viz. Llanvair Mathavarn Eithav, Llanbedr, and Pentraeth.

Valued tempore Henry VIII.		£40	0	0
Elizabeth,		38	6	8
1785, Bishop Warren.				
Llanelian.¹¹—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.				
Hath three chapels under it, viz. Coedane, Rhosbeirio, ¹² and Bodewryd.				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		14	1	8
Elizabeth,		13	1	8
Incumbent, 1785, Owen Jones.				
Llaneigrad.¹³—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.				
Hath under it one chapel, viz. Llanallgo. ¹⁴				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		9	11	9
Elizabeth,		9	10	0
Incumbent, 1785, — Williams.				
Llangadwaladr.¹⁵—A rectory, in the lord chancellor's gift.				
Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llanvairion. ¹⁶				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		16	7	11
Elizabeth,		16	9	6
Incumbent, 1785, Owen Parry, LL.B.				
Llangevni.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.				
Hath under it one chapel, viz. Tregayan.				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		9	13	4
Elizabeth,		9	10	7½
Incumbent, 1785, Henry Hughes.				
Llangeinwen.¹⁷—A rectory; Earl of Pembroke's gift.				
Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llangafo. ¹⁸				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		19	1	2
Elizabeth,		19	1	2
Incumbent, 1785, Henry Jones, Caernarvon.				
Hen Eglwys.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.				
Hath under it one chapel, viz. Trewalchmai.				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		9	3	4
Elizabeth,		9	3	4
Llanidan.¹⁹—A vicarage, in Lord Boston's gift.				
Hath three chapels under it, viz. Llanedwen, ²⁰ Llanddeiniel Vab, ²¹ and Llanvair y Cwmmwd.				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		10	0	0
Elizabeth,		10	0	0
Incumbent, 1785, Lewis Hughes.				
Penmynydd.²²—A prebend of the cathedral church of Bangor, in the bishop's gift.				
Valued tempore Henry VIII.		8	13	4
Elizabeth,		8	5	7½
Incumbent, 1785, Egerton Leigh, M.A.				

Rhoscolyn.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath two chapels under it, viz. Llanvair yn Neu-
bwl, and Llanvihangel y Traeth.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 10 6 8

Elizabeth, 10 5 0

Incumbent, 1785, Richard Owen; William
Griffith.

Llanrhuddlad.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath two chapels under it, viz. Llanflewyn²³ and
Llanrhwydrus.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 14 11 6

Elizabeth, 14 11 8

Incumbent, 1785, Richard Williams, B.A.

Llansadwrn.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 9 6 8

Elizabeth, 7 18 6

Incumbent, 1785, Hugh Humphreys.

Trevdraeth.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath under it one chapel, viz. Llangwyven.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 14 8 10

Elizabeth, 14 9 9½

Incumbent, 1785, Richard Griffith.

Llantrisant.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath four chapels under it, viz. Ceidio, Llechgyn-
varwy, Gweredog, and Llanllibio.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 26 0 0

Elizabeth, 25 10 0

Incumbent, 1785, John Ellis, LL.B.

Llanvachraith.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath two chapels under it, viz. Llan**** and Llan-
vugail.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 16 0 0

Elizabeth, 14 11 0

Incumbent, 1785, Thomas Ellis.

Llanvaethlu.²⁴—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llanvwrog.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 17 0 0

Elizabeth, 17 7 6

Incumbent, 1785, Humphrey Jones, M.A.

Llanvechell.²⁵—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llanddygwat; fallen
to ruin many years since.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 11 11 3

Elizabeth, 11 11 6

Incumbent, 1785, Lewis Lewis, and vicar of
Llandan.

Llanvair Pwllgwyngyll.—A rectory, in the bishop's gift.

Hath one chapel under it, viz. Llandysilio.²⁶

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 7 6 8

Elizabeth, 6 15 0

Incumbent, 1785, Francis Wynne, obiit; Richard Prichard, of Dynam, succeeded.

Newborough.²⁷—A rectory, in the lord chancellor's gift.

Valued tempore Henry VIII. 10 13 7

Elizabeth, 8 10 0

Incumbent, Owen Jones, B.A.

ANNOTATIONS.

¹ Aberfraw, or *agitated river*, is a place celebrated for being the residence of the Princes of Gwynedd, from the time of Roderic the Great, A.D. 843, to the last Llywelyn, in 1282. Some remains of the palace are still to be traced.

² Beuno, the son of Huwgi ap Gwynlliw ap Glywis ap Tegyd, by Peren, daughter of Lleudyn Lluydawg, from Dinas Edwin, in the north. "There are several churches dedicated to this saint, to whom all calves and lambs that were cast with split ears were offered; and it is believed, (until late times,) in Caernarvonshire."

³ Padric, the son of Alvryd ap Goronwy ap Gwdion ap Don, from Gwaredawg, in Arvon, lived about the latter part of the seventh century.

⁴ Peulan, the son of Pawl Hen, or *Paul the Aged*, of the Isle of Man, lived in the beginning of the sixth century.

⁵ Maelog, son of Caw, of Britain, lived in the middle of the sixth century.

⁶ Tegvan, the son of Carcludwys ap Cyngu ap Ysbwys ap Cadrawd Calchvynydd, lived in the middle of the seventh century.

⁷ Beaumaris is supposed to have been *Porth Wygyr*, mentioned in the Triads as one of the principal ports of Britain.

⁸ Pabo, styled the *Pillar of Britain*, was son of Arthwys ap Mor ap Cenau ap Coel, and lived about the beginning of the sixth century; he was buried in Llanbabo.

⁹ Tyvrydog, the son of Arwystl Glof, or *Arwystl the lame*, ap Seithenyn, lived in the latter part of the sixth century; his mother, Tysvanwedd, was daughter of Amlawd Wledig.

¹⁰ Dyvnan, the son of Brychan, lived about the middle of the fifth century, and lies buried in Llanddyvnan.

¹¹ Elian Geimiad ap Gallgu Redegawg ap Carcludwys ap Cyngu ap Ysbwys ap Cadrawd Calchvynydd, lived about the close

of the fifth century; his mother was Tegvan, daughter of Tewdwr Mawr.

¹² Peirio, one of the sons of Caw, of Britain, and lord of Cwm Cawlwyd, lived about the commencement of the sixth century.

¹³ Eigrad, the son of Caw y Coed aur, lived in the middle of the sixth century.

¹⁴ Gallgov, son of Caw of Britain, lived about the middle of the sixth century.

¹⁵ Cadwaladr, styled the *Blessed*, was the son of Cadwallon ap Cadvan ap Iago ap Beli ap Rhun ap Maelgwn; he was the last king of the Britains, and is said to have founded Cadwaladr church, in 686, when he abdicated the throne, and went to Rome, where he died in 703; this church was called Eglwysael, or *Church on the brow*, before it was dedicated to Cadwaladr.

¹⁶ Meirion, the son of Owain Dañwyn ap Einiawn Urth ap Cynedda, lived in the close of the fifth century.

¹⁷ Ceinwen, daughter of Brychan, lived about the middle of the fifth century.

¹⁸ Cafo, the son of Caw, of Britain, lived about the middle of the sixth century. At Fynon Gafo, a celebrated well in the parish, young cocks were used to be offered to the saint, to prevent children from crying.

¹⁹ Nidan, the son of Gwrvyw ap Pasgen ap Cynvarch ap Meirchion ap Grwst ap Cenau ap Coel Godebog, lived in the beginning of the seventh century.

²⁰ Edwen was either a niece or daughter of Edwin of Northumberland; she was educated under Cadvan, at Caerseaint, (Caernarvon,) and lived about the middle of the sixth century.

²¹ Llanddeiniol Vab, i. e. son of Deiniol ap Dynawd ap Pabo; he lived about the beginning of the sixth century.

²² Penmynydd was the ancient residence of Owain ap Mareddydd ap Tudor Vychan, grandfather of Henry VII.

²³ Flewyn, the son of Ithel Hael, or *Ithel the Generous*, lived about the year 480.

²⁴ Maethlu, the son of Caredawg Vreichvras, or the *Strong-armed*, lived in the middle of the sixth century.

²⁵ Mechell, a daughter of Brychan, lived in the middle of the fifth century.

²⁶ Tysilio, the son of Brochwyl Ysgythrawg ap Cyngen ap Cadell Deyrnllug, lived about the middle of the seventh century; his mother, Addun Benasgell, or *Addun the Winged-head*, was the daughter of Pabo Post Brydain.

²⁷ The ancient name of Newborough was *Rhosvair*, the church

being erected on the *moor*, (which Rhos implies,) and dedicated to Mary. In the time of Edward I. it was made a corporate town, and the privileges were confirmed by Edward III., in whose reign it was first called *Newborough*. In the reign of Henry VIII. it returned a member to Parliament. According to some of our early bards, there appears to have been a palace of some importance:

“Mae llys yn Rhosvair, mae llyn
Mae eur-gloch, mae Arglwydd Llywelyn,
A gwyr tal yn ei ganlyn,
Mil myrdd, mewn gwyrdd a gwyn.”

In Rhosvair is a palace where hospitality
And opulence prevail, under Lord Llywelyn,
Who is surrounded by thousands of attendants,
Gigantic in stature, and attired in white and green.

Ymddyddaniad rhwng Pumlùmon ac Havren.

Afon Havren, dechreuad yr hon sydd yn agos i ben Pumlùmon, ac yn rhedeg oddiyno trwy isel-dir swydd Amwythig yn dra annhrefnus, 'herwydd ei throadau cyfeiriadol; yr amgylchiad hwn a berodd, yn ol y traddodiad ar ryw achlysur, yn awr yn anhysbysol i'r ymrafael canlynol:

Mynydd. Igamogam* b'ler ei di?

Afon. Moel heb wallt beth waeth i ti?

Mynydd. Fe dyf gwallt ar fy mhen i
Cyn uniawnir dy faglau ceimion di.

* *I gam o gam*, from crook to crook.

ENGLISH WORDS

ADAPTED TO THE BEAUTIFUL WELSH AIR OF SERCH HUDOL;
(THE ALLUREMENT OF LOVE.)

*The Scene is laid in the Neighbourhood of the
Bannau Brecheinog.*

I.

FAREWELL, my native glen!
Farewell to the valiant men
Who fought for the land
With the Saxon band,
And quelled it again and again.
Land of my sires! how dear thou art!—
Yet soon must the sad Llewelyn part
From the friend of his choice, and the maid of his heart,
And sail o'er the distant main.
Our harvests droop at home:
And many a Cymro now must roam,
A wanderer, 'mid the perilous foam
And the tempest's fearful roar,
To the far-off world, where the tiger keeps
His deadly watch in the forest deeps,
And the serpent his jaws in the red blood steeps,—
Nor see my birthplace more.

II.

Penyvan! thou mountain king,
Whose peaks their shadows fling,
Like a dark deep veil,
When the summer heats prevail
O'er the Cantref's teeming spring;—
No more thy blaze, at the dawn of day,
Shall warn me to take my upland way,
And watch lest the lambs should fall a prey
To the Hebog's* arrowy wing;—
Lanfigan's bell would cheer,
On sabbath morn, my youthful ear:
But now I listen with a tear,—
That bell has done with me!
Hark! the weary-hearted train moves on;
Loved cot, farewell,—I must be gone:
Alas! I am a friendless one,—
Then welcome, western sea!

W. V.

* Hawk.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS ON REFORM,

PARTICULARLY AS TO ITS OPERATION IN WALES.

IN number XI. of the Cambrian Quarterly, we entered fully, although then merely as a statistical summary, into the clauses of that all-exciting bill for Parliamentary Reform which particularly affected the counties and boroughs in Wales. That Bill having been since rejected by the House of Lords, and the recess of Parliament, however short, having allowed the members of the great council of the nation, as well as others, a little breathing time to recover from the maze and whirl of distraction, into which men's minds had been plunged by the extraordinarily multiplied discussion on its merits, as well as the reiterated adulation and abuse that were by turns dealt out so unsparingly, both on the advocates and the opponents of the Bill; we deem it not out of season to offer a few remarks on the question, not in lengthened detail, but merely as regards the *principle* of reform, in the sincere hope that, before the publication of our Spring number, the question may be settled upon the basis of justice and sound policy; that the country may have resumed its tranquillity; and that the liege subjects of our excellent and open-hearted sovereign, may have been enabled to resume the loom, the ploughshare, and the pruning hook, free from the agitation, well-nigh approaching to convulsion, which has, for so many months, harassed and crippled every species of our national industry.

It will be recollected by our numerous readers that, in the outset of this work, the discussion of subjects of a political nature was not intended to form any part of our plan; for, although we were well aware that a periodical of the present day could not, generally speaking, be considered as complete in all its parts, if the consideration of the policy of the country were left out, still we thought that the decided majority of our subscribers would be necessarily inhabitants of Wales, the literary men in which country are remarkable the rather for more secluded studies, whether relating to religion, history, philosophy, or poetry, than for paying any great attention to the common run of passing events. We, therefore, studiously avoided troubling them with the latter, in order to lay before them a more ample provision of the former. But we have since discovered that, whilst we did our Cambrian friends no more than justice as to their literary tastes, we unconsciously derogated from that portion of patriotic energy, which they possess in as great a degree as any other subjects of the realm, and which, by the way, we never doubted they felt, but were not certain if they cared to express; we, accordingly, in a for-

mer number,* were constrained to inform our correspondents as follows:

"It must now be stated that the proprietor of the *Cambrian Quarterly* has been both perplexed and annoyed, in consequence of the numerous and, therefore, *influential* communications, urging the introduction of politics into his work. In order to preserve good faith with his original patrons, he gives public notice, that the future numbers will, occasionally, contain political articles upon subjects connected with Wales; but in the arrangement determined upon, it is probable that *violent politicians*, of whatever party, may be disappointed."

Thus much we have felt compelled to say of ourselves; and we will add, once for all, that, whenever any public question shall appear to us of sufficient importance or interest to merit the attention of our friends, we shall endeavour to discuss it with that calmness and temperance, at the same time with that candour, without which no subject can be fairly examined, and, consequently, no truth fully elucidated.

It is in this spirit, then, that we will briefly review the question of Parliamentary Reform, which is calculated so vitally to affect the country at large, and to be felt beneficially, or otherwise, amid the most remote and solitary situations of our mountain glens. Whether "the Bill," or anything like it, be passed into a law, remains to be proved; but thus much is certain, that no spot of the kingdom, however retired,—no individual, however obscure, will be left unconscious of the effects of that searching scrutiny, that thorough examination of the state of the country, and its social and political relations, to which this question has given rise. Wherever speculation, fraud, and dishonesty have existed, so surely there will be applied, to use the language of Bolingbroke, "the caustic and the incision knife." Length of time will no longer be a protection to abuses, nor will malpractices be allowed to increase and multiply. In every rank and situation of the commonwealth, is heard the loud unsparing portentous thunder of popular opinion. The word "*Reform*" is fearful in its sound, but still more so in its probable consequences. It has sent forth its warning voice, trumpet-tongued, through the land; and, in the language of the immortal Robert Burns, seems to say to the whole empire what he said to Caledonia,

"Hear Land-o'cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden-kirk to Johnny Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And 'faith he'll prent it."

Few are they in number, we believe, who will be found hardy enough to treat this call as a false alarm. Indeed, we have reason

* *Cambrian Quarterly*, No. 9.

to know that many of those who, a few short years ago, would have treated the question of reform as an idle threat, or a thing calculated only to amuse the minds of the multitude, or frighten the imaginations of children, have already changed their estimate of its merits, and set about the consideration of this important question, seriously and heartily. In God's name, we say, let them proceed with their work; let them not pause among the fastnesses of the confusion which they themselves may have created or supported; but let them honestly and fearlessly lanch into the fair and open field of examination, where they may meet their fellow-men of all ranks and degrees, who are anxious to know upon what foundations the evils (for evils there certainly are, and great ones,) of the country have accumulated.

But whilst we advocate the cause of a wholesome political reform, both in its purest principle and its strictest practice, let us not be misunderstood. Although we assert, and are prepared to prove, that the system upon which the government of the country has been carried on for the last century, however good in its origin, has frequently been perverted in its application, we are not to be confounded with the demagogue and the leveller, who would throw down all distinctions among mankind, and destroy our best and noblest institutions. Far be this heinous sin from us; and, in the sincerity of our hearts, we would say, cursed be the man who would for any, no matter how great, advantage to himself or his party, compromise the wellbeing and happiness of that which we hold to be far dearer than our lives, "the land we live in." If we should be ever doomed to see destruction and misery stalking abroad in those places where we had fondly looked for protection, peace, and happiness, we would, after exhausting all our efforts to oppose their devastating progress, exclaim with the illustrious Byron,

"Oh! land of my fathers and mine,
The noblest, the best, and the bravest,
Heart-broken and lorn I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest."

To many well-intentioned people, our language, as applied to a party comparatively insignificant, and whose importance is chiefly remarkable on account of its baseness, may appear needlessly severe; but we beg to remind them, in the words of an ancient act of parliament, that the evil of their pernicious doctrine "hath increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated." Such is not only the case in England, but the march of their opinions is spread over a large district of the Principality, where the retired habits of the inhabitants have not been enough to protect them from the infection of those whose business would appear to be that of going about doing evil; whilst, in the metropolis, we have had the political schools, if they can be so called, of Carlile, of Hunt, and of Wakley, we have witnessed in Wales the irruption of a horde of

little better than barbarians, who, having doubtless created a sufficiency of distraction in their own counties, have crossed the border of the Principality to sow dissatisfaction and dissention there. Unhappily, they have not been disappointed; for they have, as is well known, succeeded in metamorphosing, for a time, in more instances than we care to mention, the working classes among the Welsh, from industrious and good subjects, into idle, dissolute, and dangerous portions of the people. From Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Warwickshire, have these emissaries against social order been sent, by the different committees and clubs, whose directors seemed to fancy they had not experienced faction and disturbance enough at home, and, therefore, empowered a body of weavers, colliers, and ironmen, to make excursions of experiment, as it were, into our mountains, to try, by the ordeal of their own treason, the hitherto respectable and loyal conduct of the Cambrians. How they, for a time, succeeded, and how, subsequently, their baseness was frustrated, is well known; although not, we regret to add, without, in one melancholy instance, the necessary interference of the Yeomanry, that patriotic and truly loyal force, whose aid in Wales, we believe, no one has dared to assert has ever been unconstitutionally used,* whatever arguments to the contrary have been urged in allusion to Manchester or Newtownbarry.

But we do not class ourselves amongst the phlegmatic and foreboding; and we will not, therefore, dwell upon a melancholy picture of the past, neither will we believe in the production of future political misfortune. We need not point out the absolute necessity of a reform, not only parliamentary but national, for it has been insisted on loud and often, though to know that we had assisted in effecting a purely constitutional object of such unspeakable magnitude, would be the proudest reflection we could experience; yet, whilst we would use our strenuous endeavours to this end, we would not the less exert ourselves against those hateful and senseless doctrines of equalization of station, and division of property, which are incompatible alike with the history of nations, the maxims of sound philosophy, and the wisdom of ages; and which are propagated only by the worst of mankind for the worst of purposes. Let us ask the country gentleman, if he would choose to be attacked in the home of his fathers, and driven out, as by barbarians of old, to seek his fortune as best he could? Let us ask the clergyman, the respectable and respected father of his flock, if he is prepared to acknowledge the right of any faction to deprive him of the fruits of his spiritual labour, under the pretended injustice of his demand for his own in the shape of tithes, and thus leave him a pensioner, or rather a beggar, in the hands of a desperate and sacrilegious

* Respecting the disarming of a troop of Yeomanry, near Swansea, last spring, by a mob, we have always held the opinion that an inquiry should have been instituted.

mob? Let us ask the manufacturer if he will consent to see his property destroyed, the fruits of his industry wasted, by the very persons who, with their families, would have starved but for the judicious employment of his capital? If the squire, (of course the farmer must rise or fall with him,) the clergyman, and the manufacturer are not prepared to go these lengths, let them rest assured they will never please the *mobocracy*, who, in the instance of Bristol for example,—instigated, no doubt, not only by the desire of plunder, but encouraged, *if not paid*, by men, more intellectual, perhaps, though not less ferocious than themselves,—achieved a work of indiscriminate, senseless, and brutal destruction, which has never been surpassed in the history of these kingdoms, in its most madly distracted times.

We could illustrate far more fully and strongly the principle of wholesome reform we would advocate, as distinguished from that purblind and mad misrule, which, under the name of reform, would trample upon all law, all authority, all justice; which would make our wives widows, and our sons and daughters fatherless; which would pull down the widow's house, and render the orphan an outcast, houseless and friendless: and which, once allowed to get the ascendancy, would not be arrested in its progress until the country became one scene of diabolical anarchy, when, to procure a loaf of bread for his family, each individual's "hand must be against every man, and every man's hand against his." In the name of all we hold sacred, then, we call upon the higher and middle orders of the people to oppose themselves fearlessly to this hydra of abomination; to use every effort to crush the hideous production, while yet only nursed in the lair of its detested procreators, as the only means of saving themselves from ruin, and the country from worse evils than we dare to contemplate.

We have been led away by the overwhelming importance of our subject; and although, on sitting down to our task, we laid before us a speech delivered in the House of Commons, during the last session,* by a gentleman of high rank in the Principality, and possessing that union of talent and principle which is so requisite for the successful advocacy of any noble cause, we have proceeded thus far without doing the honourable member that justice which he deserves: if an argument were wanting, to prove the folly of violent party-feeling, we would adduce the excellent speech of Mr. Kenyon, in support of such our opinion. This gentleman is the scion of a noble house, from the head of which we have occasionally felt it our duty respectfully to differ upon public questions, and we had entertained the impression that the school in which the Honorable Lloyd Kenyon has been nurtured,

* The Honourable Lloyd Kenyon's speech in the House of Commons, August 18, 1831, in proposing that more representatives should be given to Wales.

was such as not to render it extremely probable that we should find occasion to extol his political opinions: it is, however, with great pleasure we acknowledge our mistake; and here again, as we have remarked in a preceding article, it shews more clearly, then, the folly so deeply rooted in the minds of some people, of expecting all good or all evil from *any* given political party. Mr. Kenyon is arguing for the extension of members to be returned for Wales; and let us observe that, although this is a maiden speech, its language is open, clear, and eloquent, evincing strong proof that its deliverer possesses the head of a statesman, and the heart of an honest and upright representative of the people. But we must let the honorable member speak for himself, while we assure him that the modesty with which he puts forward his claim, in behalf of his country, cannot but merit the approbation of all, while the force with which he supports his arguments is worthy the attention of the most experienced senators.

“I feel that some apology is due from me to those members for the Principality of Wales, who, from their weight and standing in this House, from their established character and superior talents, have a prior right to stand forward in behalf of their country, and by their greater abilities to ensure success. But I trust, that whether in a reformed or unreformed House of Commons, a too eager desire to evince attachment to our native land, a too ardent zeal to promote the wishes of our fellow-countrymen, will always carry with it its own vindication. Linked to my country not more by an enthusiastic admiration of her loveliness, than by a warm attachment to the generous feelings of her sons, bound to her by every tie of private affection, by every fond remembrance of past hours of happiness, it must always be to me a source of proud gratification, that the first time I have ventured to obtrude myself on the attention of this House, I appealed to them in the name of my country.

“I rise, sir, in the name of an ancient nation; I rise, in the name of a loyal people, to express their perfect confidence, that in a measure which extends to every class of his Majesty’s subjects, and to every part of the British Isles, a larger share of direct representation, they alone shall not be passed over with the slur of neglect, they alone shall not be treated with unmerited indignity. I ask, sir, nothing which militates against the principles of this Bill; I ask nothing adverse to any expression of popular opinion; I ask for no violation of popular privilege, for no confiscation of ancient rights; I ask for the Principality of Wales (should the House ultimately sanction this, which I must still consider as a wanton act of spoliation,) that additional member, which is enjoyed even by the meanest county in England.

“It is somewhat difficult to define the precise ratio which would seem to entitle the counties of England to any given quantity of members; but arguing from analogy, and adducing as instances those counties which have their representation altered or amended by this Bill, and which, therefore, may be presumed to have a fair and not an undue proportion, I think I can convince the House of the justice of my claim.

“The county of Westmoreland, having had its ancient borough of Appleby disfranchised, but being considered by its population to be entitled to return two members for the shire, and one for a borough, had a member allotted to Kendal; the population of Westmoreland was, in 1821, 51,359; and this,

therefore, is declared by this very Bill to be a sufficient population to possess the right of returning three members. Now the county of

Carmarthen has, by the same census,	90,239
Caernarvon	57,958
Denbigh	76,511
Flint	53,784
Montgomery	59,899
Cardigan	57,784

“And yet these counties have only one member each for the borough, and one knight for the shire. And when the House looks at the population of Monmouth and Huntingdon, and at the Isle of Wight, with 35,000 inhabitants, enjoying three members by this Bill, I am sure they will recognise the justice of this claim, even for the smaller counties.”

No one will deny that there is, to say the least of it, great justice in this claim, whether we regard the proportion of members exhibited by Mr. Kenyon, or the great and increasing interests of the Principality, which are alluded to as follows:

“Let me remind the House that while, by acts of federal union, the representations of Scotland and of Ireland were arranged, the one at the commencement of the last, the other of the present century; while the representatives for England have been increased almost to double their amount; the representation of Wales remains in precisely the same state as it was three centuries ago, at a time when she was considered as a conquered province, and was very thinly inhabited. But, sir, look at her state now, look at her rapidly increasing population, look at her progressive advance in wealth, at the great improvement in her means of communication, at her agriculture (not fearing competition, even with her more favored neighbours); look at the incalculable extent of her infinite variety of mines; at the richness of her lead and her iron mines; at that vast bed of coal, both in the north and the south; and then, sir, I will ask the House if we are not entitled to this petty addition that we crave? I would entreat the House to grant this favor, then, to a people rapidly advancing in opulence and intelligence, to a people jealous of their rights, and proud of their antiquity; and let no man undervalue that feeling; it is the surest foundation on which a nation's power and a kingdom's independence can be based; it is that spirit, which, amid the gloom of depression and the whirlwind of convulsion, still bids the soul cling fondly to its country, and paralyses the activity of evil.

“ ‘Dear is that shed to which his hopes conform,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storm,
While the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.’

“Sir, in the name of my country, I demand this as a right; I shall be grateful to accept it as a boon.

“I move that it be an instruction to this committee to make provision for the further increase of knights to serve in Parliament for the different shires in the Principality of Wales.”

We here take our leave, for the present, of this momentous—this solemn question, for more than usually so does it seem to us,

while, as we are engaged in our editorial labours, we hear the loud artillery proclaim, to the listening metropolis, that our gracious king has, this moment, seated himself on the throne of these realms, to declare his sentiments to the assembled lords and commons. We are thankful that we were about to close this article, as the feelings with which we are now imbued are of a nature too comprehensive and exciting to allow of that concentration towards our subject which would have been so necessary to its extension.

We are convinced there does not exist one true Christian, or real friend to his country, who will not join us heartily in that prayer which will today be read in both houses, and wherein is this memorable passage, "That all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

December 6, 1831.

OLD PETITION TO THE MAYOR OF CHESTER.

"THE petition of David Molynton Walker, to Jo. Hope, Maior of Chester, against Richard Walker, his apprentice, that he played at dice, for dry mony, contrary to his comand, for w^{ch} he did bete him and chastise him, for which the sherriffes of the citty do trouble him contrary to law and reason; seing there is no law to punish any man for bateing of his wife or prentice, he, therefore, desires that he may not be any longer vexed, but may chastice his apprentice for misgovernance, &c."

British Museum, Harl. 2099.

CYWYDD I ANERCH

THOMAS ROBERTS,

LLWYNRHUDOL,

AR OL MARWOLAETH EI WRAIG,

Yr hon a fu farw y 29th o Fawrth, 1829.

TOMAS, mae yn fraint imi
 Gynnal serch i d'anerch di,
 Cawsom gynt, gyda hynt hael
 Ein deuwedd, ddyddiau diwael;
 A gweled pob argoelion
 O ofal dyfal Duw Iôn,
 A'i nawdd beunydd sydd heb siom
 Teg eto tuag atom.

Ond nid byd o hyd yw hwn
 Di gylus da y gwelwn,
 Namyn byd hefyd yn hau
 Anwadal gyfnewidiau;
 Mae pawb yma, gyrfa gain,
 Yn y dymhestl un damwain:
 Pa le cair dyn briddyn brau
 Byw grasol heb ei groesau?
 Gorthrymder, blinder yn blâ,
 Siomiant pob peth sy yma,
 "Ni ddaw ochenaid i ddyn
 Byw digroes heb ei deigrin."

Neud Tithau, Frawd, wyt weithon
 Dan drymder o brudd-der bron
 Am golled, di arbcd oedd—
 Nefoles, un o filoedd;
 Colli i'w bedd Gydweddd gu,
 Galar nas gellych gelu:
 Nid hawdd yw gwneyd dyhuddiant
 I Wr blin am farw ei blant,
 Ond colled am eu Mammaeth,
 Gwn y gwir mae yn gân' gwaeth.

Gwraig oedd gywir egwyddor
 Ar berffaith da waith Duw Iôr,
 Gwraig uniawn goreu gynnydd
 O henw da fu hon i'w dydd,
 Gwerthfawr oedd yn gyhoedd gu
 Ei thalent yn ei Theulu,
 Nis bu Cyfeilles bywyd
 Ragorach, burach mewn byd,

Gwir yw un o'r goreuon,
Urdd frig hardd, fu y Wraig hon,
Cafodd dalentau cyfoeth
Rhinwedd dda yn mhob rhan ddoeth
Cai ddysgeidiaeth odiaeth aidd
Ban ddygiad boneddigaidd,
A gwnaeth ddefnydd i'w dydd, do,
Hyd einioes da o hono,
Ail *Sarah* sefyllfa fad,
Mor addas ymarweddiad !

Balchder yspryd fraenllyd fri
Nid oedd yn deiryd iddi,
Yn addurn ei blyneddoedd
Da ei dull a diwyd oedd,
Gwir flyddlon yn moddion maeth
Gloyw deg ei galwedigaeth,
Gwinwydden bwr gynnyddiant
Gwir hoff les i'w Gwr a'i Phlant,
A'i hymdawr, dirfawr derfyn,
Yn ddi dwyll at Dduw a dyn.

Tirionwch natur uniawn
*Mair** deg, a fu mawr ei dawn
Ac fel y Fair, cyngair cu
"Dewisodd ran da" Jesu,
Hithau mae 'n gobaith weithian
A gadwodd ei rhodd a'i rhan,
Arlynodd reol uniawn
Wrth air Duw, rhaith oreu dawn.

Yn awr o'r byd hadlyd hwn
Duw a'i galwodd da gwelwn,
A'i chorph a roed i orphwys,
Un feddiant a'i Phlant hoff lwys,
Olynol i'r un lanerch
A'i dau fab† ac ei dwy ferch;‡
Yn awr nid oes yn oesi
I gael rhan o'i galar hi
Ond ei Phriod hyglood da
Tirion a'i Ferch *Keturah*,
Dilyned tra deil einioes
Ffordd ei Mam hoff hardd ei moes,
I orfod pen yr yrfa
Llwybrau hedd a diwedd da.

Gan ROBERT DAVIES,
Nantglyn.

* Mary, *Mair* in Welsh.

† Maurice and Thomas.

‡ Hannah and June.

FORMATION OF THE ST. DAVID'S CLUB.

*At a Meeting of Literary Gentlemen held in London, on Saturday,
the 12th of November, 1831,*

JAMES CONOLLY, ESQ. IN THE CHAIR,

IT WAS RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, that the gentlemen who have sent in their names do constitute a Club, to be entitled the "ST. DAVID'S CLUB," and that no further admissions into it be allowed for the present, the meeting being fully sensible that the power and vigor of any literary or scientific institution are not constituted by the numerical strength of its members, but rather by the strenuous and intellectual co-operation of a small number of able men, zealous in the cause.

It was also resolved, that the members of the ST. DAVID'S CLUB be not confined to natives of Wales, as the designation would seem to imply, but that those of other countries, who may be distinguished for their patriotism and love of learning, be admitted.

It was also resolved, that the permanency and usefulness of any literary undertaking must, in a great measure, depend upon the selection of a secretary, active, able, and intelligent; and the enrolled members of the ST. DAVID'S CLUB, being well aware that the unremitting perseverance evinced by the secretary of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, in the establishment and conduct of that valuable periodical, has been such as to merit the thanks of the Principality at large, and he, having been offered and having accepted the office of secretary in promotion of the objects to be embraced by the ST. DAVID'S CLUB, is hereby appointed secretary to the same.;

It was also resolved, that the offer made by that gentleman, of rendering the Cambrian Quarterly the organ and medium of intelligence through which the members of the ST. DAVID'S CLUB may report their proceedings to the public, be accepted with the most cordial acknowledgments of the meeting.

It was also resolved, that the patriotic and highly valuable proceedings of "*The Literary and Translation Society of Wales*" having, shortly after its commencement, been frustrated, in consequence of the serious illness of its learned and estimable founder, the ST. DAVID'S CLUB, as far as possible, without intending to usurp or interfere with any future sphere of action of "*The Literary and Translation Society*," do co-operate and render all the support in their power to the furtherance of the objects of such society; and that the secretary of this Club do attend to all communications (post paid,) to be addressed "to the secretary of the ST. DAVID'S CLUB, Cambrian Quarterly Office, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand."

It was also resolved, that the reports of the meetings of the ST. DAVID'S CLUB be introduced to the public in the form of dialogues, being the conversations *actually occurring* at their meetings, and that they be printed in the Cambrian Quarterly.

The chairman having vacated the chair, the thanks of the meeting to him were proposed, seconded, and carried in the usual way.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT.

In pursuance of the above resolutions, the ST. DAVID'S CLUB held their first meeting at their chambers in Jermyn street, St. James's. A gentleman was voted to the chair,—whom we shall introduce as Professor Northwold, of Lincolnshire.

The Secretary was directed to read his report, the chief points of which were,—that the correspondents in the country, from whom he had the honour of receiving letters, had impressed him with the belief that the present state of Welsh literature was far more respectable as to the quality of its composition, as well as the topics it embraced, than it had been at any period since the decline of the Bards; that several Welsh periodicals now in existence, if they could not boast of those high pretensions which are assumed by those of their Saxon contemporaries, still avoided absurdity of diction, ignorance of grammar, and that stupid prejudice against admitting any thing which did not originate in matter indigenous to Wales, however inapplicable a vast portion of the ancient records or manners of that country might be to the feelings and customs of the present day: for instance, as regards national feeling, twenty or thirty years ago, a gentleman from *the wolds of Lincolnshire* would have been no more admitted into a *Welsh Club* than the hideous *Zealand* or disgusting *Hottentot* would now be tolerated in the *salons* of the city, *par excellence* Paris; but, happily, good sense and increased information, both in Wales and in the rest of the kingdom, has had the effect of dissipating prejudices which could belong but to an age of barbarism.

Amongst the Welsh literature of the day, the *Seren Gomer* (Gomer's Star,) was a magazine published in Caermarthen monthly; its circulation extended to upwards of 2000, and, though in the interest of the Dissenters, its pages were never sullied by harsh disputation on subjects of religious controversy.

The *Gwylledydd* (the Watchman,) was another monthly periodical, ably supported by the clergy of the church of England: there were several articles in the *Gwylledydd* written by men of high attainments, and, without any invidious distinction, he believed that many contributions to that work were deserving the greatest attention: that they were entitled to a station among the standard theological writings of the nineteenth century; but how was such exertion patronized? Unfortunately the *Gwylledydd* obtained a very disproportionate share of public attention: after being established a considerable time, it barely reimbursed the spirited publisher, and he believed the services of the writers in the *Gwylledydd* had been gratuitous. Its sale did not at that moment amount to the disposal of seven hundred copies: strange to say, this neglect of a sound theological work was attributable to a total reaction of feeling among the middle classes of the Welsh, for, as had been observed formerly, an exclusive attachment (as far as it went,) to native lore absorbed their attention, though fifty years ago the middle classes paid but little attention to any kind of literature. Unfortunately now, as had been fully demonstrated by a writer in the *Cambrian Quarterly*,* a considerable portion of the important class alluded to considered it, in spirit and acquirement, a degradation to be thought *Cambrian*: how contrary in its chilling consequences was this apathy compared to *sectarian* enthusiasm! The Dissenters supported any polemical effort, no matter from what quarter proceeding, if in it were advocated their principles: he ventured his opinion, that in the present remarkable period of

* *Maelog*.

public irritability, such a state of things in Wales to all reflecting men, anxious for the maintenance of the Church of England, must appear fraught with apprehension, and perhaps alarm.

He did not mean to say that the gentry in Wales neglected their devotional duties,—he believed otherwise, that they set an example, as regarded a proper discharge of such duties, to many parts of the kingdom; and, as to honour and spirit, they were on a par with the English gentleman, and that was saying enough. But as long as their present distaste prevailed, how was it possible that Welsh history could be attractive,—a history which displayed brilliant examples of every ennobling virtue, tinged though not obscured by the dark mists of semi-barbarism.

It had been seen that little encouragement was afforded by the members of the Church of England in Wales towards literary productions in their own language, and regarding literature in a translated form; he regretted that several attempts to establish periodicals devoted to subjects of Celtic interest had failed, and the *Cambrian Quarterly* itself would have fallen, had it not been unusually supported by the scholars of that country to whose cause it was chiefly devoted. This gratifying circumstance, assisted by private friendship, coupled with that attention which the Club had been pleased so flatteringly to notice in their third resolution, sustained the *Cambrian Quarterly*; and, after surmounting more difficulties than he cared to mention, he was proud to assert, that no power on earth could efface the "*Cambrian*" from the station it now occupied; and in taking the distinction of being *the only Anglo-Welsh periodical*, he could honestly assure them, that the supporters of that work did not seek so mortifying a distinction; yet he feared it would long—very long, occupy its solitary power; for how could authors of ordinary attainments hope to succeed, when one of the ablest Celtic scholars the world ever produced, had long laboured (and at the present time continued to do so, although almost without hope) to print a work, the manuscript of which was ready for the press, and the publication of which is only delayed by the want of adequate patronage. The Cymmrodorion Society had taken up the subject as far as their limited funds permitted them, but that patriotic body could not effect impossibilities, and the *Mabinogion** remained a sealed book from the world: he had been assured by his respected friend, Dr. Samuel Meyrick, himself an honour to Cambria, that the learned of England were anxiously expecting the appearance of this most interesting relic of the early Welsh. If there was any one circumstance more discouraging to a man of genius than another, it was the very unfair system pursued by the large publication warehouses in London: and he was most happy to assure the St. David's Club, that arrangements had been made for printing the *Mabinogian* at Denbigh, should the learned translator meet with the encouragement to which his acquirements and abilities so justly entitled him.

This report, which he had prepared according to the instructions of the Club, contained perhaps no new point; indeed, he had obtained his information from authorities known to most men ordinarily acquainted with the topics he had dwelt upon. This he preferred doing to subjecting himself to the charge of arrogating a knowledge of more than he understood, and because otherwise it would be impossible for the St. David's Club to proceed with effect, constituted as it was of gentlemen, who, however great their knowledge might be, could not possibly be fully conversant with the affairs of Wales, both as to their past and present import.

* Nursery tales of the Ancient British; most ancient and very curious.

On the conclusion of the report, the Club held an adjourned meeting, in *St. David's Hall*, to which, and to several Members of the Club, we will forthwith introduce our readers.

⁶¹ Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Scene—ST. DAVID'S HALL.

Time, 9 o'clock, P.M.

Persons present: PROFESSOR NORTHWOLD (in the chair)—The COLONEL—The DOCTOR—A SILENT MEMBER—The SECRETARY, &c.

The round table in the midst of the hall is amply furnished with the immortal Methoglin, the choicest wines, fruits, &c., the various bottles and the Epergne decorated with the leek, Cambria's old and glorious emblem, pre-eminent, entwined with the white and red roses, the thistle, and the shamrock. The sideboard is ornamented with rich and massive plate, in the midst of which is seen, in mantling pride, the foaming bowl of genuine Llangollen, as imported from "the King's Head." Ancient and portly Morgan, the grand butler, attired in his suit of state livery, blue and gold, (blue, of course, in honour of the bards;) the crest on his buttons, the Lion of Britain, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plume; the motto from Taliesin, "Cymru vy Cymru vydd," viz. "Wales has been, and Wales shall be." He stands by the sideboard, straight and sedate as one of our glorious Fusileers on guard; his embroidered napkin in hand, his look and mien indicative of the most profound respect and attention, with no small consciousness of his own importance, as chief minister of the banquet. Two footmen are placed behind the chairman, and one behind each of the other members.

Professor Northwold, (filling his glass.) Gentlemen, "Brenin ac Eglwys!" (Church and King.) [The toast is drank with three times three, so heartily given, that the old walls of St. James's neighbouring church shake with the lusty sound, while the glasses dance, the bottles tremble, and the bowl of Llangollen, on the sideboard, scatters its foam (resembling the cataract of Pistyl Caen, or the torrent under Pont ar Vynach,) over the profusely powdered head of Morgan, who, nevertheless, remains fixed as Eryri himself.]

*Northwold (rises.) Gentlemen, you having done me the high honour of calling me to the chair, it is my pride and pleasure to beg you will accept my sincere thanks for so great and unmerited a distinction: I feel as an Englishman ought to feel, that by so placing me, you have identified me with an association of gentlemen, to whose erudition I shall be indebted for much valuable, as well as interesting knowledge. That you have also identified me with a people, whose actions, in former times, obtained for them, (according to Cæsar,) the title of "*the bravest of all barbarians*;" and let it be recollected, that the Romans classed the whole world, excepting Rome, as barbarous; whilst, in these happier days, we are proud to acknowledge them under the glorious title of "*Ancient Britons*," (applause.) Allow me then, as an adopted son of Wales, most cordially to thank you, and to assure the *St. David's Club* that, in every possible way in which my humble services can be rendered available towards its interests, they will ever be most entirely and devotedly at its disposal, (great applause.) Gentlemen, I shall now, with the assistance of our able secretary, proceed to inquire into the past and present state of the various Cambrian societies established in London, what their services have been, how they may render themselves most useful, and to explain, in the best way we are able, their proceedings through the medium of our Club.*

*We will begin with the *Gwyneddigion*, the parent society of them all. But come, gentlemen, some wine—I will give you "*The Queen*," (drank with enthusiasm, and three times three.)*

Colonel. By the by, Morgan, how is it that *William Prichard*, the harper, is not in waiting? Did you not write to him, according to our request?

Morgan. Yes, sir, I obeyed the commands of the Club.

Secretary. Gentlemen, I was about to apologise for honest William's absence. One of the attachés of the Welsh Ambassador, last evening, succeeded in making himself super-glorious at court, and unfortunately disabled our Bard, by tumbling head foremost through the national instrument, causing flats, sharps, and naturals to give up the ghost, with a sound surpassing the unearthly melody of the supernatural fiddle of *Iolo ap Hugh*.^{*} However, at our next meeting, I hope to introduce honest William and his newly strung harp to the attention of the St. David's Club.

Doctor, (very gravely.) Mr. Secretary, I fear this humorous apology of yours will not suit the taste of some of your Cambrian readers, who look for "the Welsh, the whole Welsh, and nothing but the Welsh."

Secretary. Great as my obligations are to my countrymen for their support of the Welsh Quarterly, and highly as I esteem their friendship, I must, in the conduct of that work, beg to speak, think, and act for myself, without being fed with ideas, like an infant with a spoon. It must be recollected that I have to cater for rather a heterogeneous company: my country I will always place in the van; but while *I honour Wales*, let me not turn my back upon the beauties of others, so that we may entwine them with our own, in a national emblem—(pointing to the epergne,) of that leek, thistle, shamrock, and "England's fair rose." But, gentlemen, I will so far take the advice of our staid friend, the Doctor, as to recur to the chief subject before us.

The *Gwyneddigion*, was instituted by *Owen Jones*, of Thames street, a furrier, in 1771, though some preliminary meetings had before taken place. It is but fair to state that I am chiefly indebted for my information, on this subject, to a work published a few months ago, by the zealous secretary of that institution; a book which, as a repertory of matter of fact, ought to be read by every historian; the author is sometimes in error, as all authors are, and as far as we can, we may correct him: for instance, the *Gwyneddigion* (men of North Wales) are not only *Venedocians*, (as Mr. Leathart implies, although the error is a pardonable oversight,) for the *Gwyneddigion* never consisted of natives of *Gwynedd* only, but those also of *Powis*, therefore, in part, they were *Ordovices*.

The society has, unfortunately, been neglected by our Welsh *noblesse*, and, bearing this discouraging fact in mind, it is a matter of astonishment how they have done so much. Besides a great quantity of modern Welsh poetry and music, it is to the *Gwyneddigion* we are indebted for the works of *David ab Gwilym*, in a printed form, which appeared in 1789. In 1791, a discussion arose as to the probability of the existence of a tribe, originally Welsh, having settled in America, and, whatever may be said on the score of the "extravagance" of such an assertion, still to the liberal and philosophical inquirer, the investigation must have afforded gratification beyond the effect of mere curiosity, particularly when it is recollected that *Queen Elizabeth* endeavoured to claim part of America, on the express ground of her Welsh subjects having been the first Europeans who discovered the new world.† We are of opinion that the story is a fallacy, but that there were, at one time, powerful inducements to think otherwise, we are free to admit, and we will assert, without fear of contradiction, that *no literary society in Europe* ever discussed a question of more singular interest. Such is the society apparently destined, I am sorry to add, to receive from the fine gentlemen of the day, a neglect and apathy which is anything but creditable to their understanding or patriotism.

Colonel. Why, these gentlemen of Wales must, in their generation, be as mistaken in their ideas of national prosperity, as your exclusive Welshmen, who brag up *Twm o'r Nant*, but damn *Shakspeare*.

Doctor. With due deference to our Cambrian enthusiasts, may I beg the favor of a song from Northwold, whom the veriest Cambrian will, doubtless, acknowledge to be a bard of considerable powers?

(*Northwold sings.*)

* See *Cambrian Quarterly*, No. 1, page 40.

† See "the Origin and Progress of the *Gwyneddigion*," p. 24.

ANDAN-
TINO.

mf

O! when do I wish - - for thee? At

p

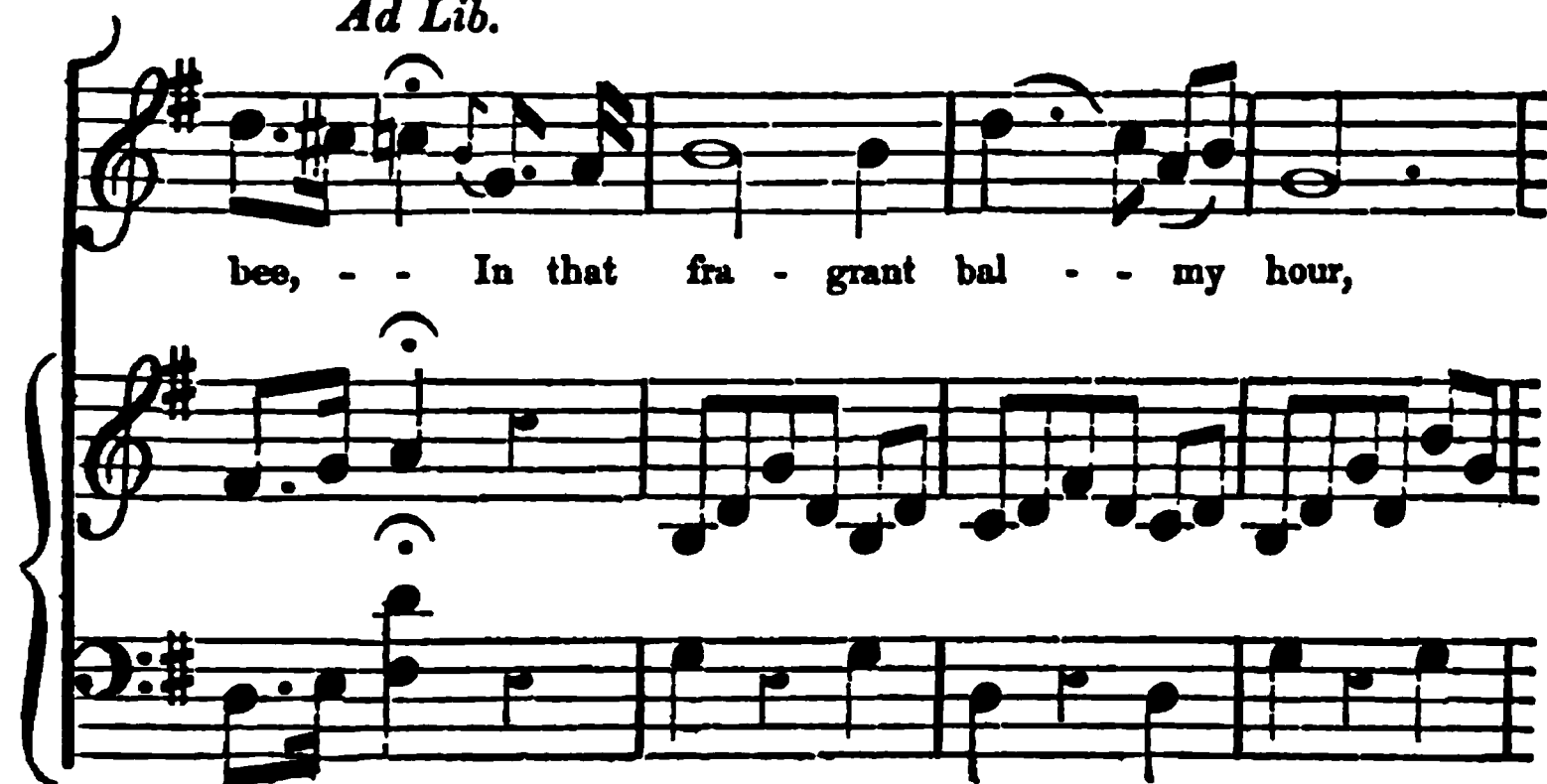
morn - ing's ear - - ly prime, When the sun scarce

lights the lea, To the con - vent's ho - ly

chime; Ere the bloom of the op'n - ing

flow - er - - Has woo'd to its breast the

Ad Lib.



bee, - - In that fra - grant bal - - my hour,



Sweet I - na! I wish for thee: - - -



- - In that fra - grant bal - my hour,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and lyrical. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a series of chords and the left hand playing a more active, flowing line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Sweet *I - na!* I wish for thee.

p *mf*

II.

O! when do I wish for thee?
 At the close of glaring day,
 When the glorious sunbeams flee
 On their many-colour'd way;
 When along the burning west,
 Which flames as a golden sea,
 They seek their nightly rest,
 Lov'd *Ina!* I wish for thee.

III.

O! when do I wish for thee?
 When the stars, like diamonds bright,
 Are hung o'er the deep calm sea,
 In their canopy of light;
 When the sound of the night wind's sigh
 Recalls thy soft accents to me,
 As the voice of a seraph on high,
 Fond *Ina!* I wish for thee.

All. Capital! splendid!

Secretary. Yes, gentlemen, and I am happy to announce that a most kind friend has proposed to write a Welsh translation adapted to the air, so that it shall be heard, on Cambria's lyre, from the Wye to the Conway; this will be the *amende honorable* to those *exclusive*, but well-meaning folks who will puzzle their brains to know what could induce us to print an English song, however beautiful.

Doctor. Beautiful indeed; but pray, my dear professor, who is this Ina?

Colonel. Ha! ha! ha! Professor, come tell us who is Ina?

Northwold. The lady of my love, whom, if ye knew, ye would adore as I do.

Doctor. What countrywoman may she be? for well we know, friend Northwold, thou hast travelled widely.

Northwold. She was born, and has ever lived, beneath the bright and burning sun of Spain; and well I ween that in that land of love's true witchery, there breathes not a more beauteous and truly lovely woman. (*The Professor heaves a deep sigh, which is echoed by a deeper one from the Doctor.*)

Doctor. Northwold I honour thy feelings; right well I know their nature. Here, in this glass of bright Bordeaux, I pledge thee, to *the health of Ina*.

All. "To the health of Ina."

Northwold, (draining his glass.) My friends, my heart is full: I cannot speak my thanks.

Colonel. Although our object for discussion, this night, is the Gwyneddigion, I must digress for a moment:—I am, as you well know, none of the gravest, yet even I have a graver charge to make than any thing I could adduce against men who act from principle, however mistaken. Two or three persons in London, I find, have been sneaking about, worming their way most dishonestly, accusing us of the Cambrian of that which is totally devoid of truth, viz. of being illiberal towards the Dissenting church in Wales; the charge is froth, an outpouring of wickedness and folly; but it must be checked in its outset. Do the worms know that we are in possession of their names? and that, had we published a brutal attack on the bishops, recently sent to our secretary, and which we have reason to suspect came from the same polluted quarter, we should have subjected our work to immediate suppression, and ourselves to the abhorrence of all good men. Think for a moment, gentlemen, on the base ingratitude of some men; while we were assisting one of these fellows in his profession, he, viper like, attempted to undermine us, and sting us for our kindness. The man has abilities, and so has *Satan*, and, like him, he has *fallen*. How unworthy is he of recognition in the ranks of the Dissenters, to which he is as poison in the well! I would hope this person is not aware of the miserable tendency of conduct like his; however, I will be bold enough to declare that the man who, at the present eventful time, seeks to promote disunion among Christians, is scarcely less dangerous than the absolute *anti-Christian*,—nay, than the utter outcast, *the abject caricaturist of his God!*

Northwold. I agree with you entirely. Possibly the world, in its multitudinous occupations, may have forgotten, although I have not, that some time ago, the leader of infidels in London had exhibited in the window of his shop, a hideous monster, intended to represent a fiery and infernal demon, with the blasphemous words, "*Jews and Christians behold your god!*"

All. Horrible! dreadful!

Northwold. Yes, gentlemen, dreadful indeed; and by chance, a worthy venerable pastor of the Church from, I rather think, my own county, happening to pass by "*the Temple of Reason!*" as it is called, stopped, out of curiosity, to look for a moment at the window; he was struck with awe at such a tremendous display of impiety, and, losing all command of temper towards its infamous perpetrator, he dashed his stick through the glass exclaiming, "*In the name of my Saviour, this shall not be suffered.*"

Colonel. Exemplary and brave man! how worthy was he of his calling; would that I had been there with a few file of my old regiment, to have seconded his effort, to have dismantled that repository of every thing that is brutal, and to have tied its vile owner up to the halberds, until he had recanted every syllable of his diabolical doctrines.

Northwold. Aye, Colonel, and albeit I am not an advocate for belabouring a man like a beast, merely because he serves his king for so many pence a day, yet that fellow has so gone out of the pale of humanity, that I would walk barefooted and bareheaded from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end, in "thunder, lightning, and in rain," to see him so made an example of. But to finish the incident to which I allude; the clergyman was immediately taken into custody, carried off to the police office, and compelled, by the dealer in sedition and blasphemy, to pay the sum, I believe, of five pounds. This is a pretty strong instance of the aptitude with which brutes of the infidel school deal out against others the penalties of that law which they themselves are so continually infringing.

Colonel. But we have honoured the vender of blasphemy and sedition too greatly, by condescending to mention him; let us turn to more worthy topics. I would take a glass of wine, but that I verily believe, after so nauseous a subject, it would act as an emetic.

Northwold. Heaven forefend! Here, Morgan, quick, bring the Colonel and myself two glasses of Cogniac.

Secretary. I propose, as an amendment, that it be a round-robin. What say you, Doctor?

Doctor. Oh! by all means; what says our silent member? (*The silent member nods assent.*)

Colonel. We honour the Dissenters, and, without prejudice to our own Church establishment, we always have, and always shall support religious toleration, for intoleration is abhorrent to our souls. With confidence we will appeal to the Dissenters themselves, to the author of *Horæ Britannicæ* and to *Elvaliad*, for in the hands of amiable and liberal men we are safe; but let the defamer bear in mind, that this our clemency is not to be tampered with, and that there is but one consideration which prevents our now bringing him to his senses; namely, the destruction that must fall upon those dependent on him for bread, who, however guilty he may be, are free from offence. Yet, severe as our pain would be to punish innocence with guilt, if calumnies against us are again promulgated from the same quarter, no consideration on earth shall prevent our immediate and ample redress in his punishment. The public will be unable to recognise the delinquent, nor do we at present desire that they should, but did we not arm ourselves, and caution them against the assassin's blow, we should exhibit an absence of nerve and of self-respect, which those who know us never would believe, but those who do not, might otherwise be inclined to credit. Longer on the defamer I shall not dwell; and I request the secretary to proceed with his observations on the *Gwyneddigion*, to me, I am sure, and I believe to all of us, a subject most interesting.

Secretary. It will be unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the contests for medals at meetings of bards and minstrels, and elsewhere, under the auspices of the *Gwyneddigion*; but the spirit of the patriots is unparalleled; and we find recorded in the "Origin and Progress," &c., an instance of *Pennillion* singers contending for *thirteen hours!* and in another notice, *all night!* In their literary contests, they shewed good taste in the selection of subjects; what could have been better than "An Essay on the Recovery of George III.," "Liberty Hall, (a grousing tent on the Berwyn hills)," "Owain Glendwr," "Essays on Liberty, on Truth, the Massacre of the Bards?" Such have been the labours of the excellent *Gwyneddigion*, and, surely, in telling the world of their good deeds, we are not uselessly, or unprofitably employed. Nor, whilst the *Gwyneddigion* is thus rich in solid matter, is it destitute of romantic interest. One of their successful bards, poor *Powel* of Ysbytty Ivan, in crossing the mountains of Pen-Machno, in Carnarvonshire, during a snow storm, perished in the wilds: a friend of ours, and a bard of high fame, possesses one of poor *Powel's* medals. When we touch the romantic, though not immediately connected with the subject before us, it may not be improper to state that Wales has her full share of materials, and among her minstrels, as well as the bards, the true pathos is to be found. Aged *Griffydd Owen*, of Towyn-Merionedd, was a very superior performer: none ever heard him strike the harp unmoved; *Griffydd* is yet alive, though paralysed and feeble. He possessed a soul replete with poetry; and the workings of his mind have, on

many occasions, portrayed themselves, when acutely touched, in bursts of positive *Ossianic* beauty. I will endeavour to render you an instance of the extreme poetical feeling and pathos, or *awen*, as the bards call it, which abounded in Griffydd. I must, however, premise that the incident, powerful as it is in the original, loses much of its brilliancy when told in English; the story is this: Some years ago, a gentleman was crossing the sands at Towyn; the sea-storm was terrific, and the desolate scenery of the shore was heightened by the dark outpouring of the tempest: his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a being, solitary and agonized; the kind heart cannot witness misery without endeavouring to soothe it, and thus it was with our friend: on his accosting with pity the venerable man, whose long and silvery locks played in the wind, and whose clasped hand and frenzied look shewed that, regardless of the storm without, a more terrible convulsion was rending his time-worn heart; the sufferer replied in a deep hollow tone, "*My wife is dying, my son is mad, and my harp is unstrung!*" Had the genius of Poetry herself uttered this splendid triad, instead of our mountain harper, it would not have dimmed the lofty flame around her diadem, but added a lustre to its beauty and purity;—that suffering, and bereaved being was *Griffydd Owen*.

Colonel. Surely the remarks of our correspondent, *Le Marchand de Tabac*, in his last letter respecting the degeneracy of the bards of the present day, are unfounded: "disgraceful to their country, degrading to the acknowledged literary reputation of the Cymry, and the worst enemies to Wales, in a moral point of view. The Welsh gentry, in encouraging the *Eisteddvods*, are giving premiums to vice, drunkenness, and debauchery. The quiet cottage, and clean hearth, which afforded comfort to a contented husband and a thrifty wife, surrounded by the smiling looks and fond endearments of innocent chubby cherubs, have become desolate; the scene of want, of stinging misery, and of maddened remorse, and how? why the simple honest peasant has been told that he has the *awen*, the poetic frenzy, or he conceives it; he spins his doggrel rhymes and barren thoughts into an englyn; he obtains the prize, for want of another, or a better; he is praised by empty-pated flatterers; he listens with delight; he adjourns to the pothouses, and spends the gold so easily earned, among those who hold him up as an idol of surpassing excellence; home has no further charms for him; he wanders from pothouse to pothouse, composing awdl to this man and to that, begging a sack of meal, or a measure of malt, and he becomes a—spectacle, a mass of corrupted worthlessness."

Such are the sentiments of *Le Marchand*, and I am sure you will agree with me, when I assert that he looks at the picture through a distorted lens. Now, *Le Marchand* should be cautious, for in directing his satire against the bards, he must bear in mind that a tale writer, (and a very pleasant and clever one he is,) may not be exactly qualified to pass sentence on them. In his estimation of the vulgar sot, and the village buffoon, we agree; but as to his sweeping assertion directed against the bards generally, we could bring forward many time-honoured names of sterling genuine bards, and others who will, ere long, ripen into a deserved celebrity, the bare mention of whom would satisfactorily confute his opinion. Oh! *Monsieur le Marchand*, verily thou hast resided too long in Belgium, and for once in thy life, *non equum dicis*.

Northwold. Magnificently spoken, Colonel; what a treasure must thou have been on a court-martial! Why, thou art a very Nestor. In the name of enthusiasm, a glass of wine; what shall we have?

Colonel. *Metheglin*, to be sure: in what other fluid could I so worthily drink to *The Bards of old Cambria*? Fill, gentlemen, a bumper; ready, present, fire!

All. "*The Bards of old Cambria*," (three times three.)

Doctor. My dear professor, all this is extremely erudite, and very interesting, but pray give us a song.

Northwold. With all my heart (Sings.)

HARP OF THE WEST.

HARP of the west! 'mid mountains hoar,
 Thy notes are heard afar,
 Not loud and clear, as when of yore,
 On high blaz'd Cambria's star;
 But faint and soft thy notes prolong
 The never dying strain:
 Sound on, thou glorious queen of song,
 Again thy strain,—again!

The bards of old, who wak'd thy lays,
 Now darkly sleep in death,
 While we, alas! must mourn the days
 Which seal'd their tuneful breath;
 Yet, while we mourn, our hearts revive,
 For fresh as erst their hue,
 The laurels o'er your heads still live,
 Then shall we mourn for you?

Oh, no! for as I strike my lyre,
 All deluged with my tears,
*Eryri's** height is all on fire,
 Lo! *Aneurin*† appears;
 And hark! the sacred harps are loud,
 See shady forms arise;
 Hail, glorious throng! hail, minstrels proud!
 Your strains now reach the skies.

All. Bravissimo! professor.

Colonel. Who shall now say that a Saxon does not take an interest in Welsh story?

Northwold. No one, I trust. But as regards the bards, I have often wished that some gifted Scott or Moore might rise and gladden the echoes of their mountains: then would the soul-stirring legends of the bards,—the modern *Eisteddfodau*, the deeds of their honoured brave, and the loves of their beauteous fair, claim the attention they so greatly deserve. Whenever I think on the former greatness of Wales, when I ponder on her faded majesty, (and I assure you, gentlemen, that I do so, frequently and fervently,) I indulge in the belief that, in the present age of literary exertion, such a being *must* and will arise, and display before our delighted senses the nobility, the goodness, and the exemplary suffering of that beauteous land. Yes, gentlemen, I feel assured that the hitherto hidden glories of those our ancient British ancestors, will shine forth in all their splendor; when the ancient halls, the baronial magnificence, the joy of the feast, the rapture of the lover, the gallantry of the knight, the din of battle, and the pride of chivalry, shall be celebrated in pages which will rival those of that master-spirit who has been truly called "*the magician of the North*;" and when the assembled world shall acknowledge that Cambria is indeed a land rich in poesy and song, even to overflowing.

Secretary. The Metheglin has, indeed, inspired our friend Northwold, and I trust that he may himself, on some bright auspicious day, apply his talents to the development of Cambrian story. But, to finish our detail, and in order that we may go along with the strain the Professor has so ably commenced, let me add of the *Gwyneddigion*, that by a great effort, (for with limited means all exertion is

* Anglicè, the eagle's height, generally called Snowdon.

† *Aneurin*, of flowing muse; also called supreme of bards, or sovereign of the bards.

effort,) it produced, a few years after the appearance of *Davydd ab Gwilym*, a translation of *Llewarch Hên*, from the pen of *Dr. Owen Pughe*; but, as usual, the work was ill supported, and as "the Origin and Progress" informs us, is supposed to be lost, for not a copy was last year to be procured. A similar fate, as regards patronage, attended "the Cambrian Register," established about the same time; and John Walters, on publishing his English and Welsh Dictionary, was, in point of pecuniary disappointment and loss, a martyr to the cause of literature. Indeed, a strange fatality has hitherto appeared to have hung over the productions of modern Welsh literature. A great part of Walters' book was lost in shipwreck; various old mss., perpetually referred to by old writers, have disappeared: Sir Watkin's collection of manuscripts was destroyed by fire; and the "History of the Gwyneddigion," and an impression of "The Cambrian Quarterly," were also accidentally burnt; the "Register," the "Greal," and the "Cambro-Briton" were all doomed to sink and be no more: but, thanks to the latent, though not extinguished spark of old British feeling that yet exists in Wales, we stand, and, please Heaven! shall stand, notwithstanding the efforts of some who are our enemies. This digression, I trust, is pardonable. Again we address ourselves to the "Origin and Progress of the *Gwyneddigion*:" there we find that the "utility of knowledge" was a contested subject; that, though loyal, they were the first to prevent injustice. A strong illustration of this occurred in the latter part of 1817: the Bishop of Chester appointed a gentleman, unacquainted with the Welsh language, to a living containing 8000 souls; the loud objections of the parish were seconded by the Gwyneddigion, and the consequence was that the clergyman learnt to read Welsh; in this instance the people did not resort to chapels, and the gentleman became known and honoured by his parishioners. That the Gwyneddigion has been composed of men of varied talent and celebrity is well authenticated, and I must, before closing my book for the night, allude to one distinguished person, Dr. Samwel, who was the companion of Cook the circumnavigator, and who witnessed the death of that great man. Dr. Samwel afterwards left his cabinet of South Sea curiosities to *Trinity College, Cambridge*: thus the Gwyneddigion became connected with one of the first academic institutions of England, and its member received at least the attention, if he did not enjoy the friendship of the immortal Cook. How little are these things known! how little appreciated! and how seldom acknowledged! (*The Secretary closes the book, and receives the thanks and plaudits of the Club.*)

Colonel. Bravo! "*Wales has been, and Wales shall be.*"

Secretary. Why Northwold, you are pensive as the Doctor, who, I observe, has been looking unutterable things at your expense for the last ten minutes.

Doctor, (starting.) Who I? My thoughts were at *Ramsgate*.

Colonel. *Ramsgate!* What the devil is *Ramsgate* to us of the St. David's Club? Northwold across the *Pyrenees*, and the Doctor at *Ramsgate!* Oh, this is *insanity!*

Northwold. To say the truth, *I am* pensive; inasmuch as I have been wondering how our friends the ancient Britons will look, when they see my broad Lincolnshire name so conspicuous in this Club. I have sundry misgivings as to the proceedings of our Club being favorably received, notwithstanding your explanation given this evening to the Doctor. The good folks among the mountains will naturally wonder why I have been obtruded upon their notice, and, notwithstanding the great pleasure I have in occupying my present station, I do not feel my new honours sit so easily upon me as I should doubtless do, were I convinced of a good reception in Wales.

Secretary. Confound it, Northwold, if *you* turn phlegmatic, what will become of the rest of us? Be assured that our Cambrian friends are men of sense and judgment, and that they will not lightly misconstrue any additional exertion of mine and yours, merely because it may be new to them: they will see our motives and appreciate them. Besides, have we not this night talked and read of Wales enough to convince them of our unflinching perseverance in their cause? Then, as to your *reception*, (I will speak literally,) or that of all of you, in Wales, go there, Professor,—go there, Colonel and the Doctor, and if you do not find cheerful countenances and warm hearts, then am I a traitor to the Principality, and no true man.

Colonel. By the way, what do you think of a trip to the West, next long vacation? answer, thou professor of poetry and *les belles lettres*!

Northwold, (looking up.) Wake that miscalled silent member, who snores louder than a whale in the sunshine, (*rising and shaking the silent member, who continues to snore.*) Awake thou worse than dead man—thou unquiet mortal—thou uncommon disturber of eloquence—thou antipode of all intellectual enjoyment—thou dormant sensualist—thou trough of animal solids and vegetable fluids—thou receptacle of stupidity and darkness—open thine eyes, if eyes thou hast, and look around on us! Do not our countenances sparkle? do not our tongues utter reason? do not music and poetry flow from our lips? and do we not honour thee by our efforts to make thee partake thereof? It is in vain: what a fleshly door-post! Surely he is in an apoplexy!

Doctor, (feeling his pulse.) Full and strong as Vulcan's hammer, but I stake my professional reputation there is no disease; none whatever, beyond the effect of inordinate cramming.

Colonel. Who proposed and seconded such an insufferable brute, as a member of our Club? You, Northwold?

Northwold. Not I: I would as soon have balloted for a bullock from the Lincolnshire marshes.

Secretary. I, gentlemen, I alone am to blame; but I will explain. The fact is, that the establishment of our Club became more widely known than I had intended, or dreamt of, and, consequently, as secretary, I was immediately pestered, notwithstanding the caution to the public as to paying postage, with sundry expensive applications, which I did not well know what to do with, (troubling the Club with that point was out of the question;) amongst these was the request of our silent friend, that he might be one of the "select;" I was misled by his name. He is certainly not a brilliant character, although the son of a great genius, whom would to Heaven we had in his place! But, by all means, let us get rid of him, for his nasal music would fill a cathedral; that last grunt was like the drone of the most discordant bagpipe.

Colonel. Morgan, send one of your people to call a coach.

Morgan. Yes, sir.

Northwold. How, in the name of all fair toping, did this animal get so mortally drunk?

Colonel. Morgan can tell us, I dare say. I observed him, about an hour ago, while the rest of you were engaged in converse, find his way across the hall, by devious paths, towards Morgan; to whom giving a sign, (for he appears, like a novice of the Pythagorean school, to be under a vow of the strictest silence,) he became possessed of the bowl of Llangollen, and, thrusting his brawny head into it, drained its splendid contents to the very bottom; since which, he has presented a spectacle of the hog-like intoxication you now behold in him.

Morgan, (to the chairman.) The coach waits, sir.

Northwold. Now Colonel, Doctor, Secretary,—now Morgan and all, let us bear a hand to lift this wonderful lump of degraded humanity into his travelling machine. But stay; does any one know where he lives?

Secretary. His letters to me were invariably dated from the Chinese Club-house; but it will never do to send him there.

Northwold. No, no; write on a blank card, thou most able Secretary, from my dictation.

Secretary, (taking up a card and pen.) I am ready.

Northwold. "*The Honourable Patrick Michael O'Clanocrough, Portland Place:*" (*reading it,*) Aye, that will do: written in a fine bold full hand, enough for any of the ancient kings of *ould* Ireland themselves. Now then to him, lads.

(*The silent member is with some difficulty lifted from his arm-chair, and carried to the coach.*)

Coachman. Where am I to drive the gemman to, your honours?

Colonel. You will find his card in his right-hand waistcoat pocket; you had better take it out, and drive to his address; his servants will pay your fare.

(*The coach departs.*) **All.** Ha! ha! ha

Northwold. Curse that fellow; he is heavy to carry, and, moreover, he has

wasted a good deal of our valuable time, therefore I do not see why the aristocrats of Portland place should not be *honoured* as well as Jermyn street;—but, methinks I should like a Welsh rabbit, and a taste of the bowl.

Colonel. I second the motion.

Doctor. I'll be a third.

Secretary. And I will not disgrace my country by refusing to be fourth.

[*The lackeys fly to the kitchen, while Morgan sets about the serious work of making a bowl.*]

Northwold. Now we have got rid of yonder *incubus*, I bethink me, Colonel, you said something about a trip into the Principality.

Colonel. Yes, next long vacation, will you go?

Northwold. I will so arrange it; and in that case, Secretary, I shall stand in need of a few introductions.

Secretary. You shall have them, of course, on condition that you invoke your muse on the top of *Snowdon*.

Northwold. Indeed I will; although, from all I have heard, the scene itself will do away with the necessity of invocation.

Secretary. In truth it will: have you not been in Wales?

Northwold. Just enough to swear by: a little in Flintshire and Denbighshire. I drank some glorious ale at *Wrexham*, and saw a good quantity of pretty and interesting maids in red cloaks, and that's all.

Doctor. Trust him for finding out the pretty girls. (*The Welsh rabbits arrive.*)

Northwold. Advance to the charge: how the dish smokes! bravo *Cookey*! well served. Morgan, give me the Cayenne.

Colonel. Excellent, i'faith. By the by how will they feed us in your country, friend Secretary?

Secretary. Never fear but you will be fed like the rich man in the parable; and well I know that you and the Professor are not the churls who would refuse a portion of your viands to any unfortunate *Lazarus* who might fall in your way.

Northwold. God forbid! Morgan, put the bowl on the table, (*drinks deep*;) ha, spirit of St. David! but the ale has a most nectareous flavor. (*The Colonel, the Doctor, and the Secretary, do honour to the Llangollen, in turns.*)

Northwold. Why, gentlemen, (*looking into the bowl*;) you are no effeminate kissers of goblets, at any rate. Morgan, another bowl, in the name of the red cloaks I just now mentioned. (*An hour is spent in discussing the bowl.*)

Colonel. I know not whether it be that hard service has had its effect upon me; but from that, or some other cause, I generally find myself cozy and thirsty, and all that sort of thing, towards evening. You all know I never get drunk, so to speak: jovial, perhaps, now and then, but—

Northwold. What wouldst thou say, Colonel? doth thy preamble go towards making up the old British *triad*, in the shape of another bowl? for be it remembered, although we have already had three, that our somniferous friend drank one to his own cheek; so a truce to prosing. Morgan, fill another to the brim.

Secretary. Sing us the while the old song of "*The glasses sparkle on the board.*"

Doctor. No, no! "*Love's young dream.*"

Colonel. I vote for the song in honour of Bacchus, Venus and her votaries being long since in bed.

Northwold. The jolly god has "the eyes" in his favor. (*Sings, "The glasses sparkle on the board."*)

Secretary. Would that our old hills could echo to that voice!

Colonel. All in good time; they shall when we make our promised tour.

Doctor. How goes the enemy? Morgan, look to the *Barwise*.

Morgan. Past two, sir.

Northwold. Ye gods! bring the *Metheglin*, the liquor of the immortal bards. (*Morgan places the Metheglin on the table; the glasses are filled round frequently; the Metheglin diminishes rapidly.*)

Northwold. Our *Alpha* and *Omega* of toasts, "*The King.*"

All. "*The King,*" (*three times three, led by the Doctor, who has become quite valiant.*)

Northwold. Well shouted, Doctor; now join me in the national anthem. (*Northwold leads, seconded by the Doctor; all join in chorus.*)

Exeunt omnes.

OLION.

—
To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM sorry your valuable correspondent Peris should appear to give evidence to the idle tradition of *Eich dyn*, which I always considered so palpably absurd as not to deserve an argument in refutation. The tale is said to exist in several old Welsh mss.; but as old is a relative term, I should like to know what is to be understood by it. To corroborate such an assertion, we ought to have the evidence of a contemporary, and if this cannot be obtained, certainly of one not removed above three generations; but I will venture to say, no writer will be found to mention it earlier than the sixteenth century, if even then: Peris will, therefore, oblige his countrymen by giving the date of the oldest Welsh mss. in which it occurs.

But we will examine the story: Edward I. is said to have presented his son to the Welsh with the expression, "Behold, *eich dyn*, your man!" Now if the king wished to address himself in Welsh to the people of the country, it must, nevertheless, be allowed that he thought in English, and, therefore, that the speech he made would necessarily be a translation. But the common acceptance of the phrase "I'm your man," or "Here's your man," implies "I am," or "Here is the person to serve you," and is more fully explained by the antithesis, "master and man." Edward would therefore, surely, never represent his son to the Cambrian chieftains as their servant. He might have said "Here is your prince or lord;" and if he was inquiring how he might translate this, he would have been told by the word *tywysog* or *arglwydd*. But allowing, for a moment, he used the expression "*eich dyn*," we must suppose that it became the motto of Edward II. and Edward III.; whereas the earliest English authority we have for *Ich dyn* is in the will of the Black Prince. On the tomb the words are *Ich Dine*, which, except the final *e*, would be perfect German of the present day, and, judging from analogy, in all probability was completely so at that time. It is to be observed that this motto accompanies the feathers which were the arms of peace, i. e. for the tournament, and not the royal arms, which were those for war; a sufficient proof, by the way, that the king of Bohemia could have had nothing to do with it. My opinion is, that it may have belonged to his maternal grandfather, a great warrior, or that he himself had assumed it at his court in Hainault, where he may have obtained some success in the joust.

I wish the Welsh would not cling so tenaciously to such foolish traditions; such conduct only subjects them to the ridicule of their

neighbours, while they really possess abundance of curious historical and literary facts that are highly valuable.

Peris has likewise committed an oversight in saying that Lewis Glyn Cothi flourished from 1460 to 1480, as the very *Awdl i Harri'r seithved* must extend that period to 1485.

Any of your correspondents that understand Dutch might give the translation he requests of the inscriptions on the brass box.

I am happy to record one instance in which a proper compliment has been paid to "Encyclopædian Rees." My highly illustrious and condescending friend, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who is certainly the *Mæcenas* of modern times, has done due honour to this gentleman, by associating his portrait with that of Dr. Parr, to ornament his principal library at Kensington palace.

Such papers as "the Extreate of the third and last entyer subsidy," &c., are of the utmost value to genealogists, and I fervently hope the publication of that will be followed by the communication of many others. Edmond Meyricke, whose name occurs as in the parish of Llandervel, succeeded to the possession of Ucheldrw and the manor of Gwyddelwern on the death of his father, Peter, in November 1630. Peter had by his first wife, Lowri or Leucu wen, daughter of Lewys Anwyl, two sons, Edmund and Rowland, and four daughters, Margaret, Jane, Elizabeth, and Katherine. Of these, at the time he made his will, only the two sons and the daughter Jane were living. It is proved from a list of magistrates for Merionethshire, in the year 1631, that Edmond was then in the commission of the peace. He was also a deputy-lieutenant for that county in 1640, as appears from his signature as one, to a letter bearing date July 2, in that year, addressed to the earl of Bridgwater, lord president. On September 23, 1645, he, together with Sir John Owen and Roland Vaughan, being at Chester, were made prisoners there by the opposite party. Bishop Humphreys, in a letter to Anthony Wood, among the Lansdowne mss. in the British Museum, mentions him as "a member of the Healing parliament, in 1660, for the county of Merioneth; a man of great prudence and authority in his country." He married Catherine, daughter of Sir Evan, and sister of Sir Francis Llwyd, knight; but left no issue. His brother, Roland Meyricke, died before him, having had by his wife, daughter of Davies of Glad Alwch, three sons, Peter, Edward, and Thomas, and a daughter Catherine. Peter succeeded to the estates of his uncle, and Thomas may have been the person whose name occurs as of the parish of Llanvachreth.

I have the honour to remain

Yours respectfully,

S. R. MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court;
October 10, 1831.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Cornish specimens sent to you by Penllyn, which appear, in your number for October, amid the Olion, are sufficiently curious as affording additional proof of the close affinity existing between the Welsh and the Cornish languages. Indeed, in the stanzas sent, you have little else to do than remodel the orthography, and with the exception of a few words of English here and there inserted, you have as good Welsh as need be spoken or written. This I will endeavour to shew by placing the several stanzas in juxtaposition with their antitypes, in a Welsh dress and modern orthography.

Cornish.

Tays *ha* MAB *ha* Sperissans wy abys* *a lenn galon*
 Re wronte theugh *gras* *ha whans* the wolsowast† ey basion
 Ha thymmo *gras* *ha skyans* the GEVAS PAN *lavarow*
 May fo the *Thu* the worryans *ha sylwans* then ENEVOW.

The same in Welsh.

Tad, a Mab, ac Ysbryd, a erfyni, a glan galon
 I roi i ti ras, a chwant i glywedd ei basion,
 Ac i mi ras a science i gafael, pan levarwyv
 Mai bo i Dduw y gogoniant a sylwedd i ein eneidiau.

The same in English.

Father and Son, and Holy Ghost, you shall beseech with faithfull heart
 To grant you grace and desire to hear the passion,
 And to mee grace and wisdom to obtain by the words,
 That there be to God the glory, and salvation to our soules.

Cornish.

Sael A VYNNO bas sylwoys golsowens ow lavarow
 A Gesus del ve helheys war an byd a vel carow
 Regon menough rebellist ha disprisys yn harow
 Yn grows gras kentrow|| fastys§ peynys hys pan ve marow.

The same in Welsh.

Sawl a vyno bas sy lwys,¶ gwrandawed vy llaverydd
 Am Iesu, vel ve heliwyd ar y byd, ac vel carw,
 Rhag ein mynych rebellion, a'i ddibrisio yn arw,
 Ar y groes, ag hoelion ei gwanid, yn boenus pan vu varw.

* Wy abys, you shall beseech, (seemingly a corruption.)

† Wolsowas, (occurs twice,) to hear resembles Clywed.

‡ Rebellis, of course an anglicism.

|| Kentron, from the Greek κεντρων, nails, spaces.

§ Fastys, English.

¶ A holy pass.

The same in English.

He that will be sav'd let him hearken to my wordes,
 Of Jesus how was hunted on the world, like a deer,
 For our frequent rebellions, and despised bitterly
 On the cross, with nails fastened, payned untill he was dead.

Cornish.

Du sur dre vertu an tas thynny a thyttyas gweras*
En mab dre y skyans bras pan gymert kyg a werhas*
Han sperissans len a ras dre y thaddert† may fe gwnes
Hothaff peynus pan vynnas neb un yllygall peghes.

The same in Welsh.

Duw siwr drwy virtue ein Tad, i ni a ddodes wared,
 Yn y mab drwy ei science bras, pan gynmerth gig i wared;
 A'r Ysbryd llawn o ras, drwy ei ddoethder mai ve gwnaeth
 Oddef poenau pan vynes y mab ni allai bechu.

The same in English.

God sure by the virtue of his Father for us provide help
 In his son by his wisdom great, when he took flesh to help,
 And the Holy Ghost full of grace by his wisdom, was made
 Feel payus when he would who not could commit sin.

Cornish.

Del sevys mal Du ay veth yn Erna thentressa dyth
Y della ol ny a seff deth braest‡ drok hada yn weth
E bereth dremys§ a dyst yn erna rich ef a vyth
Drok then yn gythaa goeff the Grist y fyth an barth cleth.

The same in Welsh.

Mal savodd mab Duw o'i redd yu yr awr yna, y 3ydd dydd,
 Ewelly oll ni a saiv dydd bras, drwg a da un wedd;
 Y perfaith dremas a dyst yn awr, yna rich ar vydd,
 Drwg ddyn a wado gorf Crist a vydd ar y barth gledd.||

- * Vertu, virtue; Skyans science; are of English origin of course.
- † Thudder, surely means doethder, if the English translator is right.
- ‡ Deth bras, dydd bras, the great day; "science bras" above.
- § Dremas, in the Cornish, means the good man.
- || Parth gledd, i. e. the sword, or left side.

The same in English.

As rose the Sonne of God from his grave in that hour to the third day,
 So shall we all rise to the time, bad, and good also,
 Full of works the just man shall come in that hour, rich he shall be,
 The wicked man in that day hid to Christ shall be on the side left.

By the insertion of this, my first exercitation, in your next number, you will oblige

Your humble servant,

PHILOLOGUS.

Holyhead;
Nov. 14, 1831.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

I CONSIDERED it a duty incumbent on me to express the satisfaction I felt in Ioan Tegid's learned production, the new version of Isaiah into Welsh. It was in unison with the expression of my respect for that labour of the learned curate of Christ church, that I was pained to see that a successful competitor at several Eisteddvodau should charge the author of the new version with incompetency, in an instance, in which, if he erred, it was not his error alone. Elvaeliad, with all his petulant declamation, does not shew why we should consider himself a more accurate translator than either the learned Oxonian or Bishop Lowth, or the authors of the standard versions in English or Welsh. However incompetent I may be for the task of a Hebrew or Grecian critic, I leave your correspondents to judge how far more competent my opponent is. As to the Welsh orthography, one who has for many years sustained the character of an instructor, in both the English and the Welsh languages, ought to know as much about what may be expedient for our countrymen as one who never has had much to do in that capacity in our native land. It is still my conviction, and not mine alone, that we ought not to shock the prejudices of the peasantry and yeomanry, by introducing sudden innovations into the form of wording the sacred volume; but the modification proposed by Mr. J. Jones is, for the most part, just in its principles and no way embarrassing to poor readers of the Welsh Bible. Was there any harm, gentlemen, in expressing that my own views vary a little from what they were at the time of the Brecon Eistedvod? The part I took in the transactions of the Cambrian Society at that time, and the manner in which my endeavours were received by my townsmen, as well as the members of the Eistedvod

generally, proved very agreeable, I confess, to my feelings; but whether my demeanour evinced any egregious vanity, which is intimated in the expressions used by Elvaeliad, let those who were present declare. That any passages in the essay then sanctioned, and subsequently printed, should meet with the disapproval of certain respectable Cambrians, was not so pleasing; but the sentiments there expressed were approved of by the Judges, and known to accord with the views of most persons in that part of Wales.

E—— is very kind, in his gentle hints, about the extreme danger of my staining the pages of the Cambrian Quarterly, in advancing any thing in the way of theological controversy. Pray, gentlemen, hold the reigns tight, and suffer no correspondent to rove abroad, to fill your pages with any more encomiums on the Hebrew bard and his faithful translators, or presume to speak of Paul of Tarsus, countenancing the tenets of Louth, and Horsley, and Burgess, and Edw. Davies, et hæc genus omnia; nothing respecting “the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer,” rather say, *Hetaroclita sunt*.

Whether I am deficient in “moral courage” to meet my countrymen E—— in single combat I can hardly tell, but perhaps I should display as much becoming temper in the dreadful fight as my opponent. I shall leave my Hebrew and Greek on the shelf for awhile, nor shall I offend any one with presuming to conclude as before with, *Efelly a ddyuaid Ieuan*, only suggesting to E—— the propriety of referring to some one lexicon, philological writer, or esteemed commentator, when disposed to give us his criticisms in the learned languages; it will then appear that both the Hebrew and the Greek, referred to in his Postscript, cannot properly be rendered otherwise, than as we find them in the English and Welsh versions. If it be not thought sufficiently expressive to say, with the authors of those two versions, that the Redeemer died for our offences: we will consent that Paul should say in English,

“*He was delivered because, or on account of, our offences.*”

or in the Welsh,

“*Efe a draddodwyd o herwydd ein camwedddau ni.*”

IEUAN.

West Bromwich;
Nov. 19, 1831.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Celtic Annals. A Poem. By the Rev. John Parker, A.M.
1 vol. 8vo. Rivington; London, 1831.

THE poem before us is printed along with "The Passengers," a work with which our readers are already familiar. The title is a vast and glorious one, and embraces events and ages of an extent and importance which are worthy of the proudest efforts of the British muse. Would that we could say Mr. Parker had succeeded in producing a fine poem: but whilst we deny that he has done so, we admit, most readily, that he has given us sufficient proof of the poetical nature of his mind, and a store of information, both historical and philosophical, that can very rarely be excelled. Had he applied these powers with a greater portion of taste and judgment towards so noble a subject, we have no hesitation in saying, from this specimen of his muse, that he might have produced a poem far more interesting to the *Celtic* and the general reader, as well as infinitely superior in intrinsic merit. But our author has unfortunately become possessed of a notion, that he can effectually introduce, through the medium of English, the most extraordinary, and to us almost intolerable, *hexameters*; and we will venture to assert that Mr. Parker has, ere this, discovered that we are not alone in our opinion.

Our readers will recollect that "The Passengers" contained, in the shape of dialogue, a very pleasant and interesting tour in Wales by three gentlemen, whose travelling names were *Clanvoy*, *Allansley*, and *Larndon*. The incidents are simply and prettily told, and the reflections in which the travellers indulged on the road are always agreeably, and frequently feelingly, related: there also appears a fair portion of scientific research. It would seem that during their tour, *Clanvoy*, having frequently alluded to various sorts of verses, threatens to repeat to his companions a whole chapter of *hexameters*, to wit, the poem of "*the Celtic Annals*." He says,

"This was called by Aristotle the grandest and least musical of all the metres. No great number of them will ever be made in English with rhyme, for we have but few rhyming spondees in our language. When the accent is greatly varied, it becomes the versification of Homer and Theocritus; when the accentual variation is much controlled, it is that of Horace and Virgil; when it is broken into pauses at short or equal intervals, it is the style, if not the verse, of the Hebrew prophets. You and *Larndon* are both so well acquainted with ancient hexameters, that you cannot help recognizing the

same form in those which I will repeat; otherwise I should have desired you to consider them as you would have measured the *prose* of Ossian, or our translations of scripture poetry. Now I beg of you for once to be satisfied without rhyme, and to acknowledge that, if under the present modern system blank verse can become both popular and melodious, there is yet a chance that the heroic verse of the classic age may obtain some indulgence in ours. Do not be surprised at the spelling contradicting the metrical quantities in many words: versification is the province of our ear, which is guided not by our eye in spelling, but by our tongue in pronunciation. I have nothing more to add by way of Preface than this one declaration: I should as soon overlook an extra syllable as a false quantity." *See Passengers*, p. 200.

Now, in all good-nature and candour, we must beg leave to differ from the author in one or two points of this tolerably analytical and rather ingenious preface to his poem. First, to the opinion of the profound *Aristotle* we bow with deference: the metre is grand, and, unto our humble ears, devoid of all music whatever. As to there being "but few rhyming spondees in our language," surely the learned author cannot have forgotten how plentifully they seem to have come to the hands of Byron, in his most lamentably sensual, yet splendidly intellectual, poem of *Don Juan*: and although we would not willingly witness another modern production, either from Mr. Parker or any one else, in the same metre as his present effort, still, if the *cacoethes* be strong upon him, we suggest the imperative necessity of his clothing his verses in the garb of rhyme, in order to ensure a reception from the public not absolutely damnatory. With regard to the poetry of *Homer* and *Theocritus*, of *Horace* and *Virgil*, as well as to the more sublime strains of the *Hebrew prophets*, (notwithstanding that the Hebrew tongue is known to Mr. Parker, while we can only see it darkly through the medium of a translation,) we must confess that the poem of "*The Celtic Annals*" does not, nor can it from the rugged difficulties of the measure in which it is written, remind us of the sublime and immortal strains of any of them. On the contrary, almost all the lines fall harshly, and others glide flatly on the ear; and we have in vain sought for a passage, however short, in which both of these defects are not extremely prominent. Again, our author cannot but know that even "under the present modern system" blank verse is both "popular" and "melodious;" and we have invariably found, amongst readers of a truly poetical temperament, that its style is admired and honoured, as it ought to be: but that the bare imitation of "the heroic verse of the classic age" can ever become popular in Great Britain and Ireland, we can never believe. All professed imitations are bad; and we should as soon expect to see the verses of *Voltaire* and *Racine* preferred to those of *Milton* or *Shakspeare*, as that the heroic verse of the ancients should gain any influence among the *literati* of our country, when clothed in our Teutonic sounds. We have felt ourselves bound to say thus much on the grand defect in the execution of Mr. Parker's poem, viz. the form in which it is pre-

sented; and once for all we must add, that this defect is of a nature so uncongenial to English tastes and ideas, that it can only have the effect of rendering abortive all future attempts to make it palatable. We believe "The Passengers" has met with the encouragement the book deserves, and that, consequently, "The Celtic Annals" has found its way into many hands; but we are confident that if the poem had been published separately, so as to have stood on its own merits, it would not have been perused by one tithe of the eyes which have now cast a cursory glance over its pages. We will now proceed to the more grateful portion of our task, by pointing out those beauties in poetical idea, and in general arrangement and execution of the subject, which the form, and the form only, of the poem could have prevented a genius, like that of Mr. Parker, from rendering highly interesting and popular.

The author states that "the Welsh *Triads* form the chief groundwork of this poem. The object is to combine into one continued epic narrative, the scattered fragments relating to the more splendid occurrences of Welsh history." A more grand and worthy object for poetry could not have been selected; and we feel the assurance that had the harmonious verse of *Pope*, the romantic stanza of *Spencer*, or the lofty and soul-stirring strain of *Milton* been adopted, instead of this extraordinary and unmanageable *Anglo-Greek*, "*The Celtic Annals*" might have been made one of the most attractive and excellent among modern poems.

Our readers will at once perceive, from the opening of the poem, that the author is not destitute of the inspiration necessary to grapple with his mighty subject.

"Hail, western sunbeam! thy rays are dear to the mountain
After a hot noontide; hail, time of sweet meditation!
When the poet lingers on some high watch-tower of light,
Gazing upon the shadows that roll so darkly beneath him:
When the shepherd, gathering his flock from afar to the twilight
Of some grassy meadow, surveys with care the surrounding
Stony deserts, anxious to behold some straggler among them.
Yon sky is unclouded: the blue air's calm brightness uninjured:
While underneath, out of an awful depth, massy vapours
Are swelling in surges from a secret lake's rocky margin,
Like a bottomless pit, whence pois'nous fumes are ascending;
Or the pillars of smoke that rise from volcanic *Ætna*.

"Wilt thou hear the poem, thou friend of songs! the melodious
Answer of elder days to the call of one who honours them?
Have thy feet wandered in secret among the deserted
Fastnesses of rockbound nature; unseen, unattended;
Where frowning solitude hath rear'd her strange habitations?
Then hast thou ponder'd upon ancient lore, when above thee
Rose the solid mountain: then hast thou fondly demanded
Whence the powerful charm hath sprung, that fill'd, with emotion,

Thy spirit, exalting thee above thyself, to the noblest
Endeavourings; to the scenes where vast eternity rises
From the ruins of time, where guilt hath found an avenger?

“O land, once echoing to the warlike thunder of armies!
O mountain solitude, once throng’d with princely battalions;
Now cloth’d with silence, veil’d with forgetful abasement!
As dark misfortunes leave signs of past agitation
On features patient and peaceful now, tho’ abandon’d
Lately to contending passion or tumultuous anger:
So the bitter sufferings of thy past age have occasion’d
A spirit of downcast and pensive weariness in thee!” P. 206.

With the exception of the opening lines, the passage we have extracted exhibits powers of producing poetry of the highest order; but the first twelve verses do not contain either the grandeur or variety of idea that we apprehend must have been called before Mr. Parker’s mind, on the summit of the majestic Snowdon.

The author proceeds to quote *Taliesin*, as to the Asiatic origin of the Britons, who were doubtless descended from *Japhet*, the patriarch of Europe.

“A numerous race, fierce they were called,
First coloniz’d thee, Britain, chief of Isles!
Men of the country of Asia and the country of Gafis.”
TALIESIN.

He then, imitating the strain of *Taliesin*, shews how their forefathers, fleeing from Babel, entered Europe, following the course of her rivers, and, at length, reached the then *uninhabited* island of Britain.

“First owners of the British land!
It was your possession, gain’d by no blood or outrage,
Your fair inheritance; for this, ye lightly regarded
Those towering palm trees, that lift o’er each dewy fountain,
Their branching diadems; for this ye turn’d, as in anger,
From central Europe, exchanging a more happy climate
For feebler sunbeams, and less productive abundance.” P. 207.

And here let us observe how much more great and glorious was their title to a country, obtained simply by obeying the command of the omniscient and beneficent Creator of all, who expressly gave to man “dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.” Compare this, ye statesmen and diplomatists, ye kings and emperors of continental Europe, with the modern increase of dominions gained by you, who gathering together your armies, go forth, far and wide, “seeking whom you may devour.” Battling in the name and under the holy cross of *Christ*! ye perpetrate, without remorse, the greatest horrors! ye spread your dominions, east, west, north, and south, regardless of all truth, all justice, all law,

except the barbarous one of brute power and conquest; your dominions are flooded with the tears of the bereaved widow and the helpless orphan; and the way to your thrones is reeking with the best blood of a suffering country's martyred sons. Oh, shame to the age of *increased information* wherein we live! shame, alike to the absolute king, the intriguing minister, and the blood-thirsty general; who combine to overwhelm the fairest portion of the globe in the gulf of their worse than Eastern slavery! Behold Italy,—broken-hearted Poland, alas, unfortunate Poland! how similar thy fate to that of the disjointed tribes of ancient Cymru; who now look back, in envy, through the dim veil of ages, to the time when the Asiatic patriarchs, in peace and good will, took possession of Europe and Britain, tilling the ground and feeding their flocks and herds! Vain, indeed, have been the efforts, unheeded the aspirations of those two noble countries to be free. But let not the despots who now inthral them, believe that the day of retribution is far distant. It is at hand. Notwithstanding the idle vapouring of France, and the cold-blooded apathy of England, Poland *must*, ere long, be free. In such case Italy will follow, when the regenerated genius of liberty shall drive from their lands, for ever, the hideous tyrants who have so long triumphed over them—monsters, than whom a blacker list is not to be found in the history of what we call, (somewhat invidiously, perhaps,) "*the dark ages*."

We are reminded by the late disastrous events in Poland of many of the misfortunes which befel our ancient Celtic fathers. The numbers among the Polish nobility who are now driven to seek an asylum in foreign lands, present a piteous and heart-rending spectacle. But worse is the fate of those who are taken by their ruthless conqueror, and made to traverse the horrid snows of Siberia; where, amid nature's desolation and, far worse, in mental agony, they are left to drag out the remains of their existence in despair. Far nobler was the fate of the brave, the royal *Caractacus* who, when led forth in chains by victorious Rome, even in that barbarous age, was treated with a respect which might well make the Russian autocrat blush for shame.

"Lo, now, where Caradoc, led forth in chains as a captive,
Turns to the magnificence of Roman wealth in amazement;
And wonders that a nation, adorn'd so nobly, should envy
His turf-built residence, or assail and seize a cottage-throne!
By his honour'd father, then left in Rome as a hostage,
Were the jewels of truth convey'd ere long to Britannia;
And silently the faith of Christ was borne to this island,
(Ordain'd hereafter to become so true to the Gospel;)
For Druidic vanities, with Roman worship of idols,
Were leagu'd in hostile contention against the believers.
While the triumphal pomp invites all Rome to behold it,
Her gray-hair'd senators come forth, and gaze on a champion,

Whose nine years' contest made Roman victory doubtful!
 Costly trappings are borne: and wreaths of gold, the rich ensigns
 Of Britannic royalty: the pris'ner's captive attendants,
 His wife, his daughter, his brethren, mournfully proceed.
 Lastly, the chief himself, who approaches calmly to Cæsar's
 High throne and footstool, as a king to a king, with an aspect
 Of royal grandeur. All heard with breathless attention,
 While the British warrior, with graceful boldness, address'd him.

“Had my success in arms equal'd my loftiness of rank,
 I had come rather to afford alliance to the Romans,
 Than to be their captive; nor then had Cæsar accounted
 My friendship worthless: for I also rul'd many nations,
 And I am of heroic lineage, although thus afflicted
 By heavy misfortune, and war's victorious insult.
 I once had followers, arms, wealth, and kingly majesty:
 What man will marvel that I am full slow to resign them?
 Tho' ye wish to command all nations, who hath appointed
 That they shall patiently degrade their knees to the bondage?
 Now my former honours enhance your glory, which either
 Submission or betrayal, till now, would greatly have impair'd.
 My ruin, O, Cæsar! will meet with no celebration:
 But should you graciously relieve my painful abasement,
 This deed will for ever give royal fame to clemency.” P. 209.

We think our readers will agree with us, that Mr. Parker has clothed sublime ideas in worthy language, which renders it the more to be regretted that his favorite *hexameters* have crippled and confined his otherwise lofty muse.

The conquest of the Britons by the Romans, as is well known, was not accomplished easily; but when at length effected, the usual course of things took place, viz. the introduction of the language, laws, manners, and religious observances of the conquerors. The Roman language, as a matter of course, became afterwards spoken and written in the colleges of Bangoriscoed, St. David's, and the religious houses of Glastonbury, &c. From this cause, many Roman words were introduced into the language of the aborigines. Hence the partial affinity observable in the two languages at the present day. The Romans held their power in Britain until the irruption of the northern hive, under “*Alaria the tremendous*,” when, making their way to the walls of Rome itself, her proud ramparts became occupied by Gothic barbarians.

But our limits warn us that we must, for the present, close our observations on a subject too capacious for a single notice. We can assure Mr. Parker that, notwithstanding our disapproval of his metre, we shall recur to the remainder of his poem with great pleasure. This we intend to do in our next number; and if, in the meantime, the cheering song of the birds, and the vegetation newly starting into life, in the early Spring, (a season highly favorable to poetic effort,) should cause our author to in-

voke his muse in a new dress, we shall not fail, at the same time, to express our delight at having an opportunity of bestowing praise less qualified than we have felt we could honestly do on the present occasion.

Clerical Legacy. Published for the use of the younger Clergy in the Diocese of Bangor. By P. Williams, D.D. rector of Llanbedrog. 1 vol. 18mo. Evans, Caernarvon.

WE learn from the preface to this little work, that the reverend, learned, and truly estimable author, is now nearly the oldest clergyman in the diocese of Bangor. But, although he has reached a period of life when a man's age is but labour and sorrow, the sermons with which he has presented us, were composed at a time when his intellectual powers were in full vigour, and were delivered to an audience most competent to appreciate their excellences, and to detect errors or defects. After a diligent perusal of these truly interesting and instructive discourses, we have no hesitation in recommending them to the attention of educated Christians, and more especially to the younger clergy, for whose use they are chiefly designed.

In the first discourse, which is on the subject of our Lord's ascension, (John, vi. 61, 62,) the reverend and learned doctor takes occasion to expose the errors of those who deny the deity of the founder of our holy faith. This is a subject which has too generally excited in the minds of disputants on both sides of the question, feelings of an angry and uncharitable nature. We were happy to find that Dr. Williams, while he strenuously maintains the doctrine of the church, of which he is an ornament, mixes no rancour with his arguments, nor does he slide over those of his opponents, but, with great fairness and candour, states their objections in the words of their most eminent writers; he, moreover, acknowledges them as his *brethren*, a concession which would be very reluctantly, if at all, accorded by more modern champions of orthodoxy. By these, Socinians and Unitarians are commonly regarded as unbelievers, although some of the ablest defences of the truth of the Christian religion, are from the pens of individuals of those sects—witness Locke and Lardner. We greatly fear that a dispute, which has agitated the Christian church for more than fourteen centuries, is not likely to be set at rest in our days. The natural difficulties of the subject have been aggravated by futile attempts to explain, by metaphysical terms of human invention, the mode of the divine subsistence. The words of the excellent and learned Stillingfleet, (in the preface to his *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*,) administer a plain and a wise rule, which, were it observed by divines, would greatly con-

tribute to heal the wounds which both truth and charity have received in this controversy. "Since both sides yield," says he, "that the matter they dispute about is above their reach, the wisest course they can take is, to assert and defend what is revealed, and not to be peremptory and quarrelsome about that which is acknowledged to be above our comprehension; I mean as to the manner how the three persons partake of the divine nature." The course thus wisely recommended, is that which our author appears to have followed.

In a postscript to the sermon, Dr. Williams gives a sketch of the character and opinions of the celebrated Hindoo, Rammohun Roy, who is now in this country. We offer no apology for inserting this postscript.

"As much ado is made by modern Unitarians in favor of their sect, by the conversion of Rammohun Roy, and of his preference of their creed, I will here transcribe the impartial, though rather long, account given of that extraordinary man by the Rev. J. T. James, in his valuable book, the *Semisceptic*, chap. viii. p. 321.

"A strong testimony has been borne," says Mr. James, 'to the superiority of the Christian religion over all others, within these few years, by the self-conversion of a native Bengalese, named Rammohun Roy; a person possessing, as it appears, a large property in that country, and enjoying a considerable reputation for his talents and liberality. Nor is his fame at all impaired by the manner in which he has treated the subject, to which his attention has been for many years engaged.

"He first made his appearance as an author by the publication of a treatise in the Persian language, in the year 1804; the chief object of which was to inveigh against the adoption of idolatrous worship in any form of religion. Consistently with his professions, he employed himself, for some years afterwards, in endeavouring to purify the Hindû religion from this charge, as well as another, to which equal exception might be taken—the admission of a plurality of gods; and he seemed to have entertained strong hopes of being able to clear it of those errors and abuses, which were the natural result of such doctrines. One of his most celebrated works is the abridgment of the Vedants; in the preface of which he states his conviction that, "the superstitious practices which deformed the Hindû religion, have nothing to do with the pure spirit of its dictates." And he labours, in consequence, to set forth to the world his view of what ought to be called a pure system of Hindû Deism.

"His mind, however, does not, by any means, appear to have long rested satisfied with the Hindû system, even in this reformed state; and, after making some researches into the Koran, which do not seem to have repaid his pains, he turned his thoughts toward the Christian religion, and his choice at once was fixed. His words are these: 'I found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of rational beings, than any other which had come within my knowledge.' It was not, however, until he had spent some years in the acquisition of the Hebrew and Greek languages, and had diligently perused the sacred writings in their original tongue, that his mind felt at ease upon the subject; and that, as he says, he became a Christian.

"It is necessary to observe in this place, that Rammohun Roy is, as to his principles of belief, a professed Unitarian, and has even become a zealous po-

lemic in behalf of that sect. That his mind should have taken this turn, is a fact which admits an easy explanation. He set out originally in search of a religion that might be more satisfactory to him than that in which he and his countrymen had been brought up. Finding the Christian religion to afford the most perfect system of morality, he adopts it immediately on that ground; and on that ground only, rejecting whatsoever else might belong to it, if it did not accord with his taste. He was actuated by no sentiment of piety, he felt none of that awe for the Supreme Being, which is the very corner-stone of all religion, and aimed at gratifying the speculative passion of his own mind, rather than sought to perform a duty to God. One may justly question, from his style of writing, whether such a notion ever entered his thoughts: he appears rather to be so far transported by the selfishness of enthusiasm, as to forget the Divinity altogether; and may be said to exhibit one more example of that unconscious duplicity of feeling, which seems almost invariably to attach to the profession of Deism.

“We must not look upon him in the light of a religious man of any description, but merely as a caterer in morality; one who carves out for himself, and for the use, as he says, of his brethren, just what pleases himself, and rejects what displeases him; though at the same time professing to believe the gospel to be the message of God.

“The parts of the New Testament which he has published for the Hindûs, under the title of “The Precepts of Jesus,” are mere selections of those passages, which he supposes to contain an exposition of the moral law. This is all vastly well, as far as it goes; but Rammohun Roy ought to have known that, supposing the establishment of a system of good morality to be the main end of the gospel, yet that on which it depends for establishment is the efficacy of the means which it employs. On these, as he ought to know, infinite stress is laid in various parts of the gospel, and it is those peculiar means belonging to it which make Christianity, to use his own words, “better adapted” for the use of rational beings than any other system of religion.

“Here then we detect that feeling by which he was secretly, and, perhaps, almost unwittingly, impelled in his design. He had commenced his labours on the subject of religion, with the laudable intention of exterminating all the superfluous gods of the Hindû system; and, still warm with the same ideas of reformation, his mind instantly revolts against any thing which seems in his view to involve a contradiction to his ideas: for this reason it is, that, though otherwise holding it in the highest admiration, he demurs to those articles of faith which Christianity requires. He is still haunted by the remembrance of his discarded and supernumerary deities, and objects to the doctrine of the Trinity as if it were another species of that Polytheism from which he has just escaped: he attacks it not indeed with similar animosity, for the subject would not admit of it, but with all the feelings of a man who had been successful in one combat, and looked to nothing but triumph in a second. He will not stop to consider the real nature of a Christian’s belief on this subject, and seems as if unwilling to understand that we abhor a multiplicity of gods as strongly as he does, and denounce such belief in terms at least as positive and as sincere. He will not remember, for an instant, what it is that we assert when we call ourselves worshippers of ‘Unity in Trinity and Trinity in Unity.’

“He repeats the words indeed, but declares them to be utterly unintelligible; making use of the phrase which has been so often brought forward by the Deist and Unitarian, that three cannot be one, or one be three. Here then we come to his point, and will examine its meaning: we will concede, that, speaking of material substances, the assertion cannot be said to be true; but speaking of immaterial, it certainly may, and not only may but is clearly and demonstratively shown to be so with regard to our human selves. How much

more than have we a right to assume it to be the case with God, 'who is a spirit,' a perfect immaterial being? With regard to ourselves, we know that the soul, the will, and the perception are three, and yet it cannot be denied that they are also indivisibly one: they offer, therefore, an illustration of the common doctrine with regard to the Trinity, which no one will venture to impugn. He alludes, indeed, himself to this mode of illustration, but has got into confusion by an error with regard to the word substance, which he understands in a sense that never could have been intended by the author of the Athanasian creed, or any other rational Christian.

"But let us examine his words: 'The Trinitarians,' he says, 'should establish, first, that the soul, will, and perception, are three substances;' now, had the usual distinction between matter and spirit been present to his thoughts while writing, he never could have been guilty of the absurdity of imagining, that those who hold the doctrine of the Trinity could mean, by the word substance, to express a material being, or even could expect any one so to interpret it. The Greek word for substance is *οὐσία*, or being, (whether used as explanatory, or originally so written, is of little consequence,) and unity of substance is *ὁμο-οὐσία*, or togetherness of being: and it is evident that nothing more is meant by the use of the word substance, than to give that analogy from matter which might be applied to assist our conception of the divine nature.

"Another common point of the Unitarians, and which Rammohun Roy mentions, is the application to Jesus Christ of the word sent; which, he says, implies the 'subordinate nature of him, a messenger, to the nature of God, by whom he was sent.' This error again arises from a forgetfulness, on his part, of the very first condition under which we form a notion of the divine nature, namely, that it is every where present. If the word sent were to be interpreted as we use it with regard to ourselves as material beings, it would be as he states it; but we ought to read the expression under an idea of the universal presence of God: and, therefore, sent cannot, whether applied to Christ or to the Holy Ghost, be capable of being construed after his fashion. 'Sent' is not *sent* as men would *send*, but is spoken in allusion to the character of the Godhead: we add, however, that when the phrase is used with regard to Christ in his character of man, it becomes literal in its application; that is, so far as his humanity is concerned, but this is all that can be said.

"Most of the difficulties, if not all, that Rammohun Roy meets with in the expressions of the New Testament, arise from his not duly distinguishing between them, when applied to Christ in his human character, and when they are so in his spiritual: which if the attentive reader of scripture hold in mind, he will easily unravel much of the sophistry of the Unitarian.

"The unfortunate divisions which so long have existed upon this subject, have arisen from the attempt, on the part of mankind, to define and describe, with too much precision of language, those things and relations of which we have, in this our present state of being, but an imperfect idea: and the pushing analogies from "earthly things," which are only used in condescension to that imperfection, to an extreme to which they never are meant to be carried. The cases, however, which are stated in this publication, are not of a very difficult nature: we have light enough, even of ourselves, to discover where the error lies, and to explain the pretended mystery of the objector.

"As to the rest of this work of Rammohun Roy, it is written, certainly, with great industry and ingenuity, and, during the earlier part of the correspondence which he maintained with the missionaries in the East, with much appearance of candour. If he subsequently departed from the strict impartiality which he originally prescribed to himself, it is no more than might be expected from human nature; and it must be said, that the argument which he has constructed upon his view of a variety of passages selected from the

New Testament, is not very formidable even to the unlearned, and I will venture to say that, let any man, after their perusal, sit down with the New Testament in his hand, and read attentively ten chapters following one another, taken from almost any part of the book indiscriminately, he will then find Rammohun Roy's seven hundred pages fully answered, and a conviction the very opposite to that which he has drawn to be fairly established in his mind.

"Still, however, Rammohun Roy's unbiassed opinion as to the superior excellence of the morality of the Christian religion remains, and it is this with which we have at present chiefly concern; but of him enough, and more than enough, has been said." P. 40.

Sermon II. (from 1 Timothy, iv. 13,) was preached at a general ordination held by the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and, as the occasion required, has relation to the qualifications requisite for the proper discharge of clerical duties. "The knowledge of religion, (says Dr. Williams,) like every other useful knowledge, is only to be acquired by well directed industry."

"The languages in which revelation was originally conveyed to us should be acquired; histories are to be examined, facts investigated, opinions to be canvassed, nay the precise meaning of a single word frequently to be settled: these are difficulties which successive ages have increased, and which, however they may have been diminished during this and the preceding century, are not yet, by any means, entirely removed. True it is, indeed, that the learned labours of some excellent divines in our church have furnished us with productions of the first rate, and various in their kind; but these, instead of rendering us indolent, should, at the same time that they excite our gratitude, rouse us to emulation, and encourage us to improve, with equal assiduity, the talent which hath been committed to our trust.

"But why should I entirely pass over, as an incentive to diligence and attention to duty, the regard we ought to have for the credit, the welfare, and interest of our country? It has been the fashion to hold this remote corner of the world in a supercilious point of view: Britons have never been wanting in manly spirit and integrity of principle. Let us not then degenerate from our ancestors, but rather cultivate that principle and improve that spirit in the study of whatever can invigorate or adorn it. What! though we are behind our more polished neighbours in the arts of luxury and refinement, why should we remain behind them in the cultivation of our understanding, and of the decent and valuable arts of life?

"There is one thing more, which perhaps, as individuals, will strike us no less forcibly, and, therefore, should not be omitted; our character and our influence are concerned in this matter: men are not naturally inclined to pay much respect or attention to those they think no wiser than themselves, and even the very multitude will often disregard the best admonitions, when they think there is but little or no learning to give those admonitions their due weight. Thus example and advice are made to lose much of the authority naturally belonging to them: accordingly, to the ignorance, no less than to the immorality of the public teachers of religion, have been justly attributed that contempt which they laboured under, and that impiety which baffled all their exertions, when thick darkness hung over the Christian church.

"Yet high authority is often more forcible than general arguments: I will therefore just observe, that Christians of all ages and of all countries, except a few ignorant fanatics with some ill-designing men, have constantly concurred in the recommendation of sound literature; and the church, as early as the time of that crafty apostate Julian, considered his decree, which, in effect, forbade all

Christians to be taught the rudiments of grammar, as a more destructive engine against the Christian faith (and so it certainly was,) than all the sanguinary persecutions of his blood-thirsty predecessors. It is also worth while to take notice, that soon after the revival of letters had opened the way for the reformation, when we see the religion of Christ emerging out of a state of ignorance and barbarism, and approaching somewhat nearer to its original purity, that wise and salutary law which excludes unlearned persons from the Gospel ministry, acquired the force and influence it still retains in the greatest part of the Christian world: may it never be relaxed or diminished.

“I need not point out to you minutely the uses of the different branches of human learning, or observe in what respects they severally contribute to the illustration and confirmation of sacred scripture. Without entering into these particulars, the reason to induce us to give attendance to reading is, I should hope, sufficiently strong: I might add, however, that we shall thus prepare ourselves for filling higher stations in life with proper dignity; that we shall best understand the true end and happiness of man; that, should it be our lot to mix much with the world, we shall check, hereby, any latent propensity to idleness and idle diversions, and keep aloof from the vicious and foolish fashions of mankind, that, in the greatest solitude, we shall avoid the danger of becoming slaves to our appetites, because we shall have always in our power the means of pleasure and mental conversation, and, above all, that whatever rational, and moral, and religious improvement we shall here make, we are to consider it only as a foundation for further acquisitions: for righteousness is immortal, and to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

“If then, upon the whole, we have good reason to believe it to be the settled purpose of God’s providence, that learning and philosophy properly so called shall ever contribute to the understanding and advancement of true religion, and that the alliance which by nature seems to subsist between the human mind and whatever things are true, and fair, and good, shall always be disordered by ignorance, it becomes the duty of every liberal-minded man to give attendance (according to his leisure and abilities,) to reading to the improvement, that is, of his intellectual faculties; if then of every such man, how much more of him who is purposely appointed to check the progress of wickedness and vice, and to maintain the cause of true religion and virtue.” P. 65.

“With regard, then, to the mysterious parts of our religion, (and mysterious parts one could not but expect in a religion come from Heaven, and addressed to creatures of such confined capacities,) a man of this character being fully persuaded that all the knowledge to be gained of them must be derived from relation, will attend, therefore, principally to the expressions of the inspired writers themselves. Here, however, he will carefully avoid that dangerous, though common, error of considering such expressions separately, but will compare them with the contexts and with each other, and will take an enlarged view of the scope and argument of the author: he will not attempt to refine on what is above his comprehension, or explain, on principles of human philosophy, what he would never have had any notion of, had it not been supernaturally revealed; nevertheless, he will not reject any assistances that can be obtained from the exertions of the human mind, but will be careful that it be exerted in a proper way, and confined within those limits which God has fixed to it.” P. 84.

Sermon III. (from 2 Timothy, ii. 15,) is entitled “The difficulties attending a just explanation of Scripture considered, as they have

arisen from the gradual progress of revealed religion through a length of time." This is not the production of our author, but of Dr. Joshua Berkeley, and is well worthy of a place in the selection, as will appear from the following passages.

"Another important occasion of difficulty in explaining the books of the New Testament, arises from the evidences of Prophecy, which those writings, as the other scriptures had done, carry with them; and which, gradually unfolding themselves, support the cause, and assist the progress of revelation.

"The application of prophecy, is necessarily a matter of great nicety and judgment; requiring also extensive learning and long acquaintance with the prophetic style and manner; particularly, where prophecies, as it is observable often in the New Testament, are blended and incorporated with other subjects. The wonderful agreement of events, as they have sprung up, with the prophecies thus left us, as sacred pledges of the truth of the gospel, has sufficiently explained to us the reasons of the divine economy in this respect.

"II. If the causes assigned were sufficient to introduce obscurities in the earliest period; a great length of time hath at present heightened every former difficulty, while it hath added others nearly as important, and immediately arising from itself. The consideration of these was the second object I had in view.

"A just knowledge of the laws, customs, and manners of foreign nations, is, even to their contemporaries, a matter of great study and attention. It is unnecessary to observe how much more judgment, as well as industry, will be required, when these laws and customs have so long, in a great measure, ceased to have any existence but in description. In these respects, therefore, and in all circumstances affecting the history of nations, every former difficulty has been increased by time, while new ones have arisen immediately from the same cause.

"The divine wisdom, having at the time it thought expedient, withdrawn the gift of Inspiration and sealed the sacred volume; it soon became the grand object of the Christian church to draw the line, and to ascertain with precision, what should be judged to be the genuine work of the Spirit, and what should be admitted as useful to explain the sacred writings, but not received as of equal authority.

"The canon of scripture was at length settled on the clearest evidence, and the strongest proofs of the genuineness of the several writings were laid up for the use of future ages. Such, I mean, as result from the attestation of the great number of transcripts of the original; of ancient versions into the principal languages, which were dispersed through the most distant countries; of citations of many parts of the New Testament occurring in the writings of the first fathers; and of early testimonies of ancient authors, both Jewish and heathen.

"Such evidences having been, by the Divine care, treasured up, which the discretion and industry of future ages, might call forth and avail themselves of, the dark period of ignorance and superstition succeeded. During this period the knowledge of the sacred writings received little cultivation; yet a strong argument of the genuineness of those writings, as we now possess them, may be derived from the history of those times. The oracles of the Old Testament were committed to the Jews, as unsuspecting guardians of those scriptures by which themselves were condemned. In the same manner many of the acknowledged manuscripts of the Greek Testament, and some of the most respectable versions, were intrusted to the church of Rome; which may, had we no other evidence of their genuineness, be hence conceived to have come down to us without any essential corruption; since every page condemns the principles and doctrines of that church, to whose keeping these books had

been delivered, and which, as the Jews had done, was ignorantly fulfilling the prophecies that it thus preserved.

"When the shades of ignorance were dispelled on the revival of letters, divine knowledge had its share of cultivation; and as editions and versions of the scriptures at large, and of those of the New Testament in particular, appeared at different times, new manuscripts were gradually brought out to public notice." P. 121.

Sermon IV. (from Acts, i. 6, 7.) was preached at Bangor. From this we cannot afford room for more than a short extract.

"Is it not matter of serious concern to every Christian, to every Christian minister especially, to vindicate his religion from every injurious imputation? We, my brethren, in particular, should 'be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.'

"To the want of this readiness and ability one may ascribe, in a great measure, at least, the corruption and decay of Christianity in a neighboring kingdom, and too generally all over the continent, if not in our own country likewise. For there, more especially, the profligate church of Rome, taking advantage of the 'dark or middle age,' as it is called, burdened the rational religion of Christ with a load of absurdities, which its very ministers disbelieve; and which the bulk of their philosophers, being but partial and sceptical inquirers after truth, mistake for Christianity itself. And thus, by degrees, have they been sinking into the dregs of materialism and infidelity, and have, at last, in their madness, banished religion from their land.

"But, thanks be to God, 'we have not so learned Christ.' We have embraced his religion upon different principles, and can, I trust, satisfactorily prove it to ourselves and others, to be most rational, most holy, and divine. As to inquirers, of a presumptuous cast, 'who seek to know above what is written,' the best and securest way of dealing with such, is to point out the unreasonableness of their demand, and to expose its absurdity. Nor can this be foreign from the purposes of the present solemnity; for here we are assembled to inculcate, on ourselves and others, the belief and practice of the only pure religion in the world; which it were idle to attempt, without previously removing all possible objection." P. 141.

The following observations are quite as applicable, (if not more so,) to the present times as when they were first delivered.

"Seeing the infinite advantages, as well as the necessity, of subordination in all civilized society, and knowing the peculiar privileges we enjoy from our divine religion, and under our admirable constitution; the glory of its real friends and the envy of its enemies; let us, in the hour of peril, rally, one and all, in our different stations, around that constitution, and faithfully discharge our several duties; being ever ready to lose our lives in preserving that, which our forefathers lost their lives in obtaining. God forbid we should ever degenerate from them! But let us ever rest assured, that those several duties can never be faithfully discharged without a due sense of religion. In this, alas, there is room to fear we are fast degenerating! Within but a few years the grand and petty jury, at our different assizes, were wont to consider it as part of their duty to attend such a solemnity, as the present, and the house of God was filled with his worshippers. 'But now they make light of it, and go their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise,' or are, perhaps, occupied with more frivolous concerns. In the day of danger and affliction our 'fathers trusted in God, and were delivered.'

"It becomes us to be animated by their piety, no less than by their valour:

and the more so, because in these our days a proud, unnatural, irreligious, and most wretched independence has been proposed and recommended, as the first object of desire, to each individual. Yes, we have been told, in contradiction of our daily experience, and notwithstanding the infinitely various inequalities which we see between man and man in mental, as well as corporal, endowments, that we are nevertheless all equal. The reverence and affection, which the sense of inferiority and the consciousness of obligation were intended to create, are now condemned as the effects of a mistaken judgment and an abject spirit; and, in their stead, are introduced discontent, and envy, and conceit, and impatience of all subordination. Loosened therefore are all the ties that bind, not kingdoms only, but families together. And thus, at once, the best security of public peace is shaken, and all the charities of domestic life destroyed, and all its comforts sapped and undermined! Civil society, is, in short, annihilated! But neither is this the whole, nor even the chief part of the evil! this impatience of all dependence of one man upon another is the consequence, only, of a still more diabolical temper, which implies, in fact, an impatience of all dependence even upon God himself. When visited with afflictions, or encompassed with difficulties, we are now no longer to derive comfort from God, and trust in his providence and protection. When we feel, as we must feel in innumerable instances, our own ignorance and infirmity, we are now no longer to look up for direction to the revelation of his will! we are to consider it as wisdom to let loose, unrestrained, every inordinate desire, and as meanness to 'fear Him, who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell!' We are taught, in fact, to say with the fool, there is no God! And when we shall perfectly have learnt this impious and horrible creed, what is the liberty or satisfaction, to which we shall have attained? Why, we may then, without remorse, become every man the instrument of his neighbour's misery, and of his own shame: we may then exchange the firm hope of a blessed immortality for the gloomy idea of annihilation.

"From a system of such consummate wickedness, infamy, and falsehood, let us always pray in the energetic language of the litany of our church, and say from the heart and soul, good Lord, deliver us!" P. 179.

If we had given way to our own inclination we should have extended our quotations, but we have already exceeded the limits which could be conveniently assigned to the review of a single work of small dimensions. Most sincerely do we hope that the pious and aged author may have the satisfaction of witnessing its extensive circulation, not only in the Principality, but throughout the island.

We cannot dismiss this article without noticing the opinion which Dr. Williams (preface, p. ix.) expresses respecting the fate of the Welsh language.

"As to the Welsh language itself, 'the literature of Wales (as Dr. Owen Pughe justly observes) is at this time in the last stage of its decline:' which observation is fully confirmed by Mr. Knight, who says that but 'few scholars now speak the language, fewer still write it; and among the gentry it has long since ceased to be the vernacular tongue.' Had not, indeed, the church service been performed in Welsh in this and a few other parts of the Principality, the language, like the Cornish, would long, ere this, have vanished from the face of the earth.

"Nor will the revival of Eisteddfodau ever bring it into vogue again: for

the most one can expect from the Eisteddfodau is the publishing of some old mss. which not one in a thousand would read; nor, if they did, would understand. No, no; the meridian of the Welsh, both people and language, is gone by, never more to return,

“———fuimus Cambri, fuit Wallia, et ingens
Gloria Cambrorum———.”

There are subjoined two discourses in Welsh, displaying the same unaffected piety, and creating the same interest in the breast of the reader as the others. In the latter, as in the whole book, which, in these days, is a rare quality indeed, we do not think there is a single line calculated to produce any thing approaching to religious disputation.

The Last of the Sophis. A Poem. By C. F. Henningsen, a Minor. London: Longman and Co., 1831.

THIS is, indeed, an age fertile in the production of poetry. In all ranks of life are to be found literary men, and amongst these a great number are professed poets, or the rather, according to our ideas, makers of verses, measurers of epigrams, perpetrators of acrostics; with not a few whose delight would appear to consist in the most servile imitation of the lamented Byron, whose excellencies these literary toad-eaters cannot understand, but whose defects are lauded by them as beauties, and, consequently, are the more glaringly exhibited; as the faults of a manufactured article are more easily discoverable when mounted in tinsel, than when set in gold.

We will not here enter into a discussion of what may be the causes of the dearth of sterling poetry amongst us; though, in our opinion, many things combine to keep down and enslave the glowing spirit of the British muse: for be it remembered that although she sleeps, she yet is mighty, and must, ere long, exhibit a glorious resurrection. Possibly not the slightest obstacle, to any great poetical fame, among the votaries of the art in England, arises from the commercial calculating habits of the people, who are led to believe that every thing which is not deducible from the rules of arithmetic, double and single entry, barter, drawback, profit and loss, is, as a matter of course, unworthy the slightest attention of a lucid understanding: so long as this shall be the case, so long shall we be destitute of any thing like the fervour and grandeur of those writers who once shed a lustre on their age and country.

Poetry flourishes not in the busy haunts of men, but lives and moves and has her being amid the mountains, the vales, the rocks, the woody dells, the streams. She is ever sweet and condescend-

ing, as she is lofty and noble: the halo of her glory is seen hovering not only o'er

"The cloud-clapp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,"

but things less dazzling, though not less interesting, share her capacious heart, and are fostered by her maternal care. Poetry, like sleep, may be truly called "nature's soft nurse:" dear to her is the cry of the infant, the bleating of the lamb, the song of the birds, the chime of holy bells, beneath whose towers

"The pealing anthem swells the note of praise;"

dear the milkmaid's lovelorn ballad, and the village song of honest heartfelt mirth, "*the gun fast thundering, and the winded horn*," the low lament of rustic wo, heard 'mid the shaded oaks, where suffering age is seen with tottering steps, mourning o'er the bier of virgin innocence, its prop and stay,—its hope and pride. All these, and ten thousand other objects, are called up before the magic wand of poetry, who reigns and revels in the abundance and beauty of the universe.

Thanks be to God there are *some* even in the present day (and the author of "*The last of the Sophis*" is amongst them,) who are alive to these inexhaustible stores, and who have evinced that they are so, by the production of poems that will perpetuate their names. Byron was a wonder,—a giant who far surpassed all his contemporaries, as they themselves are ready to admit; yet was the light he shed, however brilliant, but a coruscation, taking a course wild and eccentric as that of the chariot of *Phæbus* under the mad direction of *Phaeton*. Vain, indeed, are the regrets of his fondest admirers, that his genius did not blaze with a flame steady as it was great and wonderful. After him come the names of *Campbell*, *Wordsworth*, *Scott*, *Wilson*, *Crabbe*, and *James Montgomery*: the first of whom is indeed a bard of the heart, and the rest are worthy of an honorable place in the temple of the goddess. Besides these, we have our *Cambrian* queen of song the delightful *Felicia Hemans*, and proud are we to acknowledge her fame as shedding honour on the loved land of our fathers. We have also her of the lofty strain and pastoral lay, *Mary Russell Mitford*. We have *James Hogg*, the untutored and highly gifted bard of Caledonia; and though last, not least, we have the forest minstrels *William and Mary Howitt* who, husband and wife, live together according to God's holy ordinance, and write their sweet verses under the fervid sympathy of their united inspiration.

But the stirring nature of our subject is leading us away from a new and young aspirant to poetic fame, whom we would not, neither could we feel disposed to, neglect.

The poem of "*The last of the Sophis*" will possibly induce our

Cambrian friends to ask why we have introduced it to their notice; we will tell them: the scene of the poem is laid in Persia and Tartary, and our Welsh subscribers are too well versed in antiquity not to know that the ancient Britons were originally an *Asiatic* tribe, the descendants of *Japhet*, who peopled the whole of Western Europe, including the British Isles; and that, therefore, when we place before them a poem founded on historical facts, relating to the history of Persia, we are giving them an account of the soul-stirring actions of those who are connected with them by blood. But this is not our only reason: the inhabitants of Wales, we take it, possess as great a proportion of intelligence as those of any other part of the world, and therefore cannot but feel a great interest in any literary production of general interest; added to which, we will venture to assert that the poem before us possesses very superior claims to their attention, not only from the manner in which it is executed, but from its being the production of a youth *not yet seventeen years of age*. We must confess that, generally speaking, we have an aversion to precocity, whether it be exhibited poetically, scientifically, or otherwise, inasmuch as we have seldom or never known that the flattering promises of very early genius have been fulfilled in riper age; and did we not see, in the volume before us, indications of strong and masterly intellect, together with an extent of attainment that we sincerely believe will, in future, bring forth the worthiest fruit, we would not have entered into its examination.

The scene and action of the poem is in the time of *Nadir*, better known by the name of *Kouli Khan*, who, though sprung from the lowest origin, effected by treachery, murder, and every crime, the summit of human ambition, viz. a throne. He has driven from the country *Mandano*, the last of the line of *Sophi*, or *Sephi*, who seeks an asylum amongst the *Daghistan Tartars*, where he attains high rank and honours, and becomes enamoured of the daughter of their chief, the darkly beautiful *Zuleyda*. *Kouli Khan* having, meanwhile, overrun Asia, turns his arms against the hordes of *Daghistan*, which event, unfortunately, delays the intended marriage of *Mandano* and *Zuleyda*. By the cunning and violence of a pretended *dervise*, *Mandano* is robbed of his betrothed bride. This event, and his natural hatred towards the usurper *Kouli Khan*, give rise to incidents of the story, which are fearful in the extreme, and altogether full of that wild and romantic interest, which is so plentifully scattered through the records of the East, and a knowledge of which gave rise to the equally romantic actions of chivalry in Britain, first evinced, be it remembered, by the renowned *King Arthur* of Wales. But we must lay before our readers a few specimens of our young author's powers, or we might feel inclined to go, in our prosing critical mood, into the pith and marrow of his story, which would be, as regards the sale of the book, ex-

tremely unfair. We prefer therefore to give, in fairness, a few pages at random. The first and second stanzas run thus:

“I long had paused—my lonely lyre
 Had ceased to swell to notes of fire,
 For age, with cold pervading chill,
 Had passed upon its magic thrill.
 But come! again thy murmuring chord
 Must sing that vanished desert horde,
 And lend thy melody, to tell
 A tale o’er which I’ve loved to dwell,
 Till every sound that left thy strings
 Was soft as that the west wind brings
 From Eden, on its airy wings.
 It was the earliest morning hour,
 That dawning down o’er rocky tower,
 And minaret and pinnacle,
 The gazer’s eye might form at will,
 Mid masses rude, round every hill,
 As if those fairy things had laid
 The shapeless rocks around the glade,
 And each in wild confusion strewed—
 To mimic man—in playful mood:
 And as the wave rolled clear and still,
 The mist rode o’er it thick and chill,
 In distant clouds above it twining,
 As if to hide the bright orb shining,
 And yet in vain the flashes play
 With many a mingled tint and ray,
 As if within that deep sunshine
 The trace of something more divine
 Were left, and that it seemed to say,
 Thus, through the mist of earth and clay—
 The soul will mix with brighter day!

Far o’er the flashing waters, mark
 The Tartar’s homeward-veering bark,
 Which dash to dash above that sea
 Darts like the wild swan merrily,
 And shoots, beneath the skilful hand,
 Like sea-bird to the distant land;
 But he must struggle hard as yet
 Who guides it, ere his foot is set
 On shore, for breaking round the bay,
 Where many a rock projecting lay,
 High dashed the shivered waves in spray,—
 An instant, and the stranger drew,
 With stalwart arm, his frail canoe
 The danger of the breakers through,
 And moored it in a silent creek,
 That fitted well such light caïque.
 Both slight was he, of make and form,
 Yet dusk-like hues before the storm,
 When mingled dark and light on high,
 Sweep slowly changing o’er the sky,

His raven eye glanced full and free,
And yet it spoke all haughtily,
When glancing through those long silk lashes—
As lightning through the forest dashes,—
Dark too his brow, and mingled there
Were passion's furrowing hues of care,
And high adventure in his air.
Too haughty he for Tartar race
In mien, and features of the face;
His eye more wild, his glance more bold,
Had deemed them else of Persian mould." P. 7.

The casual reader will, doubtless, remark that the style of Mr. Henningsen is an imitation of the *Giaour*, or *Bride of Abydos* of Byron; but let such an individual read, as we have done, the poem carefully through, and he will then see that, however the author may occasionally have fallen into this favorite school, there are, in other places, strong proofs of a full, rich, and original vein of poetical ore, which it will require only time and study to develop and display. At the same time, Mr. Henningsen must bear in mind that we are against any continuance, in his future labours, of an imitation of even so great a poet as Byron; who, although he is to be studied, yet it must be rather with the intent of analyzing the singular construction of his powerful genius, and fathoming the depths of his extraordinary mind, than for the purpose of imitating him, however successfully. We do not mean to say that the latter has been the object of our youthful writer; but we think it not out of season to caution him against falling into an error, which has frequently been a stumblingblock to the progress of poetical powers, which would otherwise have met with their due meed of fame. We will further tell him that he has no need to copy even the first of our modern bards. He will find, or we are much mistaken, when he shall have had the experience of a few more years, that close study, and looking abroad into the great book of nature, will effect for him what all the imitative powers in the world could never secure. We are the more inclined to this opinion as even, already, he has evidently studied and reflected in a manner that would do credit to a riper age, as appears by the following stanza.

"Well, I have wondered oft how man
Will shorten life's contracted span,
To call himself, perchance, the lord
Of some unruly tribe or horde;
But, such the passion, such the rage,
Till chills ambition's fire with age;
Himself the offspring of an hour,
Forgotten, like the trampled flower
We prize when fresh and bloomingly
Its hue and odour meet the eye;

Then left to lie amid decay,
 The cold consuming insects' prey:
 Yet such a thing will care for aught,
 And pass through scenes, with peril fraught,
 That others of their name may deem,
 When they and theirs are like a dream,
 And years have cast their dusky veil
 Around the half-forgotten tale.
 Yes, gain, or honour's magic word,
 Will bid him rush through wave and sword,
 Thus, Nadir flushed with victory came,
 To tear another palm from fame;
 But here, for foemen groweth none,
 And all that tyrant hand hath won
 In this wild nursery of the brave,
 Hath been destruction or a grave,—
 Yet, thousands rushing with the crest
 Whose sun hath never been depressed,
 With conquering Kouli for their lord,
 May crush a lonely desert horde." P. 28.

From this we will turn to the terrific description of battle, where our young author seems as much at home, as if he had himself witnessed a campaign among the irregular warriors of the East.

"‘Up, up!’ said Sadi, and we rose
 Like tiger darting on his foes;
 One fearful blaze from rock to rock,
 While earth seemed quivering with the shock;
 And deafening cry, and horrid shriek,
 And thunders volleying from the peak,
 That shewed beneath their crimson light,
 The Tartars starting to the fight;
 From every crag there is a flash—
 Then down the mountain warriors dash,
 And all was mixed in one wild crash:
 As hurled the foremost warriors fell,
 Food for the vultures of the dell.
 Again they paused, again the roar
 Spread wider, louder than before;
 For joining wildly band to band
 In conflict mix, the sword in hand,
 And jar the sabres as they clash,
 And o’er the night the carbines flash;
 And riding on their burning breath,
 Shoot forth the messengers of death.
 In vain, such arms too slowly kill,
 The carnage must be wider still;
 And hatred deadlier aim the blow
 Than parted from their burning glow:
 Thus armed by fury on they go,
 Here friends to friends, here foes to foes;
 Till one loud cry of ‘Omar!’ rose,
 That cry so often heard in fight,
 ‘The sign of foeman’s death or flight.

To Nadir and his turbaned ranks,
That cry was heard on Ganges' banks;
And in the meadows of Kashmere,
Omen of conquest, death and fear;
But here thou art on freedom's land,
And answering to thy cry, the brand
Starts only wider from its sheath. * *” P. 38.

We will extract but one passage more, where Mandano, after the rescue and death of his beloved Zuleyda, returns to his mountain home, Daghistan.

“I sought my native land again;
The mountain snow, the desert plain
Were passed with scarcely wearying speed,
Till death bereft me of my steed;
He bore me many a hundred league,
At last, exhausted by fatigue,
He died beside a mountain lake,
Too tardy reached his thirst to slake.
I wept, the only living thing
Whose love on earth to me would cling,
Was gone; 'twas but a horse, indeed,
But oh! it was a gallant steed
For fire, and restlessness, and speed;
To me in flight, or battle true,
One only lord it owned and knew.
A wanderer in the wilderness,
Exchanged with me his tattered dress,
Thus I again my road pursued,
O'er loveliest path and solitude,
And near unseen by eyes of men,
Again I reach thee, Daghistan.” P. 90.

We are sorry that our space will not admit of our dwelling further upon the merits of this sweetly told poem. There is a spirit about it that reminds us of our own early career, when, in the fresh green morning of our days, we sung, in ecstasy, “our native wood notes wild,” and when every enjoyment of life fell, grateful as the mountain dew, upon our delighted senses; when we awoke, but in delight, and lay down in peace and happiness. If envy formed a part of our souls, which, thank heaven, it doth not, we could grudge to this young and gifted minstrel the fervid feelings he doubtless enjoys. We have been told that he is, at present, employed upon a poem on a highly interesting and popular subject, the scenes of which are more familiar to European ideas and tastes; and which, if we are not misinformed, will be found to contain bolder and loftier flights of his muse, than are presented in the pages before us. *Go on and prosper* is our sincere hope and counsel: let him but study earnestly and deeply the great models of verse, Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Shakspeare, (especially the two latter, whom every British poet should read a portion of *daily*),

and we have no doubt that, when *Frederic Henningsen* shall have reached the age of five and twenty, the world will have hailed him as the regenerator of a school of poetry, amongst us, which has too long been a *desideratum* rather wished than hoped for, and that he will have become, alike the pride of his family and friends, and an honour to the literature of his country. Proud, indeed, shall we be at such a result; when the idea that we may have been the humble means of stimulating his exertions, will be, to us, one of the proudest reflections we can enjoy.

Eminent British Military Commanders. Life of Oliver Cromwell. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

LET the traveller, in passing through the wild and picturesque scenery of Wales, reflect that the mouldering ruins, which frequently meet his eye, are many of them the sad memorials of civil war and bloodshed; that the object of his research is often the tomb of the warrior; and that the peaceful vale, upon which he casts a contemplative glance, has been the awful scene of murder; and when the reader thus feels that the bosom of our Principality contains these mournful relics of civil war, he will know why we possess a more than ordinary interest in the subject of this memoir. Our country, to our mind, is as a picture upon which we discern the tints of darkness and of misery, or the pleasing hues of cheerfulness and of comfort; and we are sure we need not say that we have so warm an interest in its welfare, that, when far distant from the blissful scenes of our nativity, imagination and recollection afford us our happiest hours in the contemplation of whatever tends to affect the welfare of fair Cambria. It is with these feelings, in all their grateful freshness, that we enter upon a brief review of the life of one, the roar of whose artillery echoed long and fearfully around our mountain homes.

The pages before us inform us that the renowned Oliver Cromwell (as our readers well know) was lineally descended from Sir Oliver Cromwell, a Welsh gentleman, of ancient stock, who exchanged the name of Williams for that of Cromwell, on his marriage with a sister of Thomas, earl of Essex. Our readers will need, therefore, no apology for our notice of the military life of this most extraordinary character, whose important career must retain its place as an immortal feature in the history of Great Britain. We should have preferred the more usual course of connecting the distinct qualities of a statesman and warrior under one notice; but following the plan which the author of the book before us has thought it proper to pursue, and for which he gives a reason, in the first

page of the work, we shall confine our remarks to the latter, not less brilliant, characteristic of this prodigy of the past.

Oliver Cromwell lived in an age when the military power of England was vested in that class of persons, whose services were required only when the immediate exigences of the state called them into exercise; the era of standing armies had not then commenced, and the troubles of that period brought into existence a new, and perhaps, as this country has long been and is now situated with regard to her foreign policy, a more suitable arrangement. We are quite certain, that dependent as England, at this time, was upon the nerve and honesty of its yeomen, the groundwork of the protector's power was framed, and his primary successes may be attributed to the zeal and firmness of his ironsided troops, as well as in their unbounded confidence in the talent of their leader, and their belief in the righteousness of their cause, added to his promptitude in raising troops for the service of the parliament. There appears to have been a judgment in the selection of his recruits, which, at all times, gave him a decided superiority over his enemies in the field; while Cook says, that "most of Cromwell's men were freeholders and freeholders' sons, who, upon matter of conscience, engaged in the quarrel, and being well armed within by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would, as one man, stand firmly, and charge desperately."

Cromwell's genius, thus supported, had ample opportunity of proving itself, and, accordingly, we find him, after raising the standard of revolt, by suddenly surprising and taking the castle of Cambridge, in 1642, with his usual boldness of character, acting a prominent part in the first attitude of defiance assumed between the parliament and the king. The following extract conveys a very clear idea of this important and disastrous alternative.

"Though there were still an apparent reluctance on both sides to make the final appeal to the sword, the king on the one hand, and the parliament on the other, began, as soon as Cromwell's proceedings obtained publicity, to assume an attitude of defiance. Charles, without assigning any specific reason for the act, issued an order of array, which was conveyed to the sheriffs of the several counties, and, in part, at least, carried into effect. The parliament, again, passed an act, by which it was declared high treason to take up arms, except by virtue of a warrant signed by the speaker. This was followed by a commission, authorising the earl of Essex and others to raise men for the service of the state; and hence almost every town, village, and hamlet, throughout England, exhibited the melancholy spectacle of a place of military muster. Cromwell did not wait for any definite instructions touching the mode of procedure necessary in such a case. With the indifference to responsibility which is not often acquired, except by a lengthened exercise of delegated power, he moved rapidly into Hertfordshire, where he seized the high sheriff when in the act of reading a proclamation in which lord Essex, with his abettors and adherents, were pronounced traitors. He then passed into Suffolk, where the friends of the king were exerting themselves to enrol troops

for the service of their master; and made prisoners, at Lowestoffe, of Sir Thomas Barber, Sir John Peters, and twenty other gentlemen of distinction. His activity and zeal were not slow in attracting the notice of the parliament. A colonel's commission was granted to him, and, besides being authorised to increase his troop to a regiment of horse, he was joined with lord Manchester in the chief command of the six associated counties; Essex, Hertford, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon." P. 224.

The army of Charles, after the failure of an attempt to surprise Hull, proceeded to Nottingham, and from thence, marching westward, and skirting the borders of Wales, arrived, in October, at Shrewsbury, where his numbers were augmented to about 10,000. This oblique movement having turned the position of Essex's army, at Northampton, which amounted to 15,000 men, obliged him to take up a new line at Worcester, parallel with the royal army; but the latter, by a masked and rapid movement, passed Essex before he was aware of their leaving Shrewsbury, and halted, for the night, at Edgecoat. On the 23d of October the battle of Edgehill was fought, which was not decisive to either party, but gives rise to doubt and conjecture, and serves, as one of those circumstances in history, to probe into, and investigate the secret principles of men's actions.

The cause of Cromwell's absence from the field has never been satisfactorily accounted for. Party feelings have given a prejudicial interpretation, when, perhaps, the real circumstances which have given rise to a stigma, on one side, of cowardice, and on the other of political jealousy, have been obscured by the conflicting statements which have been made. We should be much more ready to ascribe the latter cause, than to assign the former; the intrepidity of Cromwell's character resting upon too firm a foundation to be shaken by the mere *possibility* of such being the case; nor do we think it fair to presume on such a feeble supposition, against such a host of opposite proofs. We will, however, allow the writer to give his own opinion.

"In the battle of Edgehill, which, as our readers cannot be ignorant, ended without awarding a decisive victory to either party, Oliver Cromwell took no share. According to some accounts his absence from the field was inevitable, and proved a source of deep mortification to himself; according to others, he purposely kept aloof, from motives either of personal fear or political jealousy. 'He, with his troop of horse,' says Lord Holles, 'came not in; impudently and ridiculously affirming, the day after, that he had been all that day seeking the army and place of fight, though his quarters were but at a village near hand, whence he could not find his way, nor be directed by his ear, when the ordnance was heard, as I have been credibly informed, twenty or thirty miles off.' How far this statement may be credited, coming as it does from an avowed enemy, we are not called upon to decide; but if the future protector did absent himself from the battle, when he might have done otherwise, it were worse than childish to attribute the circumstance to personal fear. It may be, however, that here, as well as elsewhere, Cromwell permitted affairs to take their course, because he saw that the whole merit of a victory which it rested with him to secure, would be awarded to another; and if so, then

is his conduct strictly in agreement with that deep and resolute selfishness, for which we have already given, and shall again find ample cause to give him credit." P. 227.

The method employed by Cromwell to try the firmness of his troops, is amusing and highly characteristic of the subtlety of his mind: this is particularly mentioned by *Heath*. United with the bold features of Cromwell's character, we find a chivalrous daring which threw off the common disguise assumed by many of the parliamentary leaders, who affected to fight for "King and Parliament," even while the first was in the field against them; unwilling to mislead his men by this subterfuge of expression, he tells them that "if the king chanced to be in the body of the enemy, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man, and, if their consciences would not let them do the like, he advised them not to list themselves under him." Thus did this great leader win the hearts of his followers, and convey to their individual feelings the properties of his own enthusiastic and vigorous mind. At Grantham, a flying corps of cavalry, of double his own number, were routed with considerable loss; and meeting the main body of a light and independent army under General Cavendish, of which the corps of cavalry already routed formed a part, the impetuosity of his attack completely disordered them, and they were all, including the general himself, put to the sword. The battle of Marston Moor next followed, the result of which forms an important epoch in the history of Cromwell, whose successes upon this occasion appear to have excited the jealousy of the Scottish generals Crawford and Hollis, who claimed for themselves the merit of the victory, and accused Cromwell of personal cowardice. To investigate the conflicting statements respecting these dissensions, would lead us out of our present views, and to whichever of the generals the greatest merit may be awarded, the results were fatal to the interest of Charles in the north.

The defeat of Waller at Copsedy Bridge, and the surrender of the army of Essex in Cornwall, discomfited the parliamentarians, although it did not depress their ardour, and they hastened once more to place the forces of the latter in a state to renew the contest: we cannot help here alluding to the unfortunate lenity of Charles, in granting such easy terms to his vanquished opponents. Actions such as these eventually ruined him. His personal friends, Warwick and Clarendon, attribute the act to constitutional clemency, while our author assigns the event to a mistaken and short-sighted policy; but, with deference to each of these authorities, we go further, and attribute such an oversight to that natural imbecility of character which prevented the unhappy monarch from acting with the firmness and decision which the events of that period so particularly required.

While the royal army was retreating secretly towards Oxford,

after their defeat at Newbury, Cromwell urged the Earl of Manchester to allow him to make a forward movement with his cavalry, and, in consequence of the earl's refusal to comply with his request, a "bitter recrimination" and distrust arose between them. This occurrence produced some very important civil, as well as military, results, as will be seen in the following extract:

"Cromwell was not remiss in endeavouring to counterwork those whom, with great truth, he regarded as his natural enemies. By the exercise of extraordinary finesse, he brought forward and successfully carried through the Self-denying Ordinance,—a measure which deprived of military authority every individual belonging to the peerage, by declaring it inexpedient for any member of the great council to absent himself, under any pretext whatever, from his duties in parliament. The principle of the bill was not, indeed, admitted till after much bitter recrimination had passed between Cromwell and his late commander, the earl of Manchester; during the progress of which they mutually accused one another of disaffection to the great cause, and even of backwardness in the hour of danger; but it received, at length, the sanction of both houses, and the men of greatest experience hitherto employed under the parliament, the earls of Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh, laid down, in consequence, their commissions." P. 249.

Dissimulation formed a strong trait in the character of Cromwell, and sometimes a low cunning appears to have affected his judgment. We can understand well how ordinary men act under such mean impulses, but we expect and even feel disappointed and angry with human nature, when ambition unites with despicable malice, and the hero condescends to maim his enemy by treachery and guile. We regard Cromwell's character as one of the most striking combinations of dissimilar qualities that history can afford us: human nature seems to have been capricious at his birth, and to have been undetermined whether she would produce a monster or a god; for his mind exhibited a power, majesty, and resolution almost more than human, while, at the same time, there existed deformities that ought to be the qualities of only the lowest classes of mind. The age was one of fanaticism and hypocrisy: for although in many was found the purest enthusiasm, in others was seen the vilest deceit. It probably was a fashion of the time to be mysterious and unmeaning, and, therefore, it may be that greatness, like that of Cromwell, fell into the error of its opposite, of employing obscure means when its own more illustrious principles would have sought the brightest paths that truth and sincerity could have afforded.

Cromwell, after a series of successes, for a particular detail of which we must refer the reader to the memoir itself, returned, with the warm welcome of his party, to his seat in parliament;—we will give the writer's own words:

"We shall not pause to describe the nature of the reception with which Cromwell was welcomed back to his place in the house of Commons. Let it suffice to state that, in addition to a grant of £25000 a year, to be paid to him and his children for ever, out of the lands lately belonging to the Marquess of

Winchester, it was ordered that the lieutenant-general be recommended as a fit person to receive the honour of the peerage; and that the king be requested to create him a baron, with a right of succession to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten. This was, indeed, a strange decree for an assembly to pass which bore arms against the very sovereign whom they still treated as the fountain of honour; and it fell, as indeed it could not but fall, absolutely to the ground. Nevertheless, it stands on record a veritable witness of the respect in which Cromwell was then held by all parties; more especially by that which, within a brief space afterwards, was doomed to suffer total annihilation at his hands." P. 262.

How much we are reminded by this passage of the inconsistency of human character; the Self-denying Ordinance act is here set at nought in spirit and in deed, by the creation of the lieutenant general to be a baron of the realm. The republican Cromwell becomes a peer, a member of that aristocracy which he contemned, and had taken every opportunity of humiliating during the whole course of his career. These inconsistencies of conduct, however, occur so frequently upon our pages of history that, although they cease to create our surprise, they cannot fail to excite our regret; that patriotism and public duty should commonly yield to the dictates of self-interest.

The king, after a series of disasters, shut himself up in Oxford; from whence, being closely pressed on all sides, he escaped, on the 5th of May, 1656, either from the treachery of Rainsburgh, or, more probably, through the connivance of Cromwell. Attended only by two humble friends, he arrived at the head-quarters of the Scottish army, before Newark, which led to a dispute between the Scotch and English parties, as to the disposal of the royal captive; but a vote of the house, and a bribe of £100,000 brought him into the hands of the enemy, to the eternal disgrace of Leslie, the Scottish general.

Retaining more strongly than ever the affection of the army, Cromwell could bid defiance to his enemies; and for his own protection, and the furtherance of his ambitious views, he excited in their minds a jealousy of the government, and induced them to assert their rights, and, "as the champions of public freedom, to take part in the deliberations of government."

While the king was deliberating upon the overtures of the three parties, and foolishly making no concealment of the contempt in which he held them, the circumstance occurred which was the forerunner, and probably the cause, of his ultimate unhappy fate. The narrative is taken from the memoirs of Lord Broghil, and is stated to be written in Cromwell's own words.

"The reason of an inclination to come to terms with him, (the king), said Cromwell, 'was, we found the Scots and Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and were strenuously endeavouring to strike up an agreement with the king, and leave us in the lurch; wherefore we thought to prevent them, by offering more reasonable conditions. But while we were

busied with these thoughts, there came a letter to us from one of our spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, acquainting us that our final doom was decreed that day: what it was he could not tell, but a letter was gone to the queen with the contents of it, which letter was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle; and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock the following night, to the Blue Boar inn, in Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. The messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some one in Dover did. We were then in Windsor; and, immediately on the receipt of the letter from our spy, Ireton and I resolved to take a trusty fellow with us, and, in troopers' habits, to go to the inn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn to watch. The gate was shut, but the wicket was open, and our man stood to give us notice when any one came with a saddle on his head. Ireton and I sat in a box near the wicket, and called for a can of beer, and then another, drinking in that disguise till ten o'clock, when our sentinel gave us notice that the man with the saddle was come; upon which we immediately rose; and when the man was leading out his horse saddled, we came up to him with our swords drawn, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but that, as he looked like an honest fellow, we would only search his saddle, which we did, and found the letter we looked for. On opening it, we read the contents, in which the king acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both the factions—the Scots, the Presbyterians, and the army; that which of them bid fairest for him should have him; that he thought he could close sooner with the Scots than with the other. Upon which we speeded to Windsor; and, finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms with the king, we resolved to ruin him.'” P. 268.

We shall give one more extract, illustrative of the inflexibility of Cromwell's character, and of his determination to obtain the highest station in the realm, at the sacrifice of those virtues and principles which are supposed to be the attributes of a sincere Christian, or of a humane man.

“The reasons which have induced us to remain silent respecting events so memorable, operate to hinder our giving any detail of the numerous and pressing attempts made by individuals and nations to bring over the subject of this memoir, even in part, to the royal cause. It is well known how his cousin, Colonel Cromwell, laid before him a sheet of paper, with the signature of the Prince of Wales alone inscribed on it, leaving it to himself to supply the blank, provided only the king's life were saved. It is equally well known how powerfully the proposal moved him; and how desperate was the struggle between a lesser and a greater ambition, before the latter prevailed. But Cromwell felt, or fancied that he had already gone so far, that to retreat in safety was impracticable. The envoy, who had withdrawn to his inn, to await there the decision of his relative, received a message, long after midnight, that he might retire to rest; and on the day following, Charles I. perished upon the scaffold.” P. 273.

We know that mildness, and benevolence and mercy, are found in unison with a dauntless heart; that the hero who has witnessed unmoved the streams overflowing with the mingled blood of friends and foes, and that desolation and misery which are ever the offspring of war, is often possessed of the most tender traits of character, and combines all the qualifications of mind and of disposition to render him the centre of domestic bliss, and the warm

and generous friend; but we seek in vain, in the cold and stoical heart of Cromwell, for some general display of that benignant feeling which is indicative of philanthropy, or even of common sympathy. The warrior appears to have thrown aside the scabbard, and ever to have retained within his grasp the uplifted sword.

The character of Cromwell, and the circumstances which marked his career of glory correspond, in some particulars, with that of the great Napoleon. Raised from a comparatively low sphere upon the ruins of hereditary greatness, they both achieved their triumphs, and immortalized their names. Absolute empire was their ruling passion, making desolation its shadow: jealousy towards their most devoted adherents, and distrust of their most faithful servants clung to both; causing them to denounce or banish those who were ready to risk every hazard in their service. The progress of "the lion," and the flight of "the eagle," were alike arrested. Cromwell, at last, distrusted all mankind, even his nearest and dearest connexions; while the once proud emperor of many nations died on an isolated rock, and was buried by Britons, to whom, alone, amongst his numerous enemies, he would surrender himself. Both had been great; both fell; the one a prey to religious scruples, acting upon a shaken constitution; the other a victim to his mad and untameable ambition.

We have been very much instructed and pleased with the perusal of Mr. Gleig's memoir of Oliver Cromwell, and we are unwilling to make any remark which should in the least degree detract from the merit of so useful a publication as the one before us; but history generally has been a distorter of facts, and our present historians prefer the old and beaten track in preference to candour and originality. We are led to make these observations because, in perusing them, as well as other memoirs of the times, no mention has been made of the services of Lord Byron, an ancestor of our illustrious deceased poet, whose efforts on behalf of the royal cause, were great and successful upon many occasions; and we have, in former numbers, published an old narrative of the civil war in Wales, as well as some letters relating to the siege of Chester,* wherein he appears to have taken a distinguished part; in fact, in many manuscript accounts, such mention has been made of his name, as to place it beyond doubt that, in the western parts of the country, he must have been a faithful and gallant leader on the side of Charles.

In the lives of eminent statesmen, we shall welcome the name of Cromwell, because a review of him under that character will, we conceive, afford us a more extended field for reflection upon his intellect and habits, than on his military life, as well as a more interesting subject for the perusal of our readers. With these remarks we close our cursory examination of the martial career of Oliver Cromwell.

* No. I. p. 60. No. II. p. 150.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Gwyliedydd, (Watchman,) the Number for December contains, the Arts in Ancient Times, continued; the Oak; Errors in the Welsh Bible; Substance for Musical Instruments; Welsh Orthography; Game Laws; Memoir of Rev. John Jenkins, continued; Wilson the Artist; on Yew Trees in churchyards; Letter from America; Essay on Drunkenness; List of Welsh Books, by the Rev. Moses Williams; &c. &c.

Seren Gomer (Gomer's Star,) for December contains: Lecture on Liberty, Society, and Government, delivered before the Cymmrodorion Society; Memoir of R. Davie Dollydon; Welsh Literature, and Caerfollweh's Memorial to the Bishop on the Welsh Orthography; London Eisteddfod; Ode to Dr. Owen Pughe; Ode; Rothsay Castle.

Y Cymmro (the Welshman,) for December, among other articles contains a Lecture on *Awsaflaeth* (Hydrostatics); the Form of the British Government; Advice to Youth; Philosophy of the Bishops in Parliament; the Virtue of the Bond of Society; Perseverance; Diligence; Welsh Orthography.

"Church Revenues Revealed, or the True Origin of Tithes. In reply to a Pamphlet published by the Rev. J. W. Trevor. Addressed to Rate Payers."
By OWEN OWEN ROBERTS.

Just published, the first Three Numbers, (to be completed in thirty Numbers,) of *"the Elements of Arithmetic, in the Welsh Language."* By JOHN WILLIAM THOMAS, of Caernarvon. To consist also of Logarithms, Mensuration, Geometry, Trigonometry, Spherics, Navigation, and Algebra; and to be illustrated with plates.

Lately published, in 1 vol. 18mo., *"The Gift, or Literary Selections, in prose and verse."* Brigstoke, Caermarthen.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to present the Rev. John Hughes, Incumbent of St. Michael's, Aberystwith, to the Prebendal Stall of Nantgunllo, in the Collegiate Church of Brecon, vacant by the death of the Rev. B. Newton.

The archdeacon and chapter of Landaff have presented the Rev. Hugh Williams, M.A., of Landaff, to the vicarage of Llanarth, Monmouthshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Francis Homfray, M.A.

The Rev. Thomas Edmondes, curate of Cowbridge, has been presented by the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, to the Rectory of Ashley, in Cambridgeshire. The Rev. Owen Jenkins, chaplain to the High Sheriff, succeeds to the curacy of Cowbridge.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to collate the Rev. D. A. Williams, master of the grammar school, in Caermarthen, to the Vicarage of Llangadock, with a chapelry annexed, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Augustus Brigstocke.

The Rev. Charles Williams, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and son of the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Cowbridge, has been appointed Head Master of Ruthin School, North Wales. His predecessor was among the unfortunate sufferers in the Rothsay Castle. Mr. Williams got a first and second class at Oxford.

The Rev. J. E. Hughes, B.A. curate of Ruabon, has been collated to the augmented perpetual curacies of Llangwstenyn and Eglwys Rhôe, near Conway, in the county of Caernarvon. Patron, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to institute the Rev. W. Bowen, P. C. of Emasharold and curate of Kentchurch, in Herefordshire, to the vicarage of Hay, in the county of Brecon, on the presentation of Mrs. Macnamara; and the Rev. Charles Maybery to the rectory of Penderin, Breconshire, on the

presentation of William Wynter, esq. M.D. of Brecon. His lordship has also been pleased to collate the Rev. John Evans, curate of St. Cleares, to the vicarage of Langan, in the county of Caermarthen, vacant by the death of the late vicar, John Evans, clerk.

On the 2d of October the Lord Bishop of Llandaff was pleased to institute the Rev. Hugh Williams, M.A. to the vicarage of Llanarth, Monmouthshire, and the Rev. Daniel Jones, M.A. to the vicarage of Caerleon, in the same county.

The Lord Bishop of Llandaff held an ordination in the cathedral at Llandaff during the same month, when the following candidates were ordained:

Priests: George Gore, M.A. of Emanuel College, Cambridge; Thomas Davies, B.A. of Jesus College, Oxford; William Henry Tudor, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; Thomas Wall Langshaw, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge; Thomas Beavan, of St. David's College, Lampeter; William Price, of the same; Thomas John Griffiths, *literati*.

Deacons: Edward Bosanquet, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Arthur Williams, *literati*; David James, *literati*; Edward Price, *literati*.

Ordination. On the 18th of December, the Lord Bishop of the diocese held an ordination in the cathedral church of Bangor. An eloquent and impressive sermon from 2d Corinthians, vi. 3, 4, was delivered by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar of Caernarvon, and one of his lordship's chaplains, at the conclusion of which his lordship proceeded to ordain the following gentlemen to priests and deacons' orders.

Priests: Rev. Edward Evans, A.B. St. Catherine hall, Cambridge; Rev. Joshua Hughes, (lit.) St. David's College, Lampeter, (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of St. David's.)

Deacons: Hugh Jones, A.B. Trinity College, Dublin; Jenkin Jones, B.A. St. John's College, Cambridge, (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of St. Asaph;) David Edwards, (Lit.) St. David's College, Lampeter, (by letters dimissory from the Bishop of St. David's.)

The annual meeting of the subscribers within the Archdeaconry of Brecknock, for the benevolent purpose of contributing towards the support of the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, was held at Brecknock in October last. A sermon was preached on the occasion, at St. Mary's church, by the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, M.A., Rector of Llandefaillog, from Galatians, vi. 10, "As we have therefore an opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith;" a liberal subscription was made at the church doors.

Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The annual meeting of this association was held at Dolgelly, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of October. It was most numerously attended, and the decency and quietness of demeanour, displayed by the multitude of labouring people from the country, was creditable to their moral and religious character. Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, the association assembled in the Presbyterian chapel, where sermons were delivered by the following ministers: October 5th, six A.M., Rev. David Thomas, Acts, xx. 24; Rev. John Hughes, Matthew, xvi. 17. October 6th, six P.M. Rev. Thomas Jones, John, xii. 32; Rev. John Prytherch, Proverbs, i. 33; ten P.M. Rev. John Evans, Titus, ii. 11, 12; Rev. John Jones, Hebrews, xii. 4; Rev. Henry Rees, Zedekiah, ii. 1, 2, 3; two A.M. Rev. William Haward, Exodus, xxxiii. 14; Rev. Robert Evans, 1st Corinthians, viii. 13; Rev. H. Gwalchmai, 1st John, iii. 2; Rev. Evan Griffith, Deuteronomy, iv. 7; Rev. John Elias, Psalms, xlv. 3, 4, 5; six A.M. Rev. Robert Roberts, Hebrews, ii. 3; Rev. H. Rees, Ezekiel, xxxiii. 10, 11. October 7th, seven P.M. Rev. Owen Jones, John, iii. 19; Rev. John Elias, 2d Corinthians, v. 17.

LAMPETER COLLEGE.

The following prizes were, at the last examination, awarded in St. David's College, Lampeter:

For the best English essay on the following subject: "The evidences of religion are such that if any persons of a candid mind were to lay down beforehand what would be the most prevailing inducements to his belief of a Revelation, he

could not, I think, mention any other in kind than such as we find we possess." A prize of ten pounds, given by John S. Harford, esq., of Blaise Castle, awarded to William Harries, (of Llandilo, now curate of Llandawke and Pendine).

For the Latin essay: "Quicumque concedit omnia a sapientissima opifice condita, is hominem, omnium operum visibillum caput et decus, digni et congrui finis capacem factum esse dubitare non poterit." A prize of ten pounds, given by Mr. Harford, to William Hughes, of Eglwysrw.

For the best Welsh essay: "Effeithiau y gel fyddyd o argraphu ar gyflwr dynolryw." A prize of ten pounds,—five pounds given by R. S. Jones, esq., of Dery Ormond, and five pounds added out of the College fund,—to Evan Morgan, now curate of St. Alban's Chapel, Tyglyn.

For the best Hebrew examination: a prize of ten pounds,—five pounds by the Rev. J. W. Morris, head master of Ystradmeurig, &c., and five pounds out of the College fund,—William Harries, of Llandilo, now curate of Llandawke and Pendine.

For the best Classical examination: a prize of ten pounds, given by Mr. Harford, William James, of Cardigan.

For the best examination in Euclid: a prize of one sovereign, given by the Rev. J. Jones, of Penlan,—David Evans, of Taeleach, late of Cowbridge school.

EISTEDDFOD.

It is in contemplation to hold an *Eisteddfod* at Beaumaris next autumn, under the immediate patronage of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, who intends to fit up the spacious hall in the castle for the occasion; the very spot (tradition tells us,) of the alleged massacre of the bards by Edward. Nothing as yet has been agreed on, but we hope to publish the subjects for competition in our next number. Sir Richard Bulkeley and the patriotic Sir Edward Mostyn, as well as several other influential persons connected with the Principality, have subscribed liberally towards rendering the meeting a very splendid one.

CORONER FOR MERIONETHSHIRE.

On the 20th of October a special County court was held at Bala, for the purpose of electing a Coroner for the county of Merioneth, when Edward Williams, esq., of that town, surgeon, proposed by R. W. Price, esq. of Rhewlas, and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Llanderfel, was elected.

THE ARMY.

In the Gazette of the 18th of October, we notice the promotion of Lieut. William Roberts, of the 91th regiment, eldest son of the Rev. W. Roberts, of Gally Beren, to the rank of captain, by purchase, in that corps.

CATTLE SHEW AT TREDEGAR.

Sir C. Morgan's Cattle shew, held lately, at Tredegar, Monmouthshire, was, as usual, well attended. The stock exhibited amounted to upwards of one hundred. The umpire appointed to award the prizes was Mr. A. D. Jones, of Court Calmore, Montgomeryshire, who is well known as a judge of stock; and his being a complete stranger to every competitor, induced Sir Charles to send for him to be umpire on this occasion. After the show, about ninety gentlemen dined together: upwards of thirty cups were awarded for cattle and sheep; and premiums were awarded for the best turkeys, geese, ducks, and fowls; and for having the greatest number of hives of bees in 1831.

TWTFIL CROMLECH.

The remains of Twtfil Cromlech, in the parish of Holyhead, was lately totally destroyed by the falling of a stupendous rock, which overhung it. Count Raymond visited the Cromlech about three years ago, and judged it to be of a more modern

structure than that at Plas Newydd, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesey, but that it was more ancient than the Saxon invasion.

THE SLATE TRADE.

Since the repeal of the obnoxious duties, the Slate trade of Caernarvonshire has increased rapidly and steadily. Increased demand has naturally produced a rise in price, to the extent of from five to ten shillings per thousand upon the different denominations of slates manufactured in that county.

MERTHYR TYDVIL.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have declared against the Union societies of the colliers, miners, and others of the Welsh founders. They require all their brethren immediately to separate from them. The Merthyr Tydvil workmen have very generally abandoned the clubs, and returned to their work. Great praise is due to the masters, for their liberality and good sense displayed towards the returning workmen. "The latter (says the *Cambrian*, of the 25th of November,) were received, without reproach, at their former wages, and money was advanced to enable them to resume operations." Trade continues miserably dull.

The commissioners of Police in London have sent down qualified persons in order to establish a new police in Merthyr Tydvil. We understand that it is in contemplation to establish a full and efficient police on the same plan as other large cities and towns.

THE LOUPING ILL.

The Highland Society having offered a premium for a statement of well authenticated facts relative to the disease in sheep, known in the Border districts by the name of Louping Ill, two essays were received, and have been published by the Society in their Quarterly Prize Essays and Transactions. One is written by Mr. Walter Tod, Longhope, near Hawick; and the other by Mr. Robert Laing, shepherd, Conchra, Lochalsh. The first considers the disease as constituted by a loss of balance in the circulation, arising from general debility and the action of cold, the blood being repelled from the surface and forced upon the heart and other internal organs; while Mr. Laing, finding that it exhibits most of the symptoms which paralysis assumes in the human body, considers it as a nervous disease, analogous to, or identical with, that just mentioned. Bleeding and the warm bath are the remedies proposed by the former; while the latter places little confidence in any known remedy, having found the preventive remedy the only means of ensuring safety from the attacks of the disease.

ROAD IMPROVEMENTS.

At the present time, when there is so much done to facilitate travelling, and to promote the convenience of those who go from home either on pleasure or business, it may be as well to draw the attention of visitors of the Principality to the improvements in the communication between South and North Wales. In taking the line of country from the town of Aberystwith, a direct and improving road has presented itself through the rising watering-place of Aberdovey, and the town of Towyn; from thence along the margin of Tal y llyn Lake, through the celebrated pass of Llyn-trigraienyn, to Dolgelley, and the northern towns of the Principality. The new and extensive cut through the pass first mentioned, renders, at this point, that, which before was difficult and hazardous, namely travelling, now easy and delightful. The whole line pointed out, by going direct from Aberystwith to Aberdovey, saves an inland circuit of many miles, a hilly and severe road, and a comparatively uninteresting one, while the scenery viewed from that now in the progress of improvement, is romantic and beautiful in the extreme.—*Bangor Newspaper.*

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.*Births.*

In October, at Orielton, Pembrokeshire, Lady Owen, of a son.—Lately, at St. David's College, Lampeter, the lady of the Rev. Alfred Ollivant, of a daughter.—On the 20th of October, at the Vicarage House, Meifod, the lady of the Rev. Rowland Williams, of a daughter.—On the 12th of October, in Caernarvon, the lady of Captain Jones Parry, R.N. of a daughter.—On the 3d of October, at Alderley park, Cheshire, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, lady of Edward John Stanley, esq. M.P. of a daughter.—On the 30th of April last, at Jessen, Bengal, the lady of Richard Herbert Mytton, esq. of Garth, Montgomeryshire, of a daughter.—On the 21st of November, at Beaumaris, the lady of the Rev. E. Lloyd, of a son.—In November, at Treleach Vicarage, the lady of the Rev. D. J. Thomas, of a son.—On the 26th of October, at Brynycerau, near Llanelly, the lady of Martin Roberts, esq. of a daughter.—On the 3d of November, at Gunpherston Rectory, Pembrokeshire, the lady of the Rev. James Cowzens, of a daughter.—Lately, at Milford, the lady of G. Elliott, esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, of a son.—On the 16th of October, the lady of Sir Edward Mostyn, bart. of a daughter.—Lately, the lady of William Evans, esq. of Haverfordwest, of a son.—On the 23d of June last, at Fort St. George, Madras, the lady of Captain Charles Warren, of H. M. 55th regiment, of a son.—On the 27th of November, in Welbeck street, London, the Hon. Mrs. Irby, of Llanidan, Anglesey, of a daughter.—On the 24th of November, at Dannah House, the lady of Charles Stanley, esq. of a daughter.—On the 13th of December, Mrs. Hugh Jones, Trefriw, Anglesey, of a daughter.—On the 14th of December, at Pwllbeli, the lady of William Jones, esq. of a son.—On the 21st of December, at Powis Castle, lady Lucy Clive, of a daughter.—On the 17th of December, at Plas-Yollin, the lady of William Leigh Hilton, esq. of a daughter.—Lately, at Pant Howell, Anglesey, the lady of R. A. Welsh, esq. of a daughter.—On the 16th of December, Mrs. Rowe, of Bersham, near Wrexham, of a daughter.

Marriages.

On the 21st of October, at the Isle of Wight, by the Rev. H. W. Majendie, J. C. Taylor, esq. of Oporto, to Elizabeth Margaret Majendie, daughter of the late bishop of Bangor.—On the 14th of October, at Llangattock, Crickhowel, by the Rev. Henry Vaughan, the Rev. Joseph Gibbs, rector of Clifton, Oxfordshire, to Emily, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Vaughan.—On the 12th of October, Mr. W. Irlam of Manchester, to Mary, second daughter of John Conway Jones, esq. of the Lower Hall, in the valley of Elwy, North Wales.—On the 12th of October, at Knutsford, by the Rev. H. C. Cotton, rector of Hinstock and vicar of Great Neston, Salop, the Rev. J. Horden, vicar of Rostherne, in Cheshire, to Miss Maria Frances Cotton, youngest daughter of Henry Calveley Cotton, esq.—On the 15th of November, William Pemberton, esq. of Prescot, to Ellen, daughter of Thomas Makin, esq. of Llwynegrin, Flintshire.—On the 8th of November, at Llangattock, Crickhowel, W. Stretton, esq. lieutenant in the 23d or Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to the Hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of Dan-y-park, widow of the late Walter Wilkins, esq.—On the 29th of October, at Moulton, Pembrokeshire, Charles Porcher Lang, esq. of Sand Rock, in the county of Surrey, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Sir John Owen, bart. M.P. of Orielton, Pembrokeshire.—On the 26th of October, at Bath, E. H. Mortimer, esq. of Studley, Wilts., and of Green Park, Bath, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Col. Williams, of Norfolk crescent, Bath, and niece of the late General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B.—Richard Lloyd Edwards, esq. of Nanhoran, Caernarvonshire, to Mary, only daughter of John Lloyd Wynne, esq. of Coed Coch, Denbighshire.—Owen Owen, esq. of Gadlys, to Mary Knight, fourth daughter of the Rev. R. Pritchard, of Dinham, in the county of Anglesey.—On the 26th of October, at Guernsey, by the Rev. H. Durand, James King, esq. of Presaddfed, to Mary, second daughter of the late N. Monllin, esq. of the former place.—On the 27th of October, at Llangaffo, by the Rev. Dr. Williams, Owen Owen, esq. of Gadlys, to Mary Knight, fourth daughter of the Rev. Richard Pritchard, of Dinham, in the county

of Anglesey.—On the 29th of November, the Rev. Rees Lloyd, of Bronith, Radnorshire, to Jane Dorothy, daughter of the Rev. D. P. Powell, rector of Sarnesfield, Herefordshire.—On the 23d of November, at Llanbadarn-fawr, Cardiganshire, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, of Aberystwith, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Arthur Worsley, esq. of Penaberth, near Aberystwith.—On the 30th of November, at Kerry, Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. D. Davies, Mr. John Owen, of Pool, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Matthews, of Yew-tree, Kerry.—On the 18th of September, at Tattenhall, by the Rev. Prebend Bloomfield, Owen Williams, esq. of Stafford street, Liverpool, to Emma, youngest daughter of Samuel Bromfield, esq. of Gateshead, near Chester.—On the 8th of November, at St. Philip's church, Liverpool, by the Rev. John Lingard, B.D., John Joshua, son of the late Joshua Hatton, esq. of Barbadoes, to Emma, daughter of the late John Thomas, esq. of St. Asaph.—On the 15th of December, at Llangar, Merionethshire, by the Rev. Peter Williams, rector, Morris Powell Jones, esq. of Plas 'n Bonwm, near Corwen, to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. Robert Roberts, D.D., rector of Barnwell, Northamptonshire.

Deaths.

At Caernarvon, aged 24, John, only son of the Rev. Richard Lloyd, of Beaumaris: his death was caused by the shock received at his witnessing some of the melancholy effects of the late wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*.—On the 17th of October, W. Owen Brigstocke, esq. of Blaenpant, near Cardigan.—In October, aged 14, William, youngest son of the Rev. T. Ellis, of Tanrallt, Bangor.—On the 24th of September, at Caernarvon, aged 70, Capt. Evan Evans, of Caernarvon.—On the 8th of October, at Dolgarreg, Caermarthenshire, aged 67, John Rees Bishop, esq. for many years a magistrate.—On the 29th of September, after severe illness of many months' duration, the Rev. J. B. Roberts, pastor of the Baptist church, in Pwllheli.—On the 28th of September, aged 34, Richard Augustus, son of J. Wynne Griffith, esq. of Garn, in the county of Denbigh; his generous, amiable character obtained for him a very numerous circle of friends in the Principality, who do not cease to lament the loss they have sustained by his premature decease.—Lately, in Chester, aged 74, Mary, relict of the late Price Jones, esq. of Rhuabon, Denbighshire.—On the 7th of November, at his house, South Parade, York, aged 77, the Rev. Wm. Jones, rector of Holmton, and vicar of Welwich, in the county of York. Mr. Jones was a native of Llaneillian, Denbighshire.—On the 14th of November, Mrs. Edwards, relict of the late Richard Edwards, esq. of Nanhoran.—On the 12th of November, in Dublin, Jane Anne, wife of Capt. J. M. Bennett, and only child of the late W. Williams, esq. of Rhidw, Caernarvon.—On the 1st of November, at Woodside, Richard, eldest son of James Boyde, esq. of the Rossett, in the county of Denbigh, aged 29.—At Norton, near Presteigne, Richard Jones, aged 102.—On the 21st of November, Marianna, second daughter of Joshua Peel, esq. of Shrewsbury.—On the 21st of November, Thomas Evans, esq. of Cotton Hall, near Denbigh. He was a man of strict integrity, and a sincere friend,—what he was as a husband and father, they only can know who most deeply feel and lament his loss.—On the 9th of November, aged 56, Mrs. Lewis, relict of the late J. Lewis, esq. of Pantyrhaid, Caermarthenshire.—On the 5th of November, at his residence at Clifton, the Rev. David Davies, D.D. of Werndrevy, Caermarthenshire.—On the 14th of November, at his father's house, after a severe illness, Thomas, son of John Jones, esq. of Ruthin.—At Mold, on the 30th of October, aged 49, Mr. Robert Jones: for some years he was employed as a pressman in Mr. Gee's printing establishment at Denbigh: his exemplary diligence enabled him to maintain a numerous family in comfort; he was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with his native language; and, as a Welsh poet, he arrived at considerable eminence.—Lately, after a short illness, Thomas Longueville Longueville, esq. of Oswestry.—On the 20th of May last, on board the Hon. East India Company's armed schooner, the *Royal Tiger*, while on the passage from Persia to Bombay, Edward, second son of Edward Owen, esq. of Maesmynan, in the county of Denbigh.—On the 9th of December, at Hull, in the prime of life, after a few hours' illness, occasioned by a fall in attempting to board his vessel, Capt. Simon Roberts, of the

schooner *John*, of Nevin.—Lately, the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, of Plasnewydd, Llangollen.—On the 9th of December, at Aberystwith, Anna, youngest daughter of Lieutenant J. R. Lane, R.N.—On the 15th of November, Owen Roberts, mariner, of Lumber street, Liverpool. The deceased was a well-known character in the neighbourhood where he resided, having, in the latter years of his life, obtained a partial subsistence by selling in the streets a small history of his "Voyages and Travels." He was born in the island of Anglesey, in March 1739, and commenced his maritime career in the reign of George the Second, since which time he has sailed to the coast of Africa and other places upwards of forty times. Considering the vicissitudes to which this veteran tar must have been exposed in the course of his long and arduous existence, he affords an instance of longevity which the seafaring life could scarcely be believed to allow.—On the 17th of October, W. Owen Brigstoke, esq. of Blaenpant, near Cardigan.—On the same day, at Cardigan, Miss Anna Maria Noot, youngest daughter of Mr. Noot, surgeon, aged 17 years.—Lately, at Kilgerran, near Cardigan, aged 70, the Rev. Thomas Morris, of that place.—Lately, aged 45, at her residence, Glandwr, Bank Quay, Caernarvon, Catherine, relict of the late Robert Roberts, esq.—Aged 56, deeply regretted, Mrs. Lewis, relict of the late J. Lewis, esq. of Pantyrhald, Caermarthenshire.—On the 25th of November, at his seat, Taliaris, Caermarthenshire, at the advanced age of 88, the Right Hon. Lord Robert Seymour.—On the 10th of November, at her son's house, at the advanced age of 88, Mrs. Downs, mother of David Price Downs, esq. of Hendre Rhys Gethyn.—On the 27th of November, at Bodorgan, Anglesey, the seat of her brother, Owen Fuller Meyricke, esq., Mary, fourth daughter of Augustus Elliott Fuller, esq. aged 14.—On the 9th of October, aged 71, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, at Havod Hedrod, Cardiganshire, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Williams, of Pen-y-Gwndwn, in the said parish.—On the 6th of December, in London, Mr. Hugh Griffith Jones, late of Pwllbehi, on his return from Paris to Wales.—Lately, Miss Diana Foulkes, at Erthig, near Wrexham, sister of the Rev. Principal of Jesus College, Oxford.

PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 90; Glamorganshire, 290; Monmouthshire, —; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 180.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Closing price Dec. 19th. Austrian —; Brazilian, 44½; Buenos Ayres, 24; Chilian, 18½; Colombian, 11½; Ditto, 1824, 12½; Danish, 66½; Greek, 23; Mexican, 1825, 36½; Peruvian, 11½; Portuguese, 50½; Prussian, 1818, 100; Ditto, 1822, 100½; Russian, 1822, 99½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 14½; Ditto, 1823, 13½; Dutch, 42½; French Rentes, 69½.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Dec. 29. Bank Stock, 192½; 3 per cent. cons. shut; 3½ per cent. 90¾; 3 per cent. red. 82½; 3½ per cent. red. 90¼; 4 per cent. 90¾; Long Annuities, 16 9-16½; India Stock, shut.

Corrigenda. The article "Tithes Composition," in our last Number, unfortunately was not submitted to the particular revision for which it was destined, which has rendered a few corrections necessary.

Page 489 line 3 from bottom, for "impropriation" read "impropriate."

493 — 8, after "monopoly price" add "were to be realised."

493 — 25, after "distinguish," instead of the three following lines, read "the required augmentation of food from that of manufactured commodities. Capital may be employed without limit in the extension of manufactures at the same rate of profit as before, &c."

498 — 7 from bottom, for "as short food will raise a monopoly," read "in short, food will reach a monopoly price."

494 — 23, for "changes" read "charges."

496 — 16, for "expensive" read "extensive."

408 — 18, for "much," read "so much."

408 — 6 in the Note, for "Hendre," read "Kender."

409 — 9 from bottom, for "Bwlch," read "Bualt."

411 — 14, for "Baiton," read "Bacton."

413 — 18, for "Lloyd's," read "Lihyd's."

Page 415 line 2 from bottom, for "Caecop," read "Caecob."

417 — 31, for "a letter," read "its contents."

421 — 40, for "translation," read "nomination."

428 — 36, for "Llanbedr," read "Llanblatcr."

THE
CAMBRIAN
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND
Celtic Repertory.

No. 14.—APRIL 2, 1832.—VOL. IV.

A LETTER to the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Expediency of Establishing a General State Insurance, to defray the Expense of an efficient Rural Police, and to operate towards the gradual Reduction of the Poor Rates.

MY LORD,

THE alarming increase of pauperism, vagrancy, and crime, more particularly incendiarism, together with the consequent accumulating burthen of the Poor Rates, call loudly for the remedial interposition of the legislature. Indeed, unless some speedy cure be devised for these crying evils, we cannot but feel the most serious apprehensions, lest, at no distant period, the richest country in the world, however paradoxical the assertion, may become overwhelmed by its own pauperism.

Various projects have been proposed, and others are said to be now in contemplation, but it is evident no remedy will be effectual that shall not assure the attainment of this fourfold object, viz.

1. Provision for the invalid poor unable to work.
2. Work for those poor who are unwilling to labour, or unable to procure employment.
3. The prevention, repression, and speedy correction of crime, combined with that general “*surveillance*” of the country, which shall afford effectual protection to the persons and property of its inhabitants.
4. And, lastly, an alleviation of the present onerous pressure of the parochial rates.

The writer presumes to flatter himself that the accomplishment of these four desirable purposes may be simultaneously effected by the adoption of a system, the general outlines of which he has

now the honour of submitting, with great deference, to your lordship's consideration.

In the first place let the present stipendiary police of the Metropolis be extended to the whole kingdom, with certain additions to its functions and attributions, and subject also to certain modifications and restrictions.

The excellent effects which this system has already produced in London and its outskirts are now fully appreciated, and its general extension to the country, or at least to the more populous and manufacturing districts, is become so universally desired that we hear of but one single objection urged against it, and that is, the very serious one certainly, of the heavy expense attending it, at a time too when a great portion of the rate-payers are little able to bear any surcharge on their already oppressive assessments: but the peculiar advantage of my proposal, and the principal object it has in view is the diminution, and not the increase of the rate; consequently, the objection on the score of expense is obviated.

As the financial part of my proposed improvement is by far the most important, and forms the basis of the whole, I shall commence by developing some of its details.

I venture to propose then that Parliament should enact a law, establishing a general compulsory insurance of all the houses and buildings in the kingdom, with the government. That is, that the state, on the one hand, should become the one sole, universal *assurer*, and, on the other, that all the individual owners of property, capable of appreciation and insurance, throughout the country, should be the obligatory *assured*.

Is there any thing startling in this proposition? Is there any thing in it that is arbitrary, or that at all militates against the received opinions we entertain of that entire freedom of action which the policy of the law of England ought to allow, and does allow, to every man in the administration of his own affairs? But, for the collective wisdom of the nation emanating from Parliament, to make that universally obligatory on all which common prudence has already rendered imperative on every individual, can never surely be deemed an undue invasion, or an unjustifiable control of the sacred rights of private property.

Without referring either to our own antiquated sumptuary laws, or to those of ancient Rome, as precedents for enforcing prudence by statute, I may be allowed to cite the Building Act as bearing a close analogy to those legislative provisions which I am now presuming to recommend.

By the common law of England, a man might build the party-walls of his house as slightly, and of as bad materials as he pleased.

But the legislature interposed, and from motives of precaution as well towards the builder himself as towards his neighbours and the public, has most wisely enforced a certain statutory solidity of construction as the best protection against the rapid communication of conflagration. In this the law has only enjoined that which prudence prescribed before. So, in like manner, a General State Insurance Act would merely exact as matter of municipal regulation, the performance of a measure of public and private economy, already most imperiously dictated to every man by sound policy, and a regard to his own interest, with this superior advantage over the Building Act, that the operation of the new law would be at once both retributive and preventive. I say *preventive*, for when once the universal insurance of all the insurable property in the kingdom shall be established by law, it is obvious that the great cause of incendiarism, the gratification of revenge, must necessarily be frustrated and annihilated: for to what end or purpose would the most fiend-like malice seek to wreak its vengeance against any individual, or against any class or order of men, by the destruction of his, or their property, when it is known that the losses thus occasioned would be infallibly and instantly replaced to the sufferers out of the Public Purse, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that mischief would be done for mere mischief's sake, which is supposing a degree of unaccountable wickedness, of which human nature has shewn no examples without some exciting cause.

The advantage to the assured would certainly be great, as well in the ampler solidity of government security over that of any private individual, or of any public company whatever, as in the presumable reduction of the premiums of Insurance, which may be expected from the universality of the operation.

There can be no doubt that the trade of Insurance has proved in the aggregate and for a long period of time extremely advantageous to those who have been engaged in it. The losses sustained are supposed to bear but a small proportion to the general total of the Premiums received: of what this is, some idea may, perhaps, be formed from the returns made to Parliament by the Stamp office, of the amount of the stamp duties on all fire insurances, which, in the year 1830, was ascertained to be £776,007. Now, as the stamps are very high in proportion to the premiums paid, I will not estimate the present amount of these premiums at more than £500,000. But the smallness of this sum, for the entire amount of the fire insurance premiums of the whole nation, seems to afford convincing proof that at this day, not more than one eighth part of the whole insurable property of the country is covered by insurance.

I will, however, only assume that the present amount of the premiums would be *quintupled* by the universal enforcement of

insuring. This then would bring the annual produce to two millions five hundred thousand pounds. But the stamp duties on policies would also increase in precisely the same ratio, and consequently, produce an augmentation to the public revenue of three millions one hundred and four thousand pounds, which, added to the before calculated amount of premiums, would give a general total of . . . £5,604,000

Deducting from this sum, as a reserve

for losses, . . . £2,000,000

And for the charges of the police . . . 604,000

2,604,000

There would remain a surplus of . . . £3,000,000 to be applied in reduction of the poor rates. The latter being estimated at £7,612,739, from the returns made to Parliament in 1830, the application of three millions in their aid would afford a relief of considerably more than a third part of the present burthens.

It is presumed there is no exaggeration in these calculations, but even supposing the increased revenue should not even produce more than sufficient to cover the expenses of the new General Police Establishment, yet still the system proposed would be highly desirable and expedient, since, independent of its more obvious and immediate advantages in the security and protection it would ensure, it would also have the effect of lowering the rate, when it came into full operation, in several ways, more particularly that portion of it which figures in the county rate, under the head of costs and charges of public prosecutions, as the measures now suggested, would diminish these expenses more than one half.

The officers of the new police would, in addition to their other functions, be charged with the inspection, and special *surveillance* of the property insured. They should also act as firemen, and perform all the duties of the "*Sapeurs Pompiers*" in France.

In a sanatory point of view it is evident that this continual *supervision* of all the houses and edifices in the narrow lanes and confined alleys of our close-built and crowded towns, must tend very beneficially to promote the general salubrity, and to prevent contagion, by enforcing cleanliness.

It is proposed that two stipendiary magistrates should be appointed to each of the new Police offices, with two clerks, and a competent number of officers, in proportion to the population or extent of the district. As the journies to be performed in the exercise of their duty in the country, would necessarily be occasionally longer than in the town service, a portion of these should be mounted on horseback, and placed as nearly on the

same footing as the "*Gendarmerie*," or "*Garde Municipale*" of France, as the free institutions of our country will permit.

It is above all things desirable that the punishment of crime should follow its detection as promptly as possible, not only as being more efficacious for its repression, but also as avoiding the expense and the contagion of bad company resulting from any long confinement of prisoners huddled together in a common jail whilst awaiting their trial. It is proposed, therefore, to give the two police justices of each district office, associating to themselves some one or more of the unpaid magistracy of the town or country, a power to hold every week, or at certain short intervals, a petty sessions for the trial of larcenies and small offences, either with or without the intervention of a jury, as may be deemed most advisable.

In France, an institution of this kind exists, and is found to work well under the designation of the "*Tribunal de la Police Correctionnelle*," or a court of correctional police, which sits once or twice a week in every town, for the trial of minor offences without a jury; whilst prisoners charged with the commission of those more serious crimes, which would subject them, on conviction, to a heavier sentence than five years' imprisonment, (transportation not being known in France,) are sent to take their trials before the court of assizes and a jury. And this is the place in which I would beg leave to suggest the propriety of creating a new officer of judicial police, whose functions and rank should be superior to the ordinary police officers, but subordinate to the magistrates. Its duties should be partly executive, and partly judicial. In a word, he should be invested with precisely the same authority and attributions as the French "*Commissaire de Police*," the most inferior grade in the magistracy of France. It would be his business to direct, to marshal, and to superintend the police officers, in the execution of their duty in the prevention and detection of crime. He should have authority to apprehend himself, and to command his subordinate officers to apprehend and commit to prison, in all cases of fresh pursuit, and hue and cry, and all persons taken *flagranti delicto*, and generally to preserve the peace. And so far he would be invested with no further power and authority than our ancient conservators of the peace were intrusted with, by the common law before the institution of the office of justice of the peace. If the appellation of commissary of the police should sound too French in our English ears, he might be styled the conservator of the peace, and this would only be the revival of an old title.

But it is further submitted that it would be expedient to invest this officer with the discharge of a still more important part of the duties of the French commissary of police, that of public prosecutor, in the preparation, arrangement, and development

of proofs before the police justices, both in their primary and preparatory examinations of prisoners, and at their petty sessions, as in France; and this part of his functions might perhaps also be extended with great advantage to the conduct of crown cases before the quarter sessions, at least so far as the *locatio et conductio* of the prosecution. He should also have it in charge to exhibit informations for the infringement of penal statutes, either *ex officio*, or at the instance of any private complainant.

The creation of a public officer charged to conduct all prosecutions for an annual salary, would economise a great portion of that heavy item in most county rates, the article for law charges in the prosecution of felons. At present, in most instances, the justices' clerks act as solicitors to the prosecutors in managing these prosecutions, and make out their bills of costs in each case, which are paid in part out of the county rate, and in part by their private clients. But there are obvious objections against such a practice, and the policy of the French penal code most wisely precludes the *greffier*, or clerk, who has drawn the depositions taken before the primary judges or justices, from afterwards taking any part in the conduct of the prosecution, in the trial of the prisoner.

If it should be objected that it would not be right to give the committing magistrates the power of ultimate trial, as they may be supposed to be in some degree prejudiced against the prisoner in favor of their own previous committal, this inconvenience might easily be obviated, by arranging that the prisoners should be brought to trial before the justices of the next adjoining Police office, who should attend in regular and reciprocal rotation, for that purpose, in the respective towns where the prisoners are confined.

There are other parts of the French police which might, with great public advantage, be introduced into our system. Such, for instance, as the appointment of a "*garde champetre*," or a "rural guard," in every country parish. Indeed, without the institution of some such parochial officer, it is clear no efficient rural police can ever be established. The duty of this guard is to perambulate his parish every day, to keep a sharp look-out over property exposed in the fields, to question suspicious persons, and to apprehend delinquents. The utility of such an officer in preventing and detecting incendiarism may be easily conceived.

How far it may be prudent or practicable to require passports in certain cases is another important question to be considered. The number of vagrants who now traverse the country in all directions, begging from door to door, is almost inconceivable. Such vagrancy is, no doubt, cognizable by the existing law, and

punishable as a crime. But as it is impossible to prevent it, and this law sleeps almost a dead letter on the statute book, it should seem that the more prudent policy would be to subject these hordes of itinerant strollers to such regulations that should render vagrancy as little prejudicial as possible to the community.

It might not be amiss, therefore, to require all persons discharged from prison after conviction, all persons travelling without the means of defraying their expenses, all itinerant mendicants, in a word, all vagrants, to provide themselves with regular passes, containing a description of their persons, their names, callings, and places of birth, together with the declared end and object of their journey. Such passports to be granted by the proper authorities of the places from whence these itinerants first set out on their journey, and to be regularly inspected and countersigned by the police at each town through which they pass on their route.

In this there would be nothing that would in the least intrench on the locomotive liberty of an Englishman, since all those persons who would come within the purview of this restriction, are already by the existing law amenable to be arrested as vagabonds.

The restraints which would thus be imposed upon vagrancy; and the operation of an efficient rural police, would enable the magistrates with the greater facility to enforce the due observance of that more important part of the duty of the parish officers under the statute of Elizabeth,—the setting to work of the able-bodied poor; and for this purpose, employment might be found in the making and repair of roads, canals, and other public works, and, as a never-failing resource, in the partial adoption of spade husbandry. Neither can there be any good reason assigned why the waste lands of the kingdom, that agricultural reproach of Great Britain, should not, in some way or other, be made subservient to the relief and employment of the poor.

To obviate any jealousy of intrusting the extensive patronage of so considerable an armed establishment to government, the same precaution might be adopted as in the Mutiny Act with regard to the standing army, and the Bill might be made annual.

E. W.

Radnorshire;
February 1 1832.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

ALWAYS having esteemed the late Rev. E. Davies as one of the greatest scholars and antiquaries Wales ever produced, one of the most close reasoners and the most devoid of prejudice of any of his countrymen, I read with the greatest pleasure the testimony you bear to his excellence in the interesting life of him you have given. Fully acquiescing in his luminous explanation of Celtic mythology, I was induced, above twenty years ago, to apply his master-key to the development of that of Ireland, and I send the result for your Cambrian Quarterly, should it not appear inconsistent with your plan.

The British tribes that first colonized Ireland, carried with them what Mr. Davies calls the simple Arkite worship, the first grand corruption of Druidism, which united to the adoration previously given to the Almighty, that of the patriarch Noah, his family, and all the circumstances connected with the deluge. This fact will satisfactorily account for the memorials of primitive tradition, which, obscured by the cloak of heathenism, the inhabitants of that island have, like most other nations, applied to their own progenitors and their own country. Thus we are told that Ireland was peopled by Partholan,* his three sons and their wives, evidently alluding to the diluvian personages. Tradition not only relates this occurrence, but assigns the particular day of the month† when they landed, attended by their servants and the favorite greyhound. Some of the old chroniclers mention that Ireland was colonised by Noah's niece; others say by three fishermen, who perished afterwards in the universal deluge, and such like stories, all pointing to the Arkite worship. The works of Keating and Geoffry of Monmouth are composed of a mass of Druidical mythology, interwoven with historical documents. This has given an air of fable to them, which has caused their condemnation; but if they be carefully sifted, and the tales separated from the truth, there would be found in the former, curious mythological notices, and in the latter, valuable information. As the Britons had originally applied the name of Hu to the true God, and afterwards conferred it on the diluvian patriarch, so the Irish used the word Crom, both for the Almighty and the deified Noah. Thus Crom Cruathair, "the Supreme Creator," was afterwards a title of the heathen deity, also called Crom Chruach. The latter was likewise styled Declan, the same as Deucalion, and Ceann-ob, *chief of the waters*, synonymous with the Egyptian Canopus; and Naob-tonn, or *lord of the waves*, the same as Neptune. The Manx, or people

* From Bar, *learned*, and Talan, *a prophet*.—Vallancey in Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. iii.

† The 14th of May.

of the Isle of Man, have preserved an ancient poem about Mannan' an mac Lir, *Mann, son of the waters*, whom Vallancey conceives is the Menu of Indian mythology. The Irish acknowledge this, likewise, as one of the names of their deity; and from some verses, of which the following is a literal translation, we at once perceive who is alluded to by this title:

When affliction came on all mankind,
Menn of the sea remained unhurt;
Woeful was the day the waters gushed forth!
But Menn lived, and saw his children float.

As Mona took its name from being sacred to the Arkite god, so Maan is said to have led the first colony to the Isle of Man, whence its name of Manaw was derived. A Manx chronicle begins thus: "Mannan' an beg hight mac y lir," *Mannan the prince was the first that ruled this land, &c.* The Manx language has preserved many words now obsolete in the Irish and Erse. Thus Art and Seathar were the Irish names of God, whence the phrase "Seathar Art sean ainn go fíor," *Seuthar is the most ancient name of God most truly.*

The Arkite worship was destined to undergo a change in Ireland as well as in Britain, for the records of both countries* declare the introduction of Sabeian idolatry, and its being ingrafted on the former religion, a fact that is fully confirmed by all the Irish Druidic memorials. This was effected by the Milesian colony, but the difficulty of destroying the simplicity of the Arkite, and substituting in its room the Helio-arkite, is thus mythologically related by Nennius, who, no doubt, wrote down the tradition of his day as then extant in Ireland. This author states that "the Spanish colonists in their voyage saw a tower of glass, (similar to the Welsh Ynys Wydrin,) which endeavouring to take, they were drowned in their attempt," that is, were not at first successful. Had they been crossing the north sea, this might be conjectured to have been an ice island, but it here evidently alludes, in the first place, to "the ship of glass," mentioned by Merddin as an Arkite rite, and next to the Arkite system generally. By the Irish historians we are told that this colony had frequent battles† with the Tuath de Danans, that is, *the tribe of Danans*, to whom the other inhabitants were subject. These they represent as enchanters and magicians, speaking of them as the offspring of the *three sons* of Danan, who were so expert in the black art and mystery of charms, that the other inhabitants distinguished them by the appellation of gods. Other antiquaries derive their name from Dee, *gods*, meaning Diviners or Druids, and Danan, *bardism*. General Vallancey, however, gives‡ the following etymology of the name Tuath: the plural of 'Tua, a chief, or

* Davies's Mythology of the British Druids, and Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards.

† Keating's History of Ireland.

‡ Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis.

doctor, signifies an assembly of doctors; Da is the art of sorcery; and Dan fate, or destiny; thus Tuath-da-danan means the assemblage or class of prophets and augurers. When, therefore, the Irish historians tell us that the Spanish colony formed the inhabitants of the country subject to the Tuath-da-danan, we are to understand nothing more than that they were wholly under the control of the Druids, who practised divination. Danan, indeed, signifies also *Dannonians* having, like the term Fir-bolg, the double meaning of *Belgæ* and *augurs*. An old Irish poem, preserved by Keating, and printed also in the "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," says that, so great was the opposition made to the new system, that seven and twenty years elapsed before it could be fully established in the island. These struggles in both countries were so important as to be mystically commemorated in bardic remains; and almost all, if not every one of the *Mabinogi* are to be understood as giving details as they occurred in Britain. The Milesian colonists entering Ireland as conquerors, established the Helio-arkite worship at the point of the sword; and thus the deified patriarch was identified with the sun, and the ark with the moon. It is now time to introduce the story of Partholanus, in proof of this assertion. He is said to have landed at Inbher Sciene, and fixed his residence at Inis Samar, near Earne, which received its name from a Cu Sealte, *hunting dog*, (system of worship,) which he had killed in that isle.* But Samar is *the sun*. Here, then, is evidently pointed out a struggle of the old Arkite worship against the Sabeian innovation, and a partial triumph of the former. Keating, also, gives us the following story, which must be regarded as a corrupt allusion to the dove despatched by Noah. "The first person who set foot upon the island of Ireland after the flood, was a messenger, whose name was Adhna, *kindling of fire*, the son of Beatha, *life*, sent by Mon, the son of Peleus, to discover the soil of the country. He landed upon the coast about seven-score years after the flood, but made no stay; he only plucked up a handful of grass as a proof, and returned with it to his master."

The Helio-arkite divinity was called Aosar, from Aos, *fire*, or the sun; and in some Irish mss., Budh, *victory*, a name by which he is recognised in the Gododin of Aneurin, the British bard. He was also termed Saca, Paramon, Diarmut, &c. names applied to Brahminical deities, and monuments exist in Ireland still bearing those titles. His cognomen of *Menn of the waters*, and *Menn of the ship*, has been noticed, and under this title he is said, conjointly with Ba, *god of the winds*, and Rè, *the moon*, to have had the command of the weather, and been god of the seas. Here the Cambrian scholar will recognise the *tair gwaed*, *three Veds* of the British Menw. He was further styled Beil, the Bel

* Keating, p. 24.

or Bel of the Britons, and Apollo of the ancients. Thus we find the heathen deities of the classics recognised in the appellatives of the Irish god. Saturn, in Irish, is called Sodor, the genius who presides over the productions of nature, being the genial influence of the solar rays, and the universal spirit that enlightens the several parts of the universe. Plutarch mentions that Demetrius being sent by the Roman emperor to survey the western coasts of Britain, the people told him that in a certain island, the giant Briareus held Saturn bound in the chains of sleep, attended by a number of genii. This was the Isle of Man, where the story, with little variation, is told at this day, and the part where Saturn is supposed to be confined is denominated Sodor. Briareus, according to Vallancey, signifies *peace, calmness, and gentle salubrious air*; and Sodor implies *plenty*, whence the moral sense of the fable is, that plenty is produced by peace and a salubrious air. But it also refers to Noah's cultivating the earth after the universal deluge, Briareus, in the Celtic tongue, being of the same signification as Noah in Hebrew, both importing peace and calmness. The genii are the various productions of nature, which came in great plenty in the days of Noah, when the world was quiet and undisturbed by the jarring passions of the human race. The Helio-arkite divinity was, likewise, called Dioscar, *god of the ship*, from Caras, *a ship*, and Bal-kiste, *lord of the chest, or ark*. He was also termed Cad, the *god of war*, and as such, we recognise the Irish Mars.* The Garmanni, whom Vallancey assimilates to the Brachmans, are said to have been descended from Daghdæ, (an epithet of the sun,) the offspring of Budh: that is the Sabeian idolatry ingrafted on the Arkite. The Lunar-arkite goddess, the Ceridwen of Britain, may be found under many titles in the Irish mythology. She is called Nain, *the mother*, and in that character regarded as Venus. She was styled Ré and Rhea, a word synonymous with Luan, *the moon*. She was named Dearg, or the serpent, and Caile, *young girl*. Also Eag, which implies both the *moon* and *death*, the ark being symbolized by the one, and itself a symbol of the other, whence she was likewise called Dumaël, or Deimal, the angel of death, where we view her as Proserpine. The Helio-arkite god was at the same time named Saman, *the judge of hell*, or Pluto; and the place of his abode Saman-ait. Here we see comprised *Sam, the sun*, which being the name of the hunting-dog of Partholan, identifies him with Cerberus. His festival is still kept in Ireland, on the eve of All Souls, called *the eve of Saman, and the eve of affliction*.†

* Cadvan was the saint to whom warriors of Wales especially recommended themselves before going to battle: he settled in the western part of Britain in the beginning of the 6th century, and was abbot of Bardsey Island.—*Eds.*

† Collect. de Reb. Hib.

Thus Servius says Luna* is the same as Diana, the same as Ceres, the same as Juno, the same as Proserpine; and Lucian tells us the same of Astarte and Rhea.† The mountain-Irish peasantry at this day exclaim, when they see the new moon, "may you leave me safe as you find me," an evident remnant of the lunar worship.

As the wickedness of the world had caused its destruction by the deluge, so the Irish made of this circumstance an evil genius, goddess of the winds that caused shipwrecks, and called her Badhbh, which also signifies a raven, the bird which Noah first despatched, and which returned without any satisfactory result. This occasioned it always to be considered a bird of ill omen.

Artemidorus says "there is an island near Britain in which the sacred rites of Ceres and Proserpine are observed as in Samothrace:" this was, in all probability, Ireland, which was called Anan or Annun, the land of divination, by the Irish writers; and in the Mabinogion, or institutional tales of Britain Annwn, or the land of spirits, is represented as lying somewhere off Dyved, or Pembrokeshire.

The Rev. Walter Davies has most clearly proved that the rites of Ceres and Proserpine were practised in the Helio-arkite worship in Britain, and they were doubtless the same in Ireland. For it is remarkable that a portable shrine dedicated to this purpose was drawn about by oxen employed by the idolatrous Irish, and termed Arn-Breith, the same as Arn Berith, *the ark of the covenant*, according to Vallancey. Ireland itself was called Torc and Muic, *a boar* and *a hog*, and in Britain these animals were symbols of the ark. Thus the island of the Boar or Hog was no more than the island of the Arkite genius. But Vallancey tells us that Torc and Muic are Druidic words implying likewise an enchanter and a sorcerer, consequently, this appellation was synonymous with Annan, *the land of enchantment*.

One principal rite was the constant keeping up of the *inextinguishable fire*, in honour of the Solar-arkite divinity, and for this purpose we meet with the Gallicenæ of Ireland under the title of Gabha, a name for the muses, which word also signifies lamentation or mourning, and they appear to be commemorated in the names of some rocky islets a little to the south of the island of Raglin, not far from the peninsular of Magie, called *the nine maids*. The rites in honour of the Irish Apollo began in May, wherefore, that month is called Bel-teine, *the fire of Belus*, and Ced-aman, *the sacred fire*, or that of Cêd, the Lunar-arkite goddess, as in Britain. It was the custom in Ireland to extinguish every fire

* Notes on Virgil's Georgics, l. iv. 5.

† She was, as Ceres, worshipped under the figure of a ploughshare. See Warner's History of Ireland, p. 133.

twice a year, on certain festivals, and to rekindle them from that of the chief Mogh, or Magus, of each district.* Budh is said to have put an end to the horrid custom of offering human sacrifices, and to have substituted instead, that of brute animals, as the cock, the goat, the horse, &c. for the expiation of sins.† The first of these was held sacred to Budh, or *the sun*, on account of its ushering in the sun's rising, by its early crowing, and the last was an emblem of the ark, which was called a steed of the sea.‡

Lakes and rivers were also held sacred in Ireland. Thus the river Seanon, or Shanon, runs into the lake of Rhèa, or Lough Rhèa. "This," says Vallancey,§ "was a Titanis, or Diluvian goddess, the same as Diana and Seanon is the same as a Brahminical god." After passing this lake, the Seanon enters that of Dearg (Lough Dearg), another title of the Arkite goddess, whence the lake is also called Deargait, the *abode of Dearg*. Below this is Kill-da-loo, *the temple (or retreat) of the two altars*, in honour of the two divinities described by the river and lakes, typifying Noah being received into the ark. From hence the country on each side was named Limneach, the present Irish name of the county and city of Limerick, whence Leambain is the river that runs out of Killarney lake. General Vallancey informs us that Limnatis implies a maritime deity, for the word *λίμνη* is applied to the sea by Homer, both in the Illiad and Odyssey. Above these is Ath-luan, or Athlone, *the new moon*, signifying the symbolical Lunar-arkite goddess.

There is, indeed, no place in Ireland where the worship of the Cabiritic deities can be traced so well as the Shannon; but we find a river and a lake named after Dearg in the county of Donegal, remarkable, in later times, for the purgatory of St. Patrick. There is a river called Suir, *sacred water*, which falls into the sea at Waterford; and we find that one of the rites in celebrating the worship of the Arkite divinity was a wave-offering, called Luaimhnighthe.||

Besides lakes and rivers, the superstitions in Ireland point out circular marks in grassplots, said to be made by the dancing of the Siabh-bhoi, *genii of the night*, the Gabha, or Gallicenæ, before mentioned. They were also termed Sidh; thus Bann-sidh, *the genius of death*, supposed to give notice of such an approaching event by dreams or otherwise, Sidh-gaoithe, *the genius of the whirlwind*, Sidh-bhrog, *the family genius*, Leannan-sidh, *a favorite genius*, and Sidh-draioithachd, *enchanted by spirits*.

* Collect. de Reb. Hib., vol. vi.

† Ibid. Giraldus mentions the sacrifice of the horse in the inauguration of the provincial kings.

‡ Davies's Mythology of the Druids.

§ Collect. de Reb. Hib.

|| Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary.

The following curious passage in the *Liber Lecanus*,* like the British poem *Hanes Taliesin*, or mythological *history of Radiant Front*, the chief Druid, seems to point out the form of initiation into the mysteries of Irish Druidism. "Tuan Mac Caril, born of the wife of Muiredac Mundung, asserted the postdiluvian invasion of Eirin, for he lived, in Kæsar's time, in the form of a man, then for 300 years in the form of a deer, (alluding, as any one would see by examining Davies's British Mythology, to the timidity of the aspirant,) after, for 200 years, in the shape of a boar, (a symbol of the Arkite goddess,) then 300 years in the similitude of a bird, (another symbol of the Lunar-arkite divinity,) and lastly, 100 years in the shape of a salmon, which being caught, was presented to the queen of Eirin, (that is, received into the sanctuary of the Lunar-arkite goddess,) when she, upon eating it, immediately conceived and brought forth Tuan Mac Cairil, who related the truth of Kæsar's expedition to Erin." The salmon above mentioned refers to the greater mysteries performed in the water, whence a point of land at the mouth of the Suir, in Waterford harbour, is called Phait-leac, *the stone of the Paitici*, used as a landing-stone. Vallancey conjectures that it might have been the remains of a temple to the sea gods, and he calls Kæsar the grandson of Noah. At any rate, we can do no otherwise than regard this as a mythological tale, and Mac Cairil, by his pedigree and adventures, appears to have every claim of relationship with the Arkite mysteries.

The pagan Irish priests were called Draoi and Druad, and, like other Celtic nations, they elected an Ard-druad, or presiding Druid, who acted as metropolitan over the rest in their several subordinate stations,† and who decided all controversies in religion without appeal. As the deity was named Crom, so the officiating priest was called Cromthear, who wore a crystal called Leug, or Leice, for the purpose of divination. The Irish Druids pretended to draw down fire from heaven by means of a crystal termed Liath Meisicith, *the magical stone of speculation*; and this fire they called Logh Aesar, *the essence of, or spiritual fire*, and the presence of God. This fire might have been communicated by a preparation of cobalt ground up with oil, which will lie an hour or more in that unctuous state, and then burst into an amazing blaze. They seem, as well as the British Druids, to have been partial to particular plants, and among the number of these is the Muil, *penny-grass*, or *Venus's navel-wort*. The god who presided over trees was called Soma.

Ireland was anciently remarkable for divination; and the Hibernian Druids make nice distinctions between the soothsayer, augur, sorcerer, and enchanter, according to the various arts

* Printed in the Appendix to Lluyd's *Archæologia*.

† O'Connor's *Dissertation on Ireland*; first edition, p. 95.

they were supposed to possess. The priestesses were termed *Sain*, and their office was *seanam*, *to bless*, or *to defend from enchantments*, from the word *sean*, *a charm*. But *Sain* is also *a swarm of bees*; thus were these Druidesses, like the *Seon* of Britain, termed *bees*, and, like the British *Tylwyth Têg* and *Gwyllion monasighe*, *woman fairies*, and credulously supposed by the common people at this day to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night, whenever any of the family labours under sickness that is to end in death.*

The Hibernian Druids teaching the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, named the body *culn* and *colna*; from *cul*, *revolution*, *case*, or *receptacle*; and *ana*, or *anal*, *life*, *breath*, or *spirit*. Synonymous to this was *cuirp*, *the circle*, or *case of Pei life*.†

They resembled their fellows in Britain in most things, but differed materially in one respect, and that was their committing their arcana to writing; and the characters in which they were written were termed *Ogum*, *mystic*. The powers of these characters are lost, and therefore any attempt to decipher them would be fruitless. No less than twenty *Ogum* alphabets are extant, all differing from each other; but the most simple is probably the most ancient, and this consists of a horizontal or perpendicular line, and strokes made to meet it, on both sides, at different angles. Some of these are still extant on rude stones, others in mss., one of which was in the form of a dart; and O'Molloy, in his *Irish Grammar*, mentions two more.

The Druidic rites were performed in consecrated groves of the *dair*, *oak tree*, and from thence the groves were called *Dairai*. Within these was the *Magh-sleacht*, *plain of adoration*, where stood the representation of the great god, *Crom*. The temple, like the British *Caer Sidi*, was termed *Sidhe*, being composed of stones, each of which represented a sign of the zodiac, and as *Crom-Cruach*, the great god, or the sun, was in the centre, so these were regarded as subordinate and subservient deities to him, and therefore intercessory; on which account, in modern Irish, the term *Sidhe* signifies *spirits*. The Irish early Christian writers positively assert that the Hibernian Druids permitted no worship of graven images; and this is corroborated by the circumstance of none having ever been found in the bogs among the various relics of Druidism which have been discovered. They describe the temples of worship as consisting of two unhewn stones capped with gold and silver, to represent the sun and moon, surrounded by twelve others, to represent the angels presiding over the seasons, or by nineteen, to express the lunar cycle, or by twenty-eight, to express the solar cycle; and say that this

* O'Brien's Dict. Hib.

† Collect. de Reb. Hib., vol. iii.

was the only species of idolatry to be found. This temple was also called Cil, *a place of retreat, or devotion*, afterwards, like the British *Llan*, applied to Christian churches, though many places in Ireland and Wales are called Cil where no traces of a Christian church are to be found, which shows their Druidic origin. The holy Scriptures seem to distinguish the worshippers of Baal in the groves as having no graven images: "Manasseh did after the abomination of the heathen whom the Lord cast out. He built up again the places, *he reared up altars for Baal and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served them*; he built altars in the house of the Lord, he built altars for all the host of heaven in the two courts of the house of the Lord, and he made his son *pass through the fire*, and observed times, and *used enchantments*, and dealt with familiar spirits and wizards, and he set a graven image of the grove that he *made in the house*."* Again, "And the king (Josiah) commanded to bring forth out of the temple of the Lord *all the vessels* that were made *for Baal, and for the grove, and for all the host of heaven*, and he burnt them. And he put down the idolatrous priests whom the kings of Judah had ordained to burn incense in the high places in the cities of Judah, and in the high places round about Jerusalem; them also that burned incense unto Baal, to the sun, to the moon, and to the planets (the twelve signs), and to all the host of heaven."†

The temple was also called Ti-mor, *the great circle*,‡ which, besides its astronomical reference, had allusion to the supreme God, as *tosach gan tosach, without beginning without end*. The sanctuary, which by the British Druids was called Ketti, by those of Ireland was termed Crom-leach, the stone of Crom, *the great god*, and in this the fires in honour of Saman, *the sun*, called also Beil-teinne, were kept burning, attended by vestal virgins. The Gal-ti-mor, *fire of the great circle*, was evidently of this kind; and the sacred fires in honour of Beal, or the sun, were also lighted on rocks and mountains on the vernal equinox, (the present 1st of May,) the summer solstice, (answering to the 1st of August,) and the eve of the 1st of November.§ Some mountains, by their names, are traditionary evidences of this, as Cal-ain, *the altar of the sun*, a mountain in the county of Clare, where an altar still exists, called Altoir na graine, *the altar of the sun*, and where there is also an Ogum inscription. Sometimes they were lighted on Carns, or heaps of stones, and then these were called Cairn-nod, or Carns of the sun.|| The mysteries

* 2 Kings, xxi. 1.

† Ibid. xxiii. 5.

‡ Ty in Welsh is a house, and the British houses were all circular.

§ Beauford's Ancient Topography of Ireland.

|| And also Flashgo, or temples of Vesta. Here was performed a species of divination, called the Ob, in order to consult the manes of the dead relative to future events. Ibid.

were also performed in sacred caves, and these were called Mam-moi, *the sanctuary of the great mother*, that is, the Arkite goddess, the Ceridwen of the Britons. But Colonel Vallancey conjectures, that the subterraneous buildings in Ireland, which are evidently of Druidical workmanship, were representations of these caves; and he particularly mentions that at New Grange, near Drogheda, as such. As no other country than Ireland contains a monument of this kind,* a detailed account of it in this place may not be regarded as irrelevant to our subject.

New Grange barrow is a circular tumulus, covering about two acres of ground, the altitude of which is about seventy feet. On the top of it formerly stood a huge columnar stone, which represented the Lingam of the Hindoos, the Phallus of the Greeks, and the Bedwen of the Britons, and its base was encircled with a number of enormous unhewn stones set upright, of which only ten now remain,† each of which may probably weigh from eight to twelve tons. About forty feet within the circumference of the base of this tumulus the mouth of a gallery was discovered, beginning from the s.s.e. and running in a direct line sixty-one feet four inches to the n.n.w., where it opens into an octangular chamber with three recesses. This gallery is composed of stones placed upright, with others laid on their tops: at the mouth it is three feet wide, and two feet high: at thirteen feet from the mouth it is only two feet two inches wide. Through this part it can only be passed by the person going on his hands and knees, scarcely raising himself on them; after this he may stand upright and walk at once to the sanctuary. This is an octangular building, with a dome of eight sides, which, at the height of fifteen or sixteen feet, become only six, by those on the north and south running to a point. The east side coming to a point next, it is reduced to five sides; and then the west one becoming extinct, it ends and closes with four sides not tied with a keystone, but capped with a flat flagstone of three feet ten inches, by three feet five inches. The sides of the octagon sanctuary are thus formed: The aperture which serves as entrance, and the three niches, make four sides, while the four imposts make the others. the sanctuary is about six or seven feet high, with a dome of twenty feet in height, and may be considered as a circle of seventeen or eighteen feet. The recesses are square, of different sizes; the northern one has a floor of one stone, six feet eight inches long, by four feet eleven inches wide; but the side ones have merely the natural earth at bottom. The two side recesses had in them each a rock basin, about four feet nine inches, by three

* The labour and expense of searching into the contents of Silbury hill and other large barrows, which might seem to promise the highest gratification, have prevented their being opened.

† This phallus acted as a gnomon probably to the circle.

feet four. On some of the stones of this building where Ogum characters.*

We have here a sanctuary for the celebration of the mysteries of the Helio-arkite goddess. Under the dome the celebrated cauldron was warmed by the fire which was attended by the nine damsels. In the two recesses were the vessels into which the contents were poured after the sprinkling and tasting had been performed, from which they were emptied into the earth. In the northern recess, which was the largest, the wine and wort were given to the attendant aspirants, and, in short, all the mysteries of Ceridwen were here performed.†

As the Helio-arkite and Lunar-arkite festivals were proclaimed to the people a week or more before the appearance of the moon, it was necessary to calculate the motions of the heavenly bodies, and for this purpose the Druids ascended high hills to make observations, and some of these hills are called *the hill of the moon* to this day. The monument at New Grange seems to have been constructed with a view of combining in one place of worship the circular temple, the consecrated cave, the hill of observation, and the sanctuary within the temple.

As in Britain, so in Ireland, before the Crom-leach was the stone of sacrifice; and such are also to be found in many of the circular temples. The sacrifice was called Graine, from Grian, *the sun*; and many places in Ireland retain this word as part of their appellations, having originally been places of sacrifice. The ceremony of sacrificing to Saman is thus described in an ancient ms. entitled *Dun-seancas, the topography of Ireland*, under the word Magh-sleacht.‡ “Magh-sleacht, so called from an idol of the Irish, named Crom Cruaith, a stone capped with gold, about which stood twelve other rough stones. Every people that conquered Ireland, that is, every colony established in Ireland, worshipped this deity, till the arrival of Patrick. They sacrificed the first-born of every species to this deity, and Tighernmas Mac Follaigh, king of Ireland, commanded sacrifices to this deity on the day of Saman, and that both men and women should worship him prostrate on the ground, till they drew blood from their noses, foreheads, knees, and elbows. Many died from the severity of this worship, and hence it was called Magh-sleacht, *the worship of the great god*.” The Irish history informs us that, for this decree, Tighernmas was punished by a signal and severe judgment from heaven: he, with multitudes of his deluded people, performing this ceremony to Crom-Cruach

* A more particular account, with plates, may be seen in the *Archæologia*, vol. ii., p. 236; and plates of another artificial cave are in the sixth volume of the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibern.*

† See the authorities in Davies's *Mythology of the Druids*.

‡ *Collect. de Reb. Hib.*, vol. iii.

on the plain of Magh-sleacht, in Breffny, near Fenagh, a parish in the barony of Mohil, being killed by lightning.

The fires which were lighted on hills were conceived to have a purifying quality, and on this account the Irish generally drove their cattle through them.

As the monument at New Grange formed one alteration from the original construction of the Druidical temples, so the fire-towers intended to supersede the lighting of fires on hills made another. As these were conical, and ending in a point at top, the idea seems to have been, in the opinion of Irish antiquaries, derived from the pyramidal plane: they were built of stones without mortar. In Smith's History of Kerry, there is a plate of one, which is twenty feet long, ten feet broad, and twenty feet high, and its walls four feet thick. "It may be asked," says Colonel Vallancey, "since the Pagan Irish could chissel stones for the round towers, why are the Ogum inscriptions on rough unhewn rocks? The reason is, because such inscriptions were Mithratic; they allude to Mithras, whose votaries pretended that he was sprung from a rock, and therefore the place where the mysterious ceremonies were communicated to the initiated was always a natural cave, or an artificial one, composed of unhewn stones, several of which exist in this country. Hence, the rude obelisk was dedicated to the sun, that is, to Mithras. It was not, therefore, the want of knowledge in working with tools, or of cements, that caused the Pagan Irish to construct their temples of rough materials. The fire temple, or tower, was an innovation, as we shall prove hereafter, and from the smallness of its diameter, and its height, it required the tool."* The highest tower in Ireland is dedicated to Brigit, the daughter of Daghdha, or Apollo. At Drom-bagh, *temple of the sun*, now Drom-boe, in the county of Down, are still the remains of a fire tower, which once blazed in honour of Bagh; and there are many other towers that, by their names, plainly indicate they were for this purpose. One of these is called Aoi-Beiltoir, *the community of the towers of Belus*, and this was a title of high dignity among the Pagan Irish.† Wherever the word occurs in the Brehon laws, it is underlined by the commentator, and explained by the word Easbog, *bishop*. The fire tower, however, was not universally adopted by the Irish, as we learn from many oppositions made to it, which are recorded in history; and there were sectaries that still continued to light their fires on the mountains, and raised tumuli.

Perhaps, however, the most curious Arkite remains in Ireland are the ship-temples, of which that at Dundalk, and that in the

* Collect. de Reb. Hib., vol. vi.

† So O'Clery has *Ata tu cu usbaid file le Ulltaibh, thou art the illustrious Urbaid (fire minister) of the Ultonians.*

county of Mayo, are interesting specimens. The first of these is called Fags na ain eighe, *the one night's work*, and, except the projection which marks the head of the vessel, would be a perfect ellipse. It is composed of brownish grit-stone, the two or three first courses aboveground being from two to three feet broad, and from twelve to sixteen inches high, those of the superstructure of all sizes. It is made to bulge out on the sides, like a ship, and has along the inside, stones so placed as to form a seat all round. Its interior length is forty-four feet nine inches, and greatest breadth twenty-one feet. It had a door at its side, as the ark is said to have had, and it rests on a mount surrounded by a vallum. That near Mullet, on the western coast of the county of Mayo, is named Leabba na Fathach, *the giant's bed*, and, unlike the former, is still in a state of perfection. The walls are two feet thick, of well jointed stones, without cement. The ground-plan is exactly like a Welsh coracle, viz. a curvilinear triangle, the length within fifteen feet, and to the ceiling, seven. The door, which is on one side, is formed of two large converging upright stones, and an impost, resembling an Egyptian gateway. The roof is made of large flag-stones, with a grassy covering; and the temple itself stands on an insulated conical hill.

With every prosperous wish, Gentlemen,

I remain most truly yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

(*To be continued.*)

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN OBELISK AT MORVA RHUDDLAN.

IN the eighth century, this peaceful plain,
Where smile the meadows now, and wave the grain,
Then, wildly delug'd with the blood of man,
Was the far-fam'd field of MORVA RHUDDLAN
The British Golgotha!—Here Offa's word
Coudemn'd man, child, and woman, to the sword,
While screams of agony and sobs of death
Where heard unheeded. Blessed is this wreath
That Peace has cast on gentle Elwy's banks;
O, thanks for better days, Eternal Power, thanks!

MADOC MERVYN.

[THE following lines are a literal translation of a Welsh poem, written immediately after the Battle of Bosworth Field. They are interesting as affording so many allusions to the subjects of Walpole's historic doubts, though it is evident he did not take his views of the character or person of Richard III. from these Wesh words.]

TO HENRY THE SEVENTH.

BY DAVYDD LLWYD LLEWELYN AP GRUFYDD,

Who flourished from 1480 to 1520.

THE crown is on the eagle's head ;
 If, indeed, the* Mole and his host have bled.
 King Harry hath fought, and bravely done,
 Our friend, the golden crown, hath won.
 The Bards resume a cheerful strain ;
 For the good of the world little R. was slain.
 That straddling letter, pale and sad,
 In England's realm no honour had :
 For ne'er could R., in place of I,†
 Rule England's people royally ;
 Nor stem the foe with puissant hand,
 Nor in the breach like Edward stand.
 How odious the vile cur to spy,
 With withered shank for brawny thigh,
 Partake the banquet's circling cheer,
 Where Gloucester's cunning cheats the ear !
 Old London saw, in evil hour,
 A Jew usurp the British power :
 The boar on murder foul intent,
 Brave Edward's sons in durance pent ;
 His tender wards, his nephews two,
 By lawless ruthless force he slew.
 Out on his Saracen's savage face !
 Who angels killed of Christian race,
 And brought by holy Non,‡ the shame
 Of Herod on one manly name !
 I marvel that the wrath of heaven
 Had not the earth beneath him riven :
 The sainted Harry's murderous fall
 With anger mov'd the Lord of all.
 If Thursday night,§ his mortal pain
 Beheld, the slayer now is slain.

* "The Mole." Richard III. is called the Mole in allusion to his working by treachery or underground. So Henry IV. is called the Mole by Iolo Goch, in his ode to Owen Glendwr.

† The person of Richard III. expressed by the letter R is here contrasted with the tall upright form of Edward IV., expressed by the letter I. It may be observed that I. is the initial of the Welsh name for Edward, Iorworth: though the Bard in this place uses the English name Edward. It is, therefore, probable that the simile was not the invention of the Bard himself.

‡ Non was the mother of Saint David, and a saint of great credit in Wales.

§ The 21st of May, 1471, upon the night of which Henry VI. was

If Richard his life-blood foully sought,
 And like a Saracen murder wrought;
 Though slowly wrath divine pursue,
 It strikes no less in season due;
 And God, who sees man's evil deed,
 With heavy vengeance pays his meed.
 To gain and fix his thorny crown,
 (The London locusts* were his own,)
 He smote the heads with felon hand
 Of divers nobles of the land;
 The heads of lords, of chiefs renown'd,
 The duke's not one bright feather crown'd.
 For this, at length, the cock o' the heath†
 Abides the avenging stroke of death.
 I thought to fly, but now he's dead,
 I bless the man by whom he bled.
 In a dirty ditch the dog lies low,
 Good luck to the hand that dealt the blow;
 The little boar hath ceased to live,
 And greater alms no hand could give.
 By cruel wiles he work'd his way;
 Those wiles their author now repay.
 His evil deeds but fruitless prove,
 And wait their evil doom above.
 He tried to soar, but tried in vain,
 The old cock tumbled down again;
 And great his fall, (but what care I?)
 As Simon Magus† from the sky.
 'Twas strange in sainted Harry's place
 A prince to set of Saxon race.§
 The saint would never chuse for heir
 But kindred blood his crown to wear.
 How grievous then of little ape,
 On magpie's legs to crown the shape!
 That crown to claim as he pass'd along,
 I met a ||goat both swift and strong,
 'Twas Harry, Harry is and shall be king!
 Long life and health to Harry sing!

A SILURIAN.

murdered, appears to have fallen on a Thursday, and the anniversary of that event, in 1485, was the battle of Bosworth field, on the same day of the week.

* London locust, or caterpillar as the original signifies, meaning the venal citizens of London.

† The Welsh expression of which this is a literal translation signifies grasshopper.

‡ "Simon Magus." The old legends represent Simon Magus, after having obtained the power of working miracles, to have come to Rome, and there to have ascended into the air in a chariot, accompanied by two angels: but, upon the intercession of St. Peter and St. Paul, he was thrown down, and broke his legs in the fall.

§ The Bard, who was attached to the Lancastrians, on account of Henry VII.'s Welsh origin, treats the Yorkists as Saxons.

|| Henry VII. landed at Milford Haven, and passed through Wales in his way to Bosworth Field.

NUGÆ CAMBRO-BRITANNICÆ.

No. II.

A Plea for the Mother Tongue.

“Si quid novisti vectius istis,
Candidus imparti, si non, his utere mecum.”

WITHOUT presuming to detract from the transcendent merits of our great English lexicographer, it must be admitted, that his Dictionary is more deficient in his Welsh etymologies than in any other part of that immortal work. Dr. Johnson either passes over, without tracing to their source, a great number of words unquestionably derived from the ancient British, or he ascribes to them another origin from the Saxon, French, Dutch, or Danish languages.

This seems the more extraordinary, as the doctor has himself informed us that he was aided in this portion of his laborious compilation by the assistance of a native of the Principality, who had already distinguished himself by the publication of a collection of Welsh Proverbs. The Cambrian compiler, however, has manifested an evident, but unwarranted, partiality for Saxon derivations.

The Welsh were unquestionably the aboriginal inhabitants of this island. It is among them, then, that we must naturally seek for the fountain head of the English language. The Anglo-Saxon was little more than a conduit-pipe through which the rich stream of the ancient British flowed into the modern English, corrupted, indeed, in its course, by a forced and heterogeneous mixture with the Danish and the Norman-French. The Welsh is the only *mother-tongue* of Great Britain; and yet in England, upon all occasions, we observe a marked predilection in favor of Anglo-Saxon literature to the prejudice of the Welsh. The last century has seen an Anglo-Saxon professor installed in his academic chair in the University of Oxford; but no literary honours, no encouragements, have yet been offered for the study of the mother-tongue. The eastern languages have not been thus neglected. In addition to the other Oriental professors in both our Universities, the late Colonel Boaden, by a most liberal and laudable benefaction in his will, has recently founded at Oxford a professorship of the Sanscrit, between which, by the by, and the Welsh, there seems a very striking resemblance, as is known to be the case between it and the Hebrew, and all the derivative languages of the East. A more intimate connexion than is generally imagined will be found to exist between the

Coelbren of the Druids and the *Shasta* and *Veda* of the Hindoo Brahmins.

The author of the English Dictionary, throughout the whole of his work, always leans in favor of a Saxon etymology, though in cases of doubt, a preference ought to have been given to the Welsh, as the most ancient, according to all the rules of philological deduction.

Under the letters *b* and *c* only, there may be traced no fewer than 200 errors or omissions of this description. Now, presuming that in every other letter of the alphabet an equal number might be discovered, the aggregate would amount to more than 2000 words, the derivation of which may be reclaimed by the Welsh!

To substantiate these claims to their full extent, it would be necessary to adduce in print the whole of the list we have made. But this would be encroaching too much on the space which could be allowed in our Miscellany to such disquisitions, and indeed would be converting its more entertaining pages into a dry etymological dictionary. We are therefore necessarily obliged to constrain ourselves to the citation of only a small portion of these derivatives, and in this we are governed solely by hazard, without making any selection for the purpose.

We anticipate a twofold objection to these etymologies. In the first place, it will, perhaps, be contended, that those Welsh words which approximate the nearest to the modern English were in fact borrowed by the inhabitants of the Principality from their Saxon neighbours, instead of having been, according to our hypothesis, adopted *vice versa* by the latter from the former. And again, it may possibly be urged on the other hand, that those derivations which seem palpably to differ either in sound, sense, or spelling, from their assigned roots, are too fanciful and too far-fetched to satisfy any judicious philologist.

We shall endeavour to answer this double objection by observing, in the first place, that although all etymological disquisition must necessarily be founded, in a great measure, on conjecture, yet, in the nomenclature of these etymologies, there will be found none which are not quite as probable as the majority of those given by Johnson and other lexicographers, according to all the rules of orthoepical and orthographical induction. And secondly, to obviate the cavil arising from the objection that the words which most resemble the English were always originally Saxon, we may assert, that we have taken great care to introduce none into our list which are not warranted by the authority of the more ancient Welsh writers. This high antiquity places their national originality above the reach of attack.

In the course of these researches we cannot but be struck

with the extraordinary flexibility, with the peculiar plastic property of the Welsh language, arising as well from the great number of its "*Prefixes*" and "*Affixes*," as from the continual changes of the initial letters of words according to their juxtaposition or collocation in a sentence. This felicity, or, if you please, this versatility of character, has enabled our ancient British poets so to modulate an almost continued consonance of sweet sounds, as to give their verse an harmonious softness and exquisite delicacy of expression, inimitable in any other tongue, except the Italian, and not exceeded even in that "*Regina linguarum*," that queen of modern languages. Indeed, there is that connection between the Welsh and the Italian, that the earliest Welsh grammar in print bears the impress of Milan on the title-page. But what surprises us most in the Welsh, are its two very opposite characters of extreme simplicity, and of the most exquisitely complicated refinement.

Paradoxical as this assertion may seem, a very few words will suffice to prove its truth. To demonstrate the simplicity of the ancient British language, I need only cite the following sentence from Mr. Edward Davies's "*Celtic Researches*," page 257,

"E a o e le."
"He proceeds out of his place."

Here we have an entire, complete sentence of five words, consisting only of five vowels, with the exception of the initial liquid consonant of the last. The English language is said to abound in monosyllables, but this Celtic period is not merely monosyllabic, but *monoliteral*. It has the advantage of expressing in six letters that which requires twenty three in English, remarkable as is the latter for its terse and energetic brevity.

On the other hand there is no language, not even the Greek, which so readily and elegantly amalgamates, and incorporates together into one sonorous and expressive composite term, so many component words as the Welsh. In proof of this, its *sesquipedalian* beauty, and as a striking contrast to that Celtic simplicity of monoliteral character of which we have just cited an example, I would instance what *Humphry Prichard* has said on this subject, in the reign of Elizabeth, in his Latin Preface to Dr. Rhys's Welsh Prosody:"

"Another cause, says he, which suggested the idea of this work, was the singular præexcellence of the language, which, in copiousness and apposite elegance of diction, is inferior to none of her sisters. It is a language, beyond all question, so rich in its derivations, composition, construction, aptness of terms, and peculiar felicity of expression, that nothing can be ever wished for, or imagined more happily adapted to the explanation of any of the fine arts and sciences. In other languages, even in the Hebrew and the Greek, it is not easy, perhaps, to form a combination of any com-

posite term exceeding four words, but the Welsh incorporates most beautifully (*palcherrime*) not only four, but five and six, and sometimes even a greater number of words in one term of art, as

‘Cymbletheurgrwydrgeindorch. Hexameter.

and

‘Gorlathrgeindegbhwyn. Pentameter.’

“These and many other words of the same kind occur in *Mabinogius*, and in the “*History of the Giants*.”

Beautiful and melodious as these two Welsh words undoubtedly are, when properly accented, it must be admitted that they are as difficult to be pronounced by a Saxon as the names of many of the Polish or Russian generals.

One is here naturally led to inquire whether there exists any modern translation of “The History of the Giants.” At this time, when there prevails so decided a taste for works of fiction, an edition of the “Stories of the Mountain Giants” would be very desirable. We can easily conceive some cambrian *Cuchullin* of colossal stature, the hero of the Epopea with this advantage, however, over Ossian’s heroes, that our Welsh giants, if we may judge from the above specimens, seem to have had a peculiarly grandiloquent and gigantic language of their own, abounding in words of such vast amplitude as to be almost too much for the pigmy mouths of the degenerate Saxons to grasp.

But to return to our Welsh etymologies, viz.

Banner. The English dictionary ascribes the derivation of this word to the French “*Banniere*,” but we should in vain seek for its elements in that language. For this purpose we must have recourse to the Welsh, and we find it derived from “*Banniar*,” “*Bannaer*,” “*Baner*,” a standard, composed of “*Bann*,” high, &c. and “*Aer*,” battle, slaughter, that is, elevated high in the air above the battle, or as a modern poet has described the British standard having stood

“A thousand years
The battle and the breeze.”

The single word, “Banner,” as thus analyzed, conveys the whole of the poetic imagery of the “Battle and the Breeze.” So also “*Standard*” probably from “*ystang*,” a pole; “*dart*,” a spear, the flag being displayed on the point of an elevated lance. What further strengthens the probability of this etymology is the great similarity between the old French word “*Estendart*,” from which Johnson deduces the derivation of *Standard*, and our Welsh “*ystangdart*,” or “*ystandart*,” a spear fixed in the upper extremity of a long pole.

Bar : is deduced by Johnson from the French “*Barre*,” but both are taken from the ancient British “*Barr*,” *vectis*, *repagulum*, *pessulum*, *clathrum*; and hence also “*spar*,” a bar of wood, a small

beam, the bar of a gate, from the Welsh "*ys barr*," *sbar*, "*spar*." So likewise "*Spear*," from the Welsh "*Bér*," a spear, a lance, a pike, "*ysber*," "*sber*," spear; *ys* being a common Welsh prefix to many words. Johnson has given this latter word *spear*, a mongrel origin, both Dutch and Saxon, but there can be no question that it is pure British.

Barr, in a metaphorical sense, came to signify any impediment, hindrance, or prohibition; hence "*Bargen*," a fair contract, in which all unfair advantage or gain on either side was *barred*, from *Barr* and *ced* or *cen*, an advantage *commodum*; and from this Welsh *Bargen*, came the English *Bargain*, for although the dictionary has ascribed to it a French filiation from "*Bargaigne*;" yet the common mode of pronouncing the word at this day *bargen* and not *bargain* strongly warrants our etymology.

Brawl. From "*Brolio*," the Welsh for "to boast, to vaunt aloud" more probably than from Johnson's French "*brouiller*," to embroil.

Balm. Pronounced *Bawm*, and said by Johnson to be derived from the French *Baume*, but both are probably from the Welsh "*Bawm*," *apiastrum*, *Melissa*; Balm, mint.

Basket. From the Welsh "*Basged*," and for this the author of the English dictionary might have cited the authority of Martial;

"Barbara de pictis venit *Bascauda* Britannis."

Bath. Saxon according to Johnson, but as we contend, ancient British from "*Bawdd*," an immersion, the double "*d*" in Welsh being pronounced as *th*. And this *bawdd* from *boddi*, to immerse, to dip. Hence *Caer Badon* signifies the town of Bath, in Welsh.

Board. A table; honoured by Johnson with a Saxon descent, but derived through the medium of the Anglo-Saxon most unquestionably from the Welsh "*Bwrdd*," *Mensa*, a table; the *W* in the Welsh being generally pronounced as double "*O*," and this word is still pronounced *boord* by some of the Herefordshire farmers, and, indeed, is so spelled in many old English books.

Bride. From "*priodi*," or "*briodi*," to marry; which became *bryd* in the Saxon, and bride in English.

Black. Saxon again, according to the Doctor, but we must seek its elementary composition from the Welsh, viz. from *wachar*, bright; *coruscus*, *igneus*, *fulgurans*, with the Latin privative particle *ab* prefixed; *ablachar*, not bright, dark, black.

Bridle. From the Welsh "*Bryd*," animus, spirit; the bridle being a check on the fiery spirit of the horse. Thus "*brido*" is to break out, to irrupt.

Bolt. This word is referred by Johnson to a Dutch source, "*boult*," but as it signifies

1. An arrow, a dart.
2. Lightning, a thunderbolt.
3. The bar of a door.

And, again, as the verb neuter "to bolt" means "to spring out with speed and suddenness," there can, we think, be no doubt that it is derived from our old Welsh word "*Bolll*," a Catapult, an ancient military engine to throw stone on the enemy.

Belly. From the Dutch "*Balg*," says Johnson; but without travelling so far as Holland to seek the derivation of this word, we have it at home in our Cambrian "*Bol*," or "*Boly*" venter. And from *Bol*, again, we have the English *bowl*, and the French their *bol*, a hollow vase of capacity.

Be. To be. The dictionary furnishes us with no derivation of this essential verb, but it comes from the Welsh "*Bi*," an old word for "*will be*," "*erit*;" hence it made "*bid*," in the imperative, "*let it be*," or "*let it bide*," *sit*. Thus, also, "*Byw*," *vivere*, to live, to exist, to *be*; and "*Bu*," *fuit*.

Battle. From the Welsh "*Batel*," a stretching or drawing of the bow, and thence metaphorically a battle.

Bliss, Bless. Which Johnson correctly defines to mean the highest degree of happiness, the happiness of *blessed* souls, or the highest degree of happiness which can be *desired*, the *desire* of all; is by him, as usual, attributed to a Saxon origin, but we must be allowed to vindicate its aboriginal source from "*Blys*," which in Welsh signifies extreme desire.

Bran. From the ancient British "*Brann*," *furfur*; Johnson derives it from the Italian "*Brenna*," but the Welsh is much closer.

Flatter. From the Welsh "*fladr*," loquacious, inapt, and not from the French *flater*, which must have had the same Celtic origin.

Brother, and Brethren. Evidently from "*Brawd*," and in the plural "*Brodder*," the Welsh for brother and brethren, the "*dd*" being always pronounced as "*th*." The English dictionary must give them a Saxon origin but they certainly are genuine British.

Bow. A bow and arrows, an instrument of war; no Etymology given by Johnson, but derived from the Welsh "*Bwa*," a bow; *arcus*; so "*Bwa Croes*," a crossbow.

Boot. From the French "*botte*," says the doctor, but why not rather from the Welsh "*Bwt*," a long narrow basket placed in a stream to catch fish, the first primitive boots being probably made

of basketwork; hence "*bootless*" came to signify fruitless, as a *bootless errand*, an errand in which no fish were caught, no purpose attained.

"Bootless and weather-beaten back."

Shakspeare.

In more modern Welsh "*Bootias*" came to signify a pair of boots.

Brat. No etymology given by Johnson, but its root may, we apprehend, be found in our Welsh word "*Bratt*," panniculus, a clout, swaddling clothes, that is, an infant in swaddling clothes, a brat.

Break and Breach. Saxon, yet again, in the English dictionary, but it seems to us that these words may fairly be deduced from the Welsh "*Breg*," ruptio, fractura, a rupture or breaking.

Burgess. Johnson tells us comes from the French *Bourgeois*, but why not from the Welsh "*Burdais*" or "*Burgais*," a citizen, one intitled to the rights of the *Bur*, the lower or enclosed town? The dictionary admits "denizen" to be derived from the Welsh "*Dinasdyn*," or man of the city, and why not Burgess from *Burgais*?

Brew. From "*Berw*," coctio, a boiling. Is not this at least as presumable as Johnson's derivation of this word from the Dutch "*Browen*?" Hence also the old English word "*Brewis*," a sop of bread seethed in the fat of the boiling pot, or in the dripping-pan.

Bustle. From the Welsh "*Bustl*," fel, and "*Bustlaidd*," fel-leus, gall, bile, bitterness of temper, &c., because those subject to a redundancy of bile are generally hasty, petulant, impetuous, and often in a hurry, or continual *bustle*.

Bone. From "*bon*," a stock, or stem. Thus "*bonog*" is thick-shanked, or having thick shank-bones; and "*bongam*," is crook-shanks, or having crooked shank-bones. Johnson will have this word to come from the Saxon "*Ban*."

Brag. The English dictionary assigns the derivation to the Dutch "*Braggerdn*," but this word has probably been taken from the Welsh "*Brag*," malt; or "*Bragod*," *Promulsis*, *Mulsum*, mead or metheglin, as a man who has the *malt* in him, or has drank much strong drink, is apt to *brag*, and play the "*braggadocio*."

Clean. The Welsh "*glan*," pure, clean, neat. Thus "*Ysbryd Glan*," the Holy Ghost, that is, the Pure Spirit, Johnson has not gone further back than the Saxon, "*clæn*." Spirit also from "*ysbrid*."

Clothes. From the Welsh "*clos*" and "*closyn*," a pair of breeches; the most essential part of a man's clothes. The word is still pronounced *close* and not *clothes*, and as pronunciation

is always more permanent than the orthography of a language, this is no mean argument in favor of our derivation, though Johnson gives it a Saxon origin, *Clos*, because it designates a close garment, contradistinguished from the loose flowing *toga* of the Romans and the open philibegs of the Scotch.

Caress. From "*Cares*," a kinswoman; and "*caru*," to make love, to court; yet the English dictionary will absolutely assign it a French source, from "*caresser*;" but it is easy, to perceive that both the English and the French have the same common Celtic origin, and most probably the Latin "*carus*" also.

Chin. From *Gîn*, gena, mantum, *ysgên*, 'sgen, chin. The Saxon *cenne* is more remote.

Knife. From "*Cnaif*," tonsura, a cutting: the English dictionary, however, makes it Saxon instead of British.

Fist. The clenched fingers, from "*Fys*" or "*Bys*", a finger.

Cot. Still Saxon, if we are to believe the dictionary, but unquestionably derived from the Welsh "*cwt*," tugurium, and this *tugurium* again probably from "*ty*," a house; and "*gwr*," a man; "*tugwr*," a man's habitation; which, with a Roman termination, would form the word "*tugurium*:" The old English word *cote*, as Dovecote, was nearer the Welsh *cwt* in pronunciation.

Cunning. Artifice, sagacity. Saxon yet again in the dictionary, but we must trace its source back to the ancient British "*cwn*," dogs, and *ing* a Saxon termination, indicating quality, *cwning*, or cunning, the distinguishing quality of that most sagacious animal, the dog.

Captain. Johnson has deduced this word from the French "*Capitaine*," but we insist it comes from the Welsh "*Capten*," a corruption of "*Cadpen*;" Dux, that is, the chief of an army, being an inversion of *Pen y Cad*, the head or chief of the army.

Carn. A heap of stones raised over the slain, from the Welsh "*carn*," hence the Welsh curse "*carn ar dy ben*," woe betide thee! or a carn be on thy head! so also *carnage*, slaughter, or food for the *carn*.

We could multiply these etymologies almost to infinity, but we find we are already exceeding all reasonable limits for a single article. We can imagine already some severe Aristarchus dissatisfied with our "*Welsh trifles*," exclaiming

Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala.

And our fair readers, perhaps, in remarking our extreme jealousy for the pristine originality of the Welsh, may say that in our derivations,

"*Trifles light* as air, are, to the jealous,
Confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.

There is one very singular etymological curiosity which in treating of Welsh derivations, we ought not, perhaps, to omit to mention, which is, that the word "*truth*," in Welsh, signifies *flattery* in English; and yet I think no one can dispute that this Anglo-Saxon synonyme for verity is not derived from the ancient British *truth*, spelled precisely the same, although of a directly opposite sense, and this on the principle of contrarieties as in the Latin "*Lucus, a non lucendo*."

A lady to whom we shewed these philological observations made the following impromptu on our derivation of *truth* and *bustle*, from two Welsh words of similar sound and spelling but of quite different sense and signification.

How strange the ancient language of our isle!
If *Bustle* can in Welsh be traced from *Bile*!
'Tween words oppos'd no difference is seen,
If flattery, truth, and truth can flatt'ry mean.

But it must be remembered that not only the orthography and orthoepy, but the very sense and meaning of words are continually changing in all languages. In the English, for instance, the word "*knave*" formerly signified a servant, although at present it means a *rogue*, a *rascal*. So "*villain*," in its original sense, designated a person holding by a particular kind of tenure, called tenure in "*villanage*," but now the term is understood to be synonymous with a *wicked wretch*. A great number of other similar instances might be cited. Now if these fluctuations in the meaning and acceptation of words occur in the same language, how much more frequently must such conversions present themselves in the incorporation of words from one language into another; we cannot, therefore, be astonished at any metamorphosis they undergo in their transit.

GLÄS.

Jan. 12, 1832.

Y LLEUAD.

O, LLEUAD arianaid! mór deg yw dy lwybr,
Mór loyw a harddwych wrth dramwy y wybr;
Er hyny os crefir, er teced wyt DDUWIES!
E welir rhai brychau yn duaw dy vonwes.
Un modd os edrychir i mewn i ddynoliaeth,
E welir rhai beiau, rhyw anav, ysywaeth;
A! rhaid yw cyvaddev na welir dim purdeb
Yn nim, nac yn neb; and yn Nuw tragwyddoldeb.

TEGID.

Rhydychain.

A WELSH SHEPHERD'S TRAGEDY,

FOUNDED ON FACT.

(From the Journal of the Rural Doctor.)

To what a homely, nay, dirty origin, are we indebted for much, both of elegance and beauty, in the moral as well as physical world: from some foul vault in the human heart, grow and wave over its ruins the black laurels of tragedy, blood-dropped! from a filthy bed of dung, starts, at the laugh of Spring, a glorious bed of tulips or hyacinths: a poor acorn lying among yellow leaves, rotting under the Autumnal wood, gobbled up by a starved raven, and deposited (not by the most elegant method of planting,) on the steep bank of the Wye, asks only a little mould and much time, and, behold, that picturesque oak, the patriarch of the giant family of trees, gracefully leaning and extending his noble arms in their scarf of ivy to the blue glistening river; chequering the summer sod of the bank beneath into a golden mosaic of sun and shadow, as the west wind waves its top, which dances like a deep green crust of some helmeted yet smiling king, prepared alike for peace or battle; beautiful in the serene sky, strong and roaring thunder in the stormy, the king of the woods, the glory of all the Wye-side landscape. And all this from the hunger of a raven! Methinks, gentlemen, readers and editors of the Cambrian Quarterly, that in like manner might that kindred (and often hungry, alas!) thing of ill omen, which haunts "the sick man's chamber," yclept "the Doctor," pick up in that doleful wood, that sad shady place of the falling human leaf, many a germ of romance of real life, unromantic as that haunt of his may appear; which germ, *moulded* a little, and fermented in his brain, (that is to say, if he possess any,) even as in a dunghill or earthy bank at least, might at last develop itself to the gracious eye of heaven, (of the public, I mean,) welcome its smile, defy its frown, shake at it its branching head of three volumes post-octavo; in short, flourish like that oak, adorning the passing hour as that the gliding river.

Belonging to that fraternity of human ravens myself, I have long been in the habit of *picking* up these seeds of romance by the sickbed; but whether it be that my cranium possess it not, or that the sort of medulla it does enclose, be not a fit matrix or hotbed for its growth, I know not; but there it lies, and I expect and long, and look, and the devil a shoot it puts forth, or else so unseemly a one as *will* grow downwards, so that, however fine a plant it may prove, it is a subterranean one, and never sees the light; sap, heart, nerve, something is wanting to push forth my sickly secret offspring. In other words, (save and except in a cer-

tain retrospective work, touching the past not present, buried genius not living,) I exist an owl, a mole, in the woods and fields of literature; my doings, with parted day and the dark liveness of an underground existence; my study (among wild mountains) my world, and myself "my pensive public."

For once, however, I shall come blinking abroad to bask myself on the green bank of a mountain periodical, as I delight to consider the *Cambrian Quarterly*. Broken metaphors being kindly excused, I would say, "behold my oak at last, Messieurs l'Editeurs!" "This thing!" ye cry: "A dwarf oak," gentlemen, I confess, but the acorn was a very fair one and a real. To speak "like a man of this world," I have thrown into a little history of rustic life an affecting incident that occurred in Wales, and which, indirectly at least, my professional pursuits, brought me acquainted with.

It seemed to me suited in its character to the spirit which I conceit ought to vivify the pages of a *Cambrian Magazine*. Might I presume to advise, I should hint that, although by no means calculated exclusively for the meridian of Wales, it should still retain the stamp of the land whence it emanates; if possible it should be fresh, bold, picturesque, vivid, contemplative rather than active; a work to be taken up in the same spirit and with the same refreshing, resting, restorative effect, as the fine springs, the *gales* of the golden vallies, and glorious morning mountain tops of that land, are drunk, and inhaled, and danced upon.

While other Quarterlies, catching the fury of the times and the party topic of the hour, almost merge their literary in their political character—becoming mere intellectual battle-fields, let one at least "babble of green fields." There are hours when the most ferocious politician may desire a little green for the soul's eye, (to speak poetically,) on which it may repose, fatigued with the fierce glories of the war, and satiated with triumph (each of his own side) while every first day of the month, the field of letters, like that of the dragon's teeth, throws up its crop of heroes, pugnacious as perishable, "ready, aye ready, for the field."

Agreeably to this my notion of the "*Magazine from the Mountains*," the humble hero I have to introduce is no better than a farmer's servant, his mistress no loftier a heroine than that farmer's daughter, their real names (for reasons hereafter apparent,) are suppressed.

I had a call to a distant patient, on a lovely day, just breaking, of July. Let not any one imagine that there was any emergency of speed in this early summons: "the doctor" is rarely required in Wales, till such a period of disease as also almost allows his bringing a brother raven, the undertaker, along with him. So it was in this instance: following, therefore, at a most respectful

distance, the messenger, I, with my two boys, descended to breakfast by a river, on our way. Behold us, after wading through a steep meadow's grass, with our six feet all over dew and clinging buttercups, at a gipsy breakfast by a grand bed of rock, which my river, (my own hermit river!) shrunk by July suns, rather played in than occupied, like a baby in the great bed at Ware. The leaping of many little cataracts against gnarled root and rock was like that of snowy lambs in a field of deep grass almost hiding them, so green was the hue of the water sweeping through a natural floodgate of rock in midchannel, and so white the tiny breakers in their foam. There was a soft blue stream of mist all up the mountain windings of the river; the bright green of the bud, with the expansion of the leaf, (charming conjunction of the young year!) was upon the underwood. On our very last visit paid to that spot, rotten wood, dead flags and leaves, heaped our sod breakfast-table, thick as sea-wrack, and our leafy skreen, (the deserted chamber of the poor birds,) stood a skeleton-ruin, blown through by the bleak wind. Now, delightful change! there it stood, a dense, rich, impervious, sunshiny orchestra, for its musical tenants, all returned to its covert; and as they sung us their Spring song, we fancied we could distinguish our old friends from new, the last year's musicians from the present. Stretched, Roman-like, on a couch of moss velvet at an oak's root, to our meal, I felt in a lively manner the pleasure of doing good to our fellow-creatures, and fulfilling our path whither duty calls us,—for was I not on my path to my patient? Yes, let none grudge me then "mine ease, in mine inn," of a clump of hazels, nor sneer at this recumbent kind of practice; moreover, but for it, I, or rather the reading world, had lost a very pretty leaf out of the book of the heart, a little biography of a passion, bred and born among mountains. For presently my younger boy whispered that we were overlooked, which is our mortal aversion; and peeping through our green wall, I saw a young woman loitering at the bowered mouth of a path through a little wood by the river, who seemed not to have espied or heard us, so anxiously was she watching up the path. Soon I could perceive a fine colour mount to her cheek, fresh rather than ruddy before; the appearance of him she waited for seemed to explain the blush.

Sure as a gun here were two sweethearts! honour itself must have continued to peep, so I did. She was in truth a pretty, rather delicate, girl, with most expressive eyes, and truth could say no more. In all respects she was a neat, modestly dressed, farmer's daughter, such as are to be met with, in Caermarthenshire, every market-day in numbers, in any town; a county most genial to female complexions, more beautiful reds and whites being to be seen there than in all the rest of Wales together:* for she was a Caermarthenshire girl, though I have

* Comparisons (as we are informed by the learned Mrs. Malaprop,) are

described her as at home, on the banks of my own stream, Irvon. But as one incident in the story of these two real sweethearts was such as might render publicity improper, as will be seen, I have created for them a fictitious abode, transplanted their meetings to the side of another river, and under other names, preserved their history, well known to the few residents of the mountain hamlet and sheep-farm where it occurred. Some trouble was in the young man's face, as he approached, some anger; he seemed reluctant to draw near her, yet I fancied I saw tears standing in his eyes. With a charming artlessness she took his hand, and, looking round into his averted face, with all the tender mournful concern possible, laid the hand she pressed lovingly to her bosom, while she said, as he stood half crying, half frowning, "Robin! Robin bach!* come now, why do you look so miserable? I can't bear to see you so; why do you look so cold, so angry?" "Why don't you say at once that you wont go then?" he muttered rather fiercely. "Oh dear, dear, dear," she cried, impatiently, "what can I say to make him believe me! Don't I leave father, mother, and all? Oh, Robin, would I leave them, for the world, if it wasn't: no! not for the world, nor any thing in it, but you. Oh, if you knew how sick and sinking my heart is at the thought of such a journey, such a way off as London, indeed, it do drop like, drop dead like, a stone in my breast, indeed, indeed." Sullen he stood still, "For me, truly! for me! if you do want to please me, why don't you write, write at once, that you wont go then? the old cat does only want you to wait on her, and nurse her till she's gone, and then she'll die and not leave you a farthing, and, by the L—d, I shall be so glad, 'twill serve you just right." Oh dear, oh dear," she quivered in tears and vexation, "do I want her fortune for myself then? have I any use for money? do I want it for my father, who has the farm as long as he lives, you know, and mother after him? who do I want it for then, Robin? nay, you be not so dull as that; who did I spend all my halfpennies on when we were both little, at feast? can't you think who?" she asked, looking languishingly on him who was evidently softened, though too angry to betray it much. "Very well, then, very well," he broke forth, "you don't want it, master don't want it, I'm sure I don't want it, I wish the devil had the old aunt, and her fortune in her pocket too. I've hardly ate or slept since her letter came: so nobody wants it; why don't you write, at once, you will not go then?" Robin was doggedly bent on one note. "So I will; I will, if you will be less miserable, and let us make it up," said the tired girl, sobbing. "Will you, and will you,

"*oderous*." We well know that the dear delightful women of Cambria are remarkable for their *York* and *Lancaster* complexions; but we must confess we are indebted to "the Rural Doctor" alone, for the assertion that those of Caermarthenshire are the most superlative.—EDITORS.

* *Bach*, a term of endearment, literally meaning *little*.

indeed, dear wench?" he exclaimed, starting out of his mood as from a trance, and pressing one, two, three loud hearty kisses on her willing lips: then there was a peace for a time, as they hid among the clumps of the wood's edge: but presently a fresh parley was on foot, in a calmer spirit.

"Don't you remember that very, very hot day last year, when I took my wheel to the sycamore tree for the shade, and couldn't be cool even there, and the haymakers came continually to the spout of water at the rock to drink, and the cows stood in the ford, and there was not a living thing to be seen hardly in all the broad bask, as far as one could see over the scorched face of the ground, except under some shade or in the brook?" "Yes, yes; but what then? let's make an end of one thing first; so when do you write to tell her you wont come on no account?" Margery smiled mournfully. "Well," she continued, "but you was in all the broil, and hard at work, mowing the latter math,* and faint, faint you looked, coming by me to the water-spout! I wished I could mow, and you could spin, for us to change works; to my heart, I did: to be sure my father would not have had you go on, I know, but you can't have him always for a master, or I should not mind; so I did cry at my wheel, for what d'ye think I thought, Robin?" "Girl, I'm thinking what time a letter be to reach town in time for the London mail: let me see; if I walk sharpish, I could take it aftersupper to night." "Nay, Robin, listen, dear; I did think—I wont tell you neither; yet what odds? don't we know one another's minds? A'n't I yours, your own; and a'n't you mine, my own, own? I thought, when we're married, must I see him so work, work, and every day, and for ever?" "Well, my dear, wont it be for you and for yours, your little, our little ones, Margery bach? What ails me that I can't work?" "Oh, but I want to see you work just a little, no more than you like; I hate every body I do see idle and easy in the shade when you are in the heat, or warm by the fire when you are out after the sheep, in the snow! Oh Lord, though it be wicked, I fear, I fear, I shall almost hate my pretty ones (and she cried) for their very wants, poor little lumps, because every year, as they grow bigger, you must work the harder for them! Then think of your being sick, you must be simple† sometimes, how could I bear you to work then? Oh, Robin, my very heart grew sick, it sunk within me, Robin, God knows it did! Now when this letter came, I remembered that day, and, indeed, it made my heart leap again!" "I see, I see, what you are driving at again, as bad as ever," exclaimed he, writhing with impatience. "Oh, good boy, consider now, what is a few months, nay, a year or two:" her voice sunk more mournful at each word. "If you'd ever known what love is, you'd know what a year is, aye

* Second grass-crop.

† "*Simple*" implies illness, in the English language spoken by the Welsh and Borderers.

a week, asunder, a day, to true sweethearts;—oh, nothing, nothing at all, to you, I'm sure; and it will be as little to me when you bring yourself back again, I can tell you," said Robin, disdainfully, affecting the careless beau by inclining his hat to one side." "Don't I know? don't I? But you don't mean it: Oh, Robin, I must go, but you must bid me go, or else I can't; I've set my heart on't to have you always by me, nothing to do but amuse yourself, and yet have money, and have it all through me; and spend it all almost upon yourself, all that's to spare for pleasure: at least, you must say go, but say it very sad like; I wouldn't have you a bit less sorry or sad, dear, but say it serious and ordering like, or else I'm sure I never can, for all it breaks my heart to not go."

Robin kissed away a tear from her eye, before it fell, and by so doing brought many more. "You've kept me from every playfellow and every play, boy's and man's, all my life long, playing with you from a little girl, till I'm like a girl myself, and the fellows laugh at me and call me a 'womankind man,' and now you leave me. While I'd your company, you know, Margery, I never wanted theirs nor nobody's, not I; whether you and I sate each upon a knee of our master, when we were quite little, and he gave us sips o'cyder out o'his own horn cup, and a roast crab a piece, or, when we grew older, upon a stile or a haycock, for that matter, it was all one, we were always getting together, wasn't we? What am I to do by myself now, think you? I declare, when I'm on the brow yonder, by myself, after the sheep all day, and watch (watching the shadow of the old wind-beat thorn that you know there,) for the time to come down and home to you, I think it don't lengthen an inch an hour, and that's but a day! I sha'n't live to see you come back, I do believe; and you'll come back a fine lady."

"Don't say so, don't say so, my sweet!" murmured the tender girl, sobbing, as if his life had really been in present jeopardy, at the very thought. Turning her white neck and head aside, as he took her hand, she started, exclaiming "Robin, Robin!" doubtless discovering us behind our leafy curtain, or by our smoke, that curled blue above it, perhaps; though our fire was in the deep gulley hollow of the empty river bed of rocks. Blushing and wiping each eye with her apron, she caught up her pail, (as white and pure as the willow by the brook of which it was made,) and vanished quickly over the ridge of the sheep meadow we had crossed, above which, white peeping, appeared the horns of cows lowing with deadened sound beyond.

Here was a little landscape of the heart, the female heart suddenly and sweetly opened in the midst of scenery of congenial loveliness: here was true love, methought. His eager preference of hard labour to independence, deterred by the bare

risk of losing her; her eagerness as great, to quit father, mother, home, even him, his very self, because she could not bear to see him "look so faint;" these traits of affection struck me mightily, and superadded the charm of the moral to the physical landscape, charming already as it was. There was, in truth, an affinity betwixt the scene and the gentle, yet impassioned, mind it had matured.

Each was mild, homely, humble; yet a paradise! The river ran more musically, the sky beamed bluer calm, I could have fancied every heath-flower, bowing on its invisible stalk, seemed a little blue humming-bird fluttering over its nest, or a little love, or anything poetical, thing of summer-air; to which romantic flights must be added, my scalding my mouth with boiling milk, pouring clear water out of our teapot, though forgetting to put "the Chinese nymph" therein, and, at last, seeing the real tea all oily eyes a top! having poured it on a lump of butter, instead of sugar.

I fell in again with this young man in the solitude of the hill top, some time after, and had no need to inquire, for I saw by his look that she was gone. With much reluctance he stayed to enter into conversation a little, as I sate down by him on the steep bank of the turfy hill, and I learned what in very few words can be repeated of his simple story. He was an orphan boy, left helpless on the parish when "scarcely old enough to hold a lamb from its mother at the shearing time," as he said. But the people to whom he was "put out" used him cruelly, or "our master," (Margery's father,) thought so; so having a kindness for the child, from his parents having worked for him, the farmer took him home and brought him up like his own, "though," said Robin, "I couldn't earn a mess of flummery, not I, and the parish would never allow a farthing after, because he took pity on the child and took him away. Nor did our master ever twit me, if he were ever so angry, with the burden I had been to him; no, nor would let me work so hard as the other lumps of boys of my size, by reason," he said, "he'll be dashed and shy to tell us, having never a mother, if he's ill or anything, for fear we should think him idle."

This John Morgan (or Jacky Morgan, by rural phraseology) was the occupier of a pasture or grass farm, and dependent chiefly on the rearing of large flocks of sheep, a species of farmer more simple and primitive generally in habits and modes of life, than the chiefly agricultural one. Arable farms and grass farms are the prose and poetry of rural life; almost as dissimilar as cows, lowing in a morning meadow of spring grass, and sheep, whitening a thymy sunshiny hill-side, are to the same animals under the form of roast beef and prime mutton smoking on a tap-room dinner-table. This secluded bringing up had doubtless fostered

a kind of melancholy in this young man, hitherto of ameliorating effect on his nature, but now giving intensity to his sense of solitude and separation. Again and again we met, and every time his face presented a more soured and anxious expression, like that of a worldly man whose affairs go worse and worse; for so, indeed, it was with his one affair of life—love. For though more than one letter had arrived from Margery she had not said much about him to her father. His answers were sharp, short, and peevish, his person neglected, and whole carriage recklessly listless. It may be asked what new can be said on subjects so exhausted by writers as love and absence? but the same may be inquired on every passion; imposing a veto for ever henceforth on all tragic epic sentimental composition. But is novelty the sole source of pleasure in nature? If not, why insist on it in a sort of writing whose only ambition it is to imitate nature, to become, however, a faint, a feeble, yet a faithful echo of her voice in the heart? In such humble narrative the new, the startling, seems to me a demerit; it breaks the moral truth. Whatever thrills the true chord in the heart must be a repetition of what has touched it before in reality; if it be altogether new, it is spurious, and that chord will not respond to it.

But is the “sacred source of sympathetic tears” indeed exhausted, or exhausted of its powers to delight? I would answer “no more than is this noble river in my eye, this moment, long and far as it has flowed, and many as are the romantic landscapes it has created in that flow. Ever flowing yet ever fresh, a powerful passion, though old as the heart of man, which is its source, is infinite in its aspects as that ancient Wye, for ever, down from its spring in the hollow bosom of the mountain; ancient as Pumlumon, as the world itself; yet, in its beauty and freshness, the same as when glittering to the new born sun on the world’s birthday. The sun and the river together have, indeed, been procreating whole generations of landscapes, ages ago, ere my late waking eyes opened, and Shakspeare and resistless passion, by their conjunction, have been beautifying the region of that passion for ten thousand hearts before mine stirred with life. Yet look on that many pictured mirror! *alter et idem*,—my life upon’t the very landscape I look on now, the sun himself never saw before any more than I did, nor did Shakspeare himself see every passion in every possible turn and aspect. Those are as multiform, as infinite, aye, as the emerald prismatic glancing of dewy leaves on its banks, to the half-sun on the horizon’s brink, on a May morning; as the silver sailing of the pink-edged clouds above at the same moment; as the playful frowning of their shadows on its face; as the countless diversities of the countenance of nature.

Having thus satisfied myself, if not thee, gentle reader, (far behind,) that a passion may yet be painted in these late and evil

days, a few words and a trait or two of the heart, under the pains of absence: one especially I may record, for which I need not draw on my imagination, but memory. At the town of B——, at the early hour of four, A.M., when the mail to Caermarthen comes in, on its way thither, was very often to be seen a travel-stained, confused looking, pale, country youth, lurking near the inn door, avoiding the saucy inquiring looks of the stable lads, while the horses stood ready brought out, but hurrying up and brightening a little in his dejection of look, as the horn announced the mail's approach. Yet when it stopped he inquired for no one, only looked shy and wistful at the first face that appeared within at the window, seemed to pore curiously on the whole vehicle, its wheels, and the very dust on them; his countenance dropped, and he was seen no more, till, perhaps, after two or three days; then repeating the same melancholy pantomime. This was poor Robin come over the mountains several miles during the night, to see the folks, the coach, the very dust on its wheel that came from the very town she lived in. Perhaps he was too bashful to ask of the passengers about Margery Morgan; though he had little doubt they must know something of her, as living in the same town with her.

A year had now passed away since the commencement of that lovely and land languishing new existence he had dragged from the moment of her departure: a new anguish too, that of a vague jealousy, was added to that of loneliness. "A dashing young man," as Margery wrote word, now visited her aunt, a nephew, and didn't treat her at all haughtily, but quite made a lady of her, as if she had not been a poor Welsh cousin," and little better than a servant to his relative, she might have added, though called her companion.

I remember the last time of my encountering Robin in this state of his mind. He was watching a new flock of sheep, which his master, and foster-father, had bought out of a maritime county, the most distant of the Principality. These required that close watch to prevent their general flight and return to that distant home, which they often effect by a wonderful instinct, reappearing on their old sheepwalk, by travelling mountains, vallies, and streams, that should seem to form an impassable barrier. Another curious trait that distinguishes the deer-like mountaineer, from his fat and lordly alderman brother of Leicestershire, may here be not unamusing, however out of place. This strange flock when turned out on the open hill side, when once become naturalised to the spot, confine themselves to a certain circuit, whose limit they will no more pass than an actual fence. But Robin's charge had not yet made themselves at home, this phantom-penfold of nature's delicate secret workmanship, only visible to their optics, was not yet erected, so they

stood all pellmell, disdaining their new and yet undefined little realm of sunny bank on the broad mountain breast, though its smooth turf, stretched tempting under their feet, and basking in the sun, exhaled the fine aromatic odour of its herbage. Observing their erected nostrils and heads all directed one way, I asked an explanation, and found that they were "snuffing the salt air" of the sea, as the shepherds call it, meditating escape back to the sea downs which habit had endeared to them. "They want to be with them again they 've been brought up with, sir," Robin remarked, "see how they do all look, and look that one way, as if every one was seeing some one that played with him from a lamb." I couldn't but think the shepherd gazed sympathetically with his flock, for he kept his dark, and now dark-circled and hollow eye, rolled, without reverting, not in their direction, but another, that of London. A deep sigh escaped him. "It's natural, sir, isn't it?" he added.

I knew what was in his mind, and having won his confidence before, asked, at once, "When did you hear last from there?" "Oh, a very long long while ago." "Did she write to you, or her father, and what did she say about you, or to you?" "Not a word, only that I was to take care of old Bobby for her, that she might see him again when she comes back,—when indeed!" "Who's Bobby?" "A house lamb, that's a great old sheep now, haven't you seen him butting every body as comes in at Llan—? I found it half dead in a snow drift, and she warmed it to life as it were, and named him after me—poor wench! so he's lived ever since, and grown quite masterful in the house, and now I wouldn't any thing should happen to the old fellow for ever so much, since she's been gone, though I didn't like him before." I shall throw together a few of those broken hints as well as opener outpourings, which I elicited by talking about Margery, expressive of the pains of absence. He compared himself to those restless sheep, all loathing the green feast before them, through a sick longing after distant downs, sea washed and less pleasant, but dearer, because their own.

London, though he had always had almost a dread of it by report, was become a very home to his thoughts, and Llan—, though he had always loved, always lived in, was now homeless and, as it were, strange. Where she was, seemed the world, and everywhere else out of the world, even that very mountain where they had been so happy! where the kindness of the master often allowed her to bring him up something of a better kind for dinner than usual, if they chanced to have it,—a turkey or the like. He was like that flock, "tethered" now to a little round, while his whole soul was stretching away over that sea of mountains round him, of all whose grand attributes, (for many a simple mountaineer, Gaelic and Cambro-British, can taste mountain

grandeur,) of all that lured his eye to rest on them before, nothing now remained but that horrible one—distance, tremendous distance, which cut her off from him. It was a fine panoramic picture (I but poetize his simpler ideas,) reversed in a moment, of whose colours, gay objects, and artificial sunlight, nothing remains but a blank breadth of uncouth rough mere wood, which instead of delighting with an imaginary sunshine, proves an ugly barrier excluding the real. “What a way it is from our town to that! Why she would be in her grave before I could reach her, or her father, even if a letter came straight post to tell us of her being taken ill! And that’s not all: even when she does come back, I’m always thinking she will come so altered! and I’m not altered a bit, only for the worse,—they tell me I look quite old and crabbed; I know I’m grown very *curst** since she went, and can’t bear a word from our master, good as he is: she wont find *me* a “dashing young man,” I’m sure. L—d! how they talk there: she never knew *that* word now, here! I used to be so happy,—I did not envy our great squire himself, not I: I verily think I’d more pleasure in every great shady oak of his fields, by only sitting to hear the thrush o’ evenings, on its great green roots, while the cows were coming to be milked across the meadow brow, than he or any rich man could find in all the money all the timber of that and the whole wood would put into his pocket; and now I’ve no rest under our old tree or any one for these cruel thoughts; no peace at all day or evening, and yet all round is so peaceful,—quiet as ever, and that makes me ten times worse.”

“And when does the squire come down?” I inquired. “Very soon, sir; ah! he’ll have a great miss of our Margery, too, for nobody should make his cream cheeses and his butter but her, she’d such a white little hand, he said and I loved the old gentleman ever since for praising her, and it’s true, so she has, sure enough, she had at least,—God knows, it may be *horrid* white—white as her shroud now! or brown as earth,—earthy—earthy!” he muttered, shrugging and shuddering; “for her old mistress has had the prelatie stroke, and can’t write to us, even if poor Margery were gone prelatie too, or dead and gone!”

The aspect of human life under the vicissitudes of chance and change, is like the varying face of earth under those of the seasons: now black and furrowed by the plough, and beaten by the winter-storm; now wearing all the tender unsullied gloss of young grasses, young grain, young leaves, tottering lambs, and children singing in that grass’s depth, and picking primroses,—the very world seeming young again; presently waving gold to the intense blue of Autumn’s skies, or to the harvest moon; and last,—all wintry desolation again!

* Froward, illhumoured.

I know not how long it was before I saw our shepherd again, I hardly knew him. Joy, glee, dance of blood, buoyancy of spirit, now fairly lifted him out of his own shy nature,—out of himself, as he led me, looking “unutterable things,” to a very pretty lone house, under a large clump of elms, in the little park of ———, once a keeper’s lodge; kites, and crows, and weasels, still hung nailed against the wall: but now enlarged to a sort of cottage farm house, for the reception of a new bailiff to the old squire just arrived, and who but Robin was to be bailiff? who to manage the dairy but the said bailiff’s wife? and who that wife but Margery Morgan? Much discourse had passed between this warm-hearted old gentleman and Jacky Morgan, about the attachment between the young people, and Robin’s altered character; (for he had tried the good old master’s patience grievously, to his own bitter aggravation of misery the first cool moment,) and it was settled that Robin should go up to London, superintend the sale of some droves of black cattle, which had already set off for Barnet fair, (for Morgan had made Robin an excellent farmer,) and return by coach—not alone, but with *her*; to wait no more for deaths and fortunes, but snatch what fortune presented now, and live again! Happy Robin! It was indeed a lovely hermitage: the sweeps of greensward all round, only broken by single trees, but each a little mass of greenwood and shade, in its venerable size, were as an emerald sunny sea shutting them in to themselves, under that lonely thatch, as in an ark which had found land again, and only waited a little farther ebb to become a blessed home! Very little, for the hours of this overwhelming misery of separation were numbered. “What’s a couple of hundred miles?” said he exultingly; “Just none! just none, you know,—I mean when I’m set off: God knows it do seem long to then, sir!” “When do you set off?” “Tomorrow!”

Syllabubs, cream cheeses, of Margery’s making; flummery, caudle (in the winter), cyder, salad suppers of Margery’s raising, with “a shave of ham” of her curing; pockets of apples for my boys, and pecks of plums for myself, all were promised, my “kind acceptance” begged *in futuro*. Robin was grateful for my listening to his complaints, so made me partaker of both fortunes with him: rare, indeed, is a *serious* listener to the complaint of a lover.

A staff of ponderous bulk, and little wallet by the side of him, perhaps that Midsummer sun just risen did not see, in all the sunshiny half-world, still as night, so truly blest a mortal as the humble dust-covered one it discovered breakfasting on a hay cock, by a brook, in a field, where not one haymaker was yet stirring. To start by a Midsummer night’s moon, and breakfast by a segment of sun, levelled full in our face, a golden crescent on the edge of the gilded world, all asleep, under vermillion

clouds, and upon new mown hay and clover flowers distilled in dew: this alone is delight. But with solitude behind, and sorrow, a mistress long parted—a *wife*, before! what *word* can reach the ineffable state of such a traveller's mind? No, it must be thought alone. Perhaps Robin's smiling to himself all the while he ate (to enormity!) of his oat cake, and drank of his homely cruize of milk, best expressed it; which fixed smile leaped into a downright laugh all at once, (or was it a cry? for some haymaker, behind the hedge, just come as he was done, thought it such, for he saw his eyes full,) at the commonest object in the world, only a lamb kneeling down, with pleased wagging of its little puff of a tail, to be suckled by its patient mother, bending her head round to touch it, as if to say "welcome baby, welcome." What he saw typified by that natural spectacle, whether a snowy bosom, an expanded little hand, a peep of blue and sleepy eye upturned to one downcast to it, all tenderness, or what else—who can tell? That image of maternal and infantile love, however, conjured a touching train of ideas, and though Robin knew not what an Old Dramatist meant, (those living glories still buried alive!) he surely thought their thoughts, as beautifully clothed by a poet of a far nobler age than this, (with all its "march," its "schoolmaster," and self-applauding frivolity):

"How near am I now to a happiness
Which Earth exceeds not! not another like it!
The treasures of the Deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in Woman's love!"

What wanted he of company with such thoughts? Day after day they kept annihilating space and time, and fatigue, and accompanied him quite into the metropolis, not banished by the gay and novel uproar of a mighty city. Entering by night he was astonished at the strong light of the streets, they seemed in illumination for some great rejoicing, and the crowd joy-mad. Nor was he doubtless less an object of some curiosity, to such as chanced to notice him. Travel-stained and footsore, his dustiness and lameness oddly combined with his happy elate look, in spite of evident pale exhaustion; for he had walked on and on without feeling his fatigue, till his day's journey had become enormous, added to his hurrying pace as he approached the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, where she lived. Then his hands were bloody and torn with forcing his way through a quickset hedge to pick for her a nosegay,—the one of huge size which he bore in his left, for (as he told her afterwards,) he smelt all at once, about dusk, near "the town," such a perfume of flowers, as if all the May, and all the meadow-sweet of all Wye side, was blowing t'other side the hedge, so through he struggled, after long labour, and found, indeed, such a field! being in fact a nursery garden full of stocks and all flowers, of which all

twilight prevented his observing the formality. Thus proceeding down High Holborn, where it widens towards the Bars, with what pride did he compare in his mind his own innocent beauty, now so near him, with one of those wretched women of misery, (misnamed of pleasure,) who allured by his country appearance thought to find in him an easy dupe and prey! Robin had too much real natural gallantry to be a rake: that is, he loved too passionately the female character,—the sex, as it should be, to endure without horror, its truly horrible transfiguration. Hence, while he shuddered at her venal blandishments, he pursued the train of happy triumphant hopes and thoughts, still thinking with Middleton—

“Oh, honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the Spring’s chaste blossoms take delight
To cast their modest odours; while base lust
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.”

And “likened straight”

“Her beautified body to a goodly temple
Built upon vaults where carcasses lie rotting.”

But when this lost creature, at whose touch he shuddered, tried another mode to move him, urged by want, and declared she had not broken her fast that day: there was a something in her hollow real voice, no longer of feigned softness, that startled him with a frightful fancy, almost as if he had seen duskily in a mirror an uplifted arm and knife behind him, ready to descend direct upon his heart, he looked madly at her face, a gas-lamp beamed full upon it, the look was that dagger indeed, stricken through his heart,—it was Margery Morgan. Painted, hectic, sad, and now struggling with a revived sense of shame, of innocence, of old times, —hers was the hand he had shaken, shaken off! hers the touch at which he had shuddered! “Ah Robin!” she affected to lisp gaily, but the effort failed, and her voice dropped plaintive. For him, he did not hear it, but looked and looked without a word—still looked, till staggering, grasping at the lamp-post, all things reeled round him, the nosegay fell from his hand, he sunk down and fainted away. Sickness, estrangement, death itself, these had crossed his mind in the few intervals of hope’s intoxication, for these he had partly therefore prepared as possible,—but *this!* no, he had indeed never thought of *this!*

He awoke in a filthy squalid room, ill lighted by a stinking lamp against the daubed and smoked wall; a drunken man growled or snored on the floor before the sooty hearth and huge ash-heap; another, as it seemed, (but it was a woman whose gruff voice made her appear one,) kept swearing and raving from within a strong door, a prostitute mad with drinking, at which horrible duet between sleepy intoxication without, and raving within, two

or three muffled men who had brought in poor Robin while insensible, laughed grimly, as did another dosing in a high-backed chair at a dirty table, all over dried floods of beer, to which the book before him seemed glued; with sooty tobacco pipes, half-burnt pipe-papers, &c. By which description the London reader will guess that the "guardians of the night" had picked up our shepherd, imagining him dead drunk, and conveyed him to St. Andrew's watchhouse, in the way of their vocation. A strange noise (to him) hastened his recovery, the springing of rattles, at which the watchmen ran out, but presently met their brethren dragging in a pale wretch without a coat, slipped off when he was seized, a frequent mode of escape; a street robbery and attempt to murder was the charge taken down by the drowsy night constable, and blood was upon him, his own or another's. A sort of fight betwixt the crowd of thieves and streetwalkers which pressed in after him, and those inside with their staves to force them back, followed amidst mingled shrieks, blasphemies, cries of murder, and laughter. Perhaps his return to recollection in such a place, rather than another, was a mercy; to burst at once and for ever any remains of that dream of innocence and green fields, and a virgin heart, in which he had slept so long. After that swift perdition which had fallen on his hope and heart, love and life; while the pain and the horror, the strangeness and the black loathsomeness of his thoughts and of his soul, made a very hell within him, it was well, it was congenial to his new state of existence, that what seemed to him a hell of depravity and a misery of the damned, should be actually around him, waking out of his little interval of oblivion; that the lost should hail him lost to that insufferable state!

After some insult, much merriment, and more extortion, poor Robin escaped these new companions, to prowl the now solitary streets with the houseless vagrant, the robber, and the prostitute, who alone were stirring, seen gliding by the half-extinguished lamps, or screaming up dark and noisome alleys in their drunken mirth, or conflicts with the watch. Desolate he stood, and heard the crying of the hour—midnight! without a thought of bed, or house, or rest. And where was she? What mattered where she was? It was no longer *she*, his master's loving daughter, that sweet, and pure, and innocent creature, his sister sweetheart, but her shocking shadow! It was—and it was not his Margery, the thought whirled his brain, confused his reason,—it was the dream of the mad, but did not the less tear his heart beyond the agony of death. His was indeed a strange and cruel fate: he was alone in a solitude of palaces, there was but one being among the careless thousands around him, that he could feel allied to his nature; her he had found, he had seen, yet she was lost, lost notwithstanding, and wretchedly lonely as she was in heart and state, he could not wish, nay he could not bear, to see her again.

Unconscious where he was going, he had now loitered, without aim, as far as the dead wall and rail of the churchyard of St. Sepulchre, and there it was he espied, standing in its shadow, a figure much like that of her who had killed all hope within him. And like a murderess, indeed, conscience-stricken, she had awaited his coming forth, and followed, under the cloud of night, in shame and at a distance, him whom she had stricken to the heart. The sudden rencontre with him, bringing back father, mother, home, and all the past at once to the unhappy girl, had acted upon her disguised, rather than altered, nature, like the touch of the spear of Ithuriel on the fallen angel; compelling him to stand up himself again out of his bestial transfiguration. The tormented young man, when he discovered that it was she indeed, seemingly wishful to be spoken to, when he fancied a tear twinkled to the beam of a lamp as she turned, began to pity, though he could not bear to speak, to even look at her. But a strange sort of cough struck his ear, the cough of the consumptive, hollow and sepulchral, it seemed the knell that tolled her to that home of the homeless by which she stood. And he approached her: the struggle, the shudder, the agony of that meeting,—the lip, the hand, the heart that at once yearned towards her and recoiled,—description fails in such a scene, but Robin felt at that moment that death itself could have prepared for him no tragedy like this.

The story of her fall may be told in a few words: her first fault, which was in fact her only one, was the venial weakness of girlish vanity, under the notice of one she deemed much superior to herself in rank. This led to repeated imprudent admissions of him to her society, without (on her part) an idea beyond a sort of vague gratitude and pride, her heart being as firmly her Welsh lover's as ever. But her cousin was a man of much cunning and experience, and caused his yet innocent interviews with her to be represented to his proud aunt, for the purpose of infuriating the old lady against her, who might thus cast her from under her protection, and leave her no alternative but accepting his. The event answered his hopes, for the angry invalid in one of those fits of fury to which paralytic persons are oftensubject, turned her out of doors, when her cousin named the "good kind of elderly woman," near Covent Garden, who had a lodging to let. The infamous conspiring, the complete success of the plot against a helpless weeping girl, who never plotted in her life, and scarcely knew any one beyond the walls she was driven from; these need not be dwelt on, nor the after steps by which (soon deserted under the repulsiveness of her grief, or rage,) she plunged to that lowest depth of degradation; ashamed to write, to complain; loathing life, herself, her ruiner, every thing but a wretched remembrance of that pure and innocent scene of

her short existence, she never thought to see again, nor wished to revisit, unless as a corpse, for interment in her own churchyard, and a tear and embrace from the parents, from whom she must for ever shrink alive. Thus, strange as it appears, her heart had never been untrue to its first possessor: her first step to ruin was but the buoyant gaiety of youth, the idle flutter of a young heart, though sworn another's, at the voice of a handsome flatterer; perhaps buoyed into that dangerous self-confidence which dared to listen, to linger to it, by the very passion whose fidelity it seemed to threaten or deny the existence of. Thus she might be compared in her innocence, security, and fall, to a lamb on the ridge of a green mountain, fresh and beautiful, but shelving and bottomed by a foul and black morass: no sooner has the snowy ignorant little creature felt the first warmth of the spring sun, than, unconcious of all danger, it frisks in its joy, takes but one bound in its gaiety and comfort, and another, and another, and a hundred, in terror and in pain, and by compulsion down the whole face of the bank, even into the awful chasm below. There it lies, half white still, half the colour of its dingy ooze, struggles feebly and dies!

* * * * *

It was on a gentle dripping day, after some thunder-showers, when the sun shone out near its setting, and its yellow lustre mingling with the steaming damp of the meadows, formed a rich golden haze, which lighted up the spangling hedgerows and dew-dropped leaves with unusual glory, that I strolled to the little baillie-house. All was solitary and wildly beautiful, and I concluded that Robin was not returned, or he would have cropped some of the overgrown sweetbriars and the box-hedge that almost obstructed the path, when I was surprised by his appearance, so pale that I hardly knew him, much less the faint young woman who leaned upon his arm. Knowing nothing, then, of his cruel trial, I was astonished at his passing me with the merely ordinary compliment of the hat, either not remembering me, or desirous to avoid, in her presence, allusion to the hopes and prospects connected with that house. A quiver of his lip and fall of countenance make me since believe the latter conjecture the right: for to what purpose was it to impress on her all the happiness fortune had prepared for them together in that pretty hermitage, when fate was already preparing her sad and separate home for ever in the earth? for so it was: she had intrusted to him all her sad story with floods of tears; their peace had been made, he had turned to her in heart at least again, forgiven and restored her, a dying flower, to her native soil, to her parents, and to them a stainless one. The tenderness of Robin's (now brotherly) love could ill endure to wring her heart with the shame, theirs with the pain, of a disclosure; he entreated, he conjured her to co-operate with him in this pious fraud, and shut in to his single

burthened heart the double anguish of her fall, and of her approaching fate. Among the sweet fields and peaceful glens where they had lived so innocently, he brought her down to die; and pity, now powerful as love had been before, prompted every kindness of word and action that could soothe the bitterness of an early death, and an eternal parting from one she had never ceased to love. Nor was the approach of that death regarded with horror by the sinking young woman, but complacency: she would not have recovered for the world; have lived on to endure that living separation, (far worse than the eternal one,) which her feelings now would have enforced, in the event of her recovery; neither would she have married him, had he been willing, for the world. Now, as it was, as a dying creature, one half-disembodied and purified by the decay of her mortal nature, she felt that he might soothe her, as a brother, without the reproach of grossness from his own mind or others; might lead her forth to see the cows she could no longer milk, down in the dingle, or along the river banks, to enjoy the last of that summer, who was never to see another.

He looked the shadow of himself; his eyes wherever they turned, slowly as an aged man's, either there rested vacantly without regard, or wandered off indifferently on the glowing sky or the mere earth under foot alike, like one loathing everything he looked on, or unseeing and sickening at the sun. But Margery was grown really delicately beautiful; her brow, neck, and arms were of such a bloodless lily hue, her cheek tinted with such a tender rose-bud blush, but ominously defined in its shape; her eyes so vivid, though shaded by a melancholy deep and dreadful to look on by me who had watched them ere her journey, dancing, at the approach of her lover, up the little river-side path, that, notwithstanding that gloom deep within them from a mourning soul, sickness and mortality were the last ideas her form excited. If her bodily fading away was thus piteously beautiful, the gentle beauty of her character developed itself still more for her fall; as the most lovely sunset is that which blushes deepest through the darkness of clouds through which it looks its last. He saw her patient, repentant, and resigned; and the more he saw of this beauty of the soul, with less patience could he bear the thought of soon seeing it no more for ever. Her gratitude for his forgiving constancy knew no bounds, as well as for the delicate honour with which he kept sacred her fatal secret from her parents and the squire. Her shame and self-abasement made her feel every the least attention from him as noble and generous: she received it with a starting tear, a timid smile, and such a pleased humbleness! There was only one token of attention she could no longer bear from him—a kiss! or rather the recollection it awoke of times when those lips had

been indeed "never breathed on by any but his," and subsequent times, too horrible for recollection, altogether overpowered her. She half met his, recoiled, pushed him from her, bore his hand to her lips instead; wept bitterly, laughed, shrieked, and became hysterical: Robin never ventured to press his lips to hers again. In all other respects they lived as fondest sister and brother in misfortune: it was the patient girl's sole joy and comfort to make him so many clothes as should long prevent his needing the needle or the wheel of another, and eagerly did she ply them in spite of weakness: for every restless night of coughing, that warned her of her shortening existence, the more earnestly would she apply to her work of love in the morning. Joy flashed through her pearly-white eyes, and flushed to a deeper dye the hectic colour of her cheek, every time she presented him with some new finished article of dress: it broke his heart to receive it, yet how could he damp her innocent pleasure by a refusal? Poor Robin received it without a word; he could not thank her for the choking in his throat, pressed her long thin hand, and hurried away to hide it somewhere, sacred but too mournful to be looked on. Nor these only, but every little future comfort which a fond wife leaving home on a short journey could think on for her husband, did she study to think and provide, as far as she could, for Robin during her eternal one; nor among the greater was a future wife for him forgotten, though of this she only spoke once, so violently did it affect him. For herself, she felt no sympathy in that emotion, for, cut off from him doubly as she felt herself in this world, both by her frailty and her hastening fate, she seemed to have done with every passion but that sainted one—a sister's love; with jealousy, with disappointment, with every feeling, every anxiety but to ensure his peace on earth, and her own with the God who was calling her to himself.

Poor Margery's life was, however, wonderfully prolonged through the winter, as if to fulfil the innocent wish of the milk-maid, "*that she might die in the Spring to have store of flowers to stick about her windingsheet.*" That early Spring saw Robin seriously affected in his health by long watchings and sleepless nights of weeping; yet there was a something like calm and happiness in his intercourse with her now, that surprised while it perplexed and pleased her. But when she ventured again to hint at the "good young woman who she hoped to God would sometime sit spinning for him at *her* wheel;" he answered her with such a strange yet dark meaning smile, that it flashed explanation to her heart, on the sudden, of that mysterious new resignation he had evinced. In truth, his breathless inability to work or ascend a hill, his hollow eye and flushings in his cheek, had explained it before to others, though not to her whose thoughts had been riveted, as it were, to the idea of his surviving for a long

life of happiness, to reward him for his suffering through her and for her. From that moment, catching that new sad conceit of his, that of dying also, she exchanged the office of watcher with him, far gone as she was; watching every turn of his look, his pantings and short cough, with as much terrified tenderness as if she had had a long wedded life with him before her dependent on the event. Poor Robin! his was surely love! enjoying thus those feelings of mortal languor, otherwise so ungenial to sanguine youth. But he had prayed in the night to Heaven that he might not live to see her die, and those feelings, though not to be explained to others, yet well defined to himself, seemed like Heaven's acquiescence in that prayer. He saw too surely that her soul was on the point of flitting away, and his panted to follow; an eager life-consuming longing, that made food distasteful, rest needless, light wearying to his all absorbed senses, and by that very intensity of life-impatience, gave effect to its desire of release; as a poor bird by long beating against the bars of its cage, finds them at last giving way to that undesigned means of escape, though but the expression of its misery. His ceaseless anxiety of a beating heart so formed to itself a hope out of its despair. And now he could endure to see and even examine those little articles for use or ornament which she had made, and marked with her hair—now fast falling off, (the ominous dismantling of the soul's mansion preparatory to its fall, marking consumption's last stage,) now that they were no longer associated with the cruel idea of his having a long life without her before him. In truth this despair, this intolerable horror of her death, was no sickness of imagination in that unfortunate young man, but the result of the soundest reason, and its coolest exercise. We have heard from his own lips, how *feminine* in spirit long intercourse with female gentleness had made him; how it had kept him apart from his own sex and their rougher pursuits: of course she who had as it were re-created his heart almost, had not failed to secure it hers for ever. He was the child of nature, the creature of love; but she, his heart's parent, his nature's gentle nurse, *she* was leaving him for ever! the child was no more to know its mother. For what should he stay behind? to whom could he turn for those thousand sweetnesses she had imparted to his existence? from whom, were there one fond as she, could he bear to receive them? No: poor Robin knew himself, that his life's sole venture had been intrusted to her; she lost—that too was lost, and the world where she was not would be to him an empty world, a true grave of horrible vastness, and far more terrible than that narrow one already more than reconciled to his thought by the unresting agony life alone presented to his view. What wonder that when, at last, his disease (a rapid, as hers was a gradual, decline,) was confirmed; when it became no longer doubtful, that the dark journey she was to set out on so soon, she was not to take alone;

his heart felt comfort, and his spirits a sort of revival? I have compared him to a child under her love's influence; and he was like one whose mother has been preparing to leave it at home while she should go a journey: if, at last, the little drooping creature's holiday clothes be shewn it suddenly, assured that it shall not be left behind, how it brightens! wipes its sullen wet eyes to look at them! and loves them more than ever for that promise! The grave-clothes, the shroud, the flowers to be strewed on the dead, these the shocking images so long present to his mind's eye as ready to array her only for her departure, were as its new dress to that child, at once a surprise and a pleasure, when ready for himself and announcing that he was to depart also. On the poor invalid it had probably the effect of accelerating her fate, by adding to her other pains that of an ever gnawing self-reproach, with a pity intense to agony.

It was on a Sunday forenoon I was enjoying, on one of the green steep hills that enclose the valley where old Morgan's house stood, that deeper calm that seems to reign on that day than on others, even in such pastoral districts, the sound of a psalm chanted by several voices came, melancholy, in the stillness and blue of that height, from below. It was the singing always practised in Wales by those who walk with a corpse. "She is gone then," I said to myself; "poor Margery!" Looking down I could distinguish dimly the humble sort of bier, used in rustic funerals, resembling the black tilt of a small cart, borne by the hands, standing black on the turf before the farm door. I hastened down the banks, anxious to learn how poor Robin bore his long expected wrench of the heart. But my way wound down the other side of the precipice which faced Llan—, and before I reached there, the procession had been long on its way to the church, or even long enough for the eternal door to have been shut on the gentle penitent. The exterior of the little farm wore its usual sabbath appearance: the small fold contained the few horses at rest; round the door the broken pavement of rock had been swept over night, while, from within, not a sound came but the measured tick of the clock. The presence of despair is awful. I paused to nerve myself (before I pulled the latch string,) for the sight of the deserted Robin, who had been for some time little able to exert himself, and probably would be unable to the task of following the body, especially as the day was one of those that announce confirmed spring, or rather the birth of summer, so delicious, yet so enervating. I stood, listened, looked round the house end, and, to my surprise, caught a last glimpse of the sad cavalcade as it passed black over the last ridge of sheepwalk, before it became invisible by descent beyond. Was he watching too, at the back door, betwixt the orchard trees, on which it opened, that last he ever was to see in this world of his life's companion?

Curiosity overcame my awe, and I proceeded round to the back, under the fruit-trees in full blossom; the door stood wide open, as if some one had been within to enjoy the sunshiny orchard, its deep grass and cowslips, and the fine perfume, and the valley landscape sleeping so beautiful, as seen between the mossy trunks leaning and wreathing. Then first I distinguished a woman, who had acted as nurse occasionally, running towards her own cottage, whose thatch was visible though distant, on a wood's edge. In the farmer's own old wicker chair, with a great canopy directly facing that hill brow, whence the funeral had just disappeared, sate reclining back one from whom I almost recoiled as an apparition, so strongly had I been persuaded of her death: it was Margery, looking indeed that death; white, ghost-like, her hands clasped in her lap, and rolling her faint eyes evidently on that spot of sky and hill top, whence they missed that object.

I said rolling, but they had rolled their last! I missed the soul from them, though wide open, instantly; and the surprise was almost as shocking as would have been her actual apparition. I presently learned the whole from the cottage wife, who had run away, seeing her change, for help. Robin had died rather suddenly in her wasted arms tight-folded round his neck, and her lips—once more!—glued to his in that forgetful moment, to catch his last breath. When they bore his corpse away, she suffered an ecstasy of weeping agony at not being able to follow it to its long home. But she appeared a little soothed by being seated to watch it slowly moving up the sunny bank, till it neared that point of its evanishment, when she grew dreadfully agitated, which was the occasion of the attendant's departure. Doubtless she had died in the very moment of that last glimpse of the spectacle, which I too had witnessed, for I fancied she stirred once, and there was that fearful something in the glazing eye that proclaims at once the absence of a soul, and its recent presence, the meeting of life and death, a lingering light, and a dark trace of horror. Remorse too I fancied, certainly such a pain as innocent grief does not produce, was visible there. On her writhed, yet beautiful death's face, was a cast of features like sunken despair of self-reproach, as if her last words had been, as she gazed, "*I have done this!*"

All the clothes and little presents she had made for Robin were buried with him, and his grave, being reopened three days after, received her also, followed by the squire himself, the disconsolate old father, who felt he had lost two children, and many other real mourners. Nor would one of them have ever known, but for a curious and unlucky rencontre a year afterwards, that Margery Morgan did not go to her grave as stainless as the flowers they stuck above it, as pure in body as she certainly died in soul.

THE
HISTORY OF NORTHOP, FLINTSHIRE;

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, (CAERVALLWCH;)

About 3 miles from Halkin.

3	.	.	.	Flint.
3	.	.	.	Mold.
6	.	.	.	Holywell.
4½	.	.	.	Hawarden.
11½	.	.	.	Chester.
194	.	.	.	London.

N.B. *The figures refer to the Notes which are to follow.*

NORTHOP, written in ancient records, Northorpe, is derived from North and Thorpe, the latter word, in the Saxon language, signifying village or town. It was called Northop after the surrender of Chester to Egbert, about the year 828, when the whole of Flintshire was brought under the Saxon dynasty, and new appellations were given to towns, villages, and hamlets which they seized. Wyddgrug was called Mold; Penyrhalawg was called Hawarden; Caer Estyn was called Hope, which means a small eminence; Lugan¹ was called Halkin, &c.

The Welsh name of Northop is Llaneurgain, from Eurgain, the saint to whom the church was dedicated. She was daughter of Maelgwn Gwynedd,² mab Caswallon Law Hir,³ ab Einawn Urth,⁴ ab Cynedda Wledig,⁵ ab Edeyrn,⁶ ab Padarn Peisrudd, ab Tegid, ab Iago, ab Gwridawg, ab Cein, ab Gwrgein, ab Doli, ab Gwrddoli, ab Dwvyn, ab Gorddwvyn, ab Anwerid, ab Onwedd, ab Dwywng, ab Brychwein, ab Ywein, ab Avallach, ab Avlech, ab Beli mawr, &c.⁷

Eurgain was educated under St. Asaph,⁸ her uncle. Tradition asserts, that her original name was Cain, signifying fair, or beautiful; and, on account of her piety and excellent worth, in her maturer years she was called Eurgain, or the fairness of gold. When her brother Rhun⁹ was sovereign of North Wales, he was frequently engaged in opposing the Saxons; and from fear of the persecutions of those tumultuous times, when houses, towns, and churches were often laid in ashes, and those who professed Christianity were numbered among the slain, it would appear that Cain retired from the scene of carnage and devastation, to one of the secluded vallies east of Voel Vamma,* which to this day is called Nant Cain, or Cain Valley. Notwithstanding her royal birth and elevated station, she was happy to impart the rudiments of Christianity to her countrymen, who, under

* Or Mother of Hills.

the Druidical system of mysteries, no doubt were plunged in the thickest darkness. During her stay in that part, her time was devoted, and her riches expended for their relief. She had a cell* erected near that place, and the church in the neighbourhood is still called Cilcain, or the retreat of Cain.

From thence it is supposed she came to this parish, where she not only established Christianity, and erected a place of worship, but she also made provision for its support, by bestowing the lands of Cevn Eurgain,† and it is possible those of Monachlog adjoining; but neither the sanctity of the donor, nor the sacred purpose to which it was given, protected the property from the voracious avarice of the barbarous Saxons; the whole of that estate being by them wrested from the church. Soon after the memorable and horrid massacre of the monks of Bangor Iscoed, the clergy became scattered: the bishops and other ecclesiastics travelled over Wales to exhort the nobility to assist them in building places of worship, in which the subordinate clergy were to perform the functions of their office, in particular districts. At that period a great many churches were erected in Wales, and remain to this day; and, most likely, that is the time we ought to date the church of Eurgain in this parish.

Eurgain married a chieftain from the north, of the name of Elidyr Mwynvawr, or Elidyr the Courteous, ab Gwrwst Briodor, ab Dyvnwal Hen,¹⁰ king of Gwent. Her husband was a conspicuous character in the transactions that took place in the beginning of the sixth century: his residence is supposed to have been in some part of Lancashire, which the following extract from our Historical Triads appear to corroborate. "The three horse-loads of the Isle of Britain: 1st, the black sea-horse of Elidir Mwynvawr, which carried seven persons and a half from the stone of Elidir‡ in the north, to the stone of Elider in Mon; namely, Elidir and Eurgain, his wife, daughter of Maelgwn; Gwyn da, the herdsman; Gwyn, the spearman; Namon, a monk, the teacher; Pedrillaw, the servitor, or cup-bearer; Arianvagl, the silver crook, (or Arianagl, purse-bearer,) and Gellveinevin, the cook, who swam with his hands on the horse's crupper, and he was the half man." It is clear that this triad is enigmatical; and the "black horse of the seas" was a vessel in which the family were conveyed from the shores of Lancashire, across the channel to Anglesea, where, on the sea-coast of the island, north of Amlwch, Llech Elidir is known to this day. That there was something extraordinary in the event, is obvious by its being committed to record; and judging from what took place after, the probability is, they had to flee from the sudden attack of the

* Cell, of the Welsh.

† Or the support of Eurgain.

‡ Llech, the original word, means also a place of concealment.

Saxons of Northumberland, and taking to a boat which would carry only seven of them, Gellveinevin supported himself in the waters by clinging to the stern, and being thus buoyant, was considered as only half the weight of a man.

Taliesin,¹¹ in his "Graves of Warriors," states that Elidyr was slain at a place nalled Aber Mewedus, in Arvon; where he also was buried. His words are to the following effect:

The grave of Elidyr the Courteous
On the great bank of Nwyedus.
The recorded fate of a prince
From the north, a man a match for a giant.

Or, as the last line might be read,
A man bold to the shout.

It would appear that he came by his death in a clandestine manner, for after that event, "the men of the north, namely, Clydno Eiddyn,¹² Nudd Hael,¹³ ab Senyllt,¹⁴ Mordav Hael,¹⁵ ab Servan, Rhydderch Hael,¹⁶ ab Tudawel Tudglud, went to Arvon with their united forces to avenge his death, and burnt Arvon in excess of revenge."

After the death of her husband, it does not appear that Eurgain ever visited this parish, but that she spent the remainder of her days in the neighbourhood of St. Asaph, where she breathed her last, and her remains were deposited in a grave according to the fashion of those days, with a tumulus raised over her, which is still to be seen near Rhuddlan, and is called Crug Cain, or Cain's Cairn.

The parish, situated in the hundred of Cwnsyll, or rising prospect, is bounded on the north-east, by the estuary of the Dee; on the south, by the parishes of Hawarden and Mold; on the west, by the parish of Cilcain; and on the north, by the parishes of Halkin and Holywell. It consists of eight townships; viz. Northop, Caerallwch, Sychtyn, Gwybre, Celstry, Golftyn, Leadbrook Major, and Leadbrook Minor, besides the Chapelry of Flint, a parochial chapel of ease in this parish; built, as is supposed by some, in 1157, by Henry II., for the convenience of the garrison of the castle; but more likely it was built by Edward I. in 1277, when that monarch resided at Flint.¹⁷ This chapel is dedicated to St. Mary.

In Domesday-book,¹⁸ the township of Leadbrook is called Lathroc, from the old smelting hearths which lie a little below Leadbrook house, near the extremity of the brook. Here the Romans smelted the lead ore which was obtained from Halkin mountain. After the conquest, about 1098, Leadbrook was held by Robert of Rhuddlan, the nephew and lieutenant to Hugh, earl of Chester.

About the year 1068, the township of Lleprog Vawr, Lleprog

Vechan, and Trev y Nant, all freehold land, were given by Bleddyn¹⁹ ab Cynvin, king of Wales, to Gwenllian, the only daughter of Rhys ap Marchen, then the wife of one Gwerngwy. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, the same townships were inherited by Ithel ab Ednyved.

Golftyn, in Domesday-book, is called Ulfmilton; a name, no doubt, derived from wolf, this part being, in all probability, infested by those animals.

The township of Gwybre,* after the conquest, was held by William de Malbedeng, from the church of Chester; and it is said to have had on it wood a league and a half long, with two villeyns and two boors. All this part of the parish which stretches along the banks of the Dee, was at that period a wild forest; even so late as 1283, the burgesses of Flint received from Edward a grant of timber out of the woods of Northop, Ledebroke the Greater and Lesser, Keldreston, Wolfynton, Wepre, and Sutton, in order to smelt their lead ore; and at the same time, a right of pasturage in the same woods.

About the year 1140, Caervallwch, Hendre Vigill, and Pentre Hyvaidd, near Rhos Esmor,† were the inheritance of Ithel Velyn, ab Llywelyn Aurdorchawg, of Ial, a chieftain, whose wife was Elen, daughter of Gruffydd ab Cynan.²⁰

The length of the parish from the boundary stone on Halkin mountain to Gwybre Gutter, is about six miles; its breadth from Nant Bigill to the sea, about five miles. It contains about 6000 acres; nearly the whole of which is cultivated. The soil is various, but chiefly friendly to tillage.

Improvement in agriculture is making rapid progress. The principal manure is lime, brought from Halkin mountain and Caerallwch, and is burnt by the farmers in their own kilns.

From the sea, the land ascends gradually for about a mile, when it becomes generally level for a mile and a half, and then rises again. The whole is beautifully embellished with woods.

The population in 1821 was 2984, and the number of houses 556, occupied by 565 families. The people generally live to a great age; their habits are industrious, and, consequently, the number of poor is but small.

Besides the established church, there are seven dissenting places of worship; two in the village, one in Pen y Parc, one on Rhos Esmor, one on Sychtyn Common, and two in Golftyn; four of which belong to the Calvinistic Methodists, two to the Wesleyans, and one to the Baptists.

* From *gwy*, water; and *bre*, hill.

† We read of one Osmer, a *sais*, (an Englishman,) possessing lands in Flintshire about the year 828. Esmor might be a corruption of Osmer.

The Village stands on a fine luxuriant plain, studded with trees, nearly in the centre of the parish; the number of houses, including those on the green, are now 130, six of which are public-houses; viz. the Swan, the Boot, the Feathers, the Yacht, the Red Lion, and the Bull. About the middle of the village stands a house called Ty Mawr, or Great House; which, according to the style of building, the entrance, garden, &c. would appear to be a dwelling of some person of consequence. On a stone over the front door, is the following inscription: "Woe to him that buildeth in unrighteousness. A.D. 1673."

The malting and tanning trades are carried on here on a moderate scale: the latter conducted at the bottom of the village, in convenient and well arranged premises, with a respectable house and garden attached.

The Vicarage is situated on the south side of the church: for many years past, the building was in such a state of decay, as to exclude the residence of any respectable person; it is now taken down, and a neat brick house substituted by the present worthy vicar, the Rev. Henry Jones, of Jesus College, Oxford, who has improved the grounds with much taste.

Fairs are held on March 14, July 7, and October 12: most likely they were proclaimed in 1277, under the sanction of Edward I., son of Henry III., when he resided at Flint. The market is on Saturday. The petty sessions are holden here every month. The post-office is kept at the Red Lion; over the back door of this house is a square stone, on which is inserted, "Neuadd Fadog, ^{R.D.}_A, 1621;" that is, Madock's Hall, and date of its erection. The main road from Chester to Holyhead leads through the village, and is in excellent condition, but the by-roads are generally bad.

Mr. Pennant states that, "William Parry, LL.D. and member for Queensborough, was born at Northop. He was executed before the door of the Parliament house, in 1584, for designing the death of Queen Elizabeth. He had before rendered himself obnoxious for having had the courage to speak against the Bill for the Expulsion of Popish Priests, and was committed to prison, but restored to his seat on making submission. He asserted that his mother was a Conwy of Bodrhyddan; that his father had thirty children by two wives, and died aged 108. His enemies, on the contrary, say he was of mean parents, and that his father was a publican of this village, of the name of Harry ap Davydd: be that as it may, his abilities were considerable, but his duplicity brought him to his fatal end: he went a voluntary spy to foreign parts, was gained over by the Romish party, and probably meant to deceive both sides; so fell a just victim to his artifices."

Here are two free schools, one for the boys of the parish at large, endowed by William Smith, A.D. 1606, with twenty pounds a year to the schoolmaster, and with an annual stipend of forty shillings to a poor boy of each of the following parishes, namely, Northop, Flint, Whitford, Cwm, and St. Asaph. Dr. David Ellis also left five pound a year towards the maintenance of the said school. One Owen Jones left twenty-eight pounds a year towards the education of seven poor boys of the parish, from the age of eight to the full age of thirteen, besides a further sum of eight pound a year to be reserved for the apprenticeship of each. Owing to the increase in the value of landed property, the number of boys now on the establishment is augmented to twelve, and the annual sum for the support of each to six pounds. The school house is a spacious edifice in the north corner of the churchyard. John Wynne, D.D. was educated for some time at this place.

The other school was endowed by Margaret Ellis, in A.D. 1700, for poor girls. She left fifty pounds for the purpose, and John Ball left sixty-four pounds more; the interest of which sums are paid for their learning. There is no school house. The vicar and churchwardens have added to the salary of this school, and divided it into four; namely, one in each quarter of the parish, with a salary of four pounds a year each.

A Sunday school was begun here in 1786, under the direction of the late Rev. John Williams, curate, which was well attended, and carried on with spirit for some years; and has been the means of qualifying many a person to fill respectable stations in society. In 1823, a national school was established here in which about 150 children are educated; the house, a neat commodious building, stands a little above the village.

The Church stands on a small eminence, and is a low irregular building; it is embattled in the front, and supported by clumsy buttresses. The length is 113 feet within, and the breadth 38½ feet: it consists of two aisles; the east end of the north aisle, called Capel Vair, or St. Mary's chapel, was probably the original church; it is different from the rest of the edifice, in point of building and roofing; the latter is slanting and slated, the roofing of the other part of the church is flat and covered with lead. It has two entrances, one in the north side, and the other in the south; the latter through a handsome stone porch, which opens into the aisle. It is enlightened by ten windows, many of which were of painted glass, but now so broken and confounded, that nothing can be made out of them. On a window in St. Mary's chapel, is, "Sancte, Lansenie, Daniel, Maria, Damese, William ap Johan ap Gr., Madoke, Vechanne; as, ejus a ma m ¶ mo cccccxx. (milesimo, 1520.)" There have been three dedications of it; first, to St. Eurgain; second, to St. Mary;

and, third, to St. Peter. Several improvements have lately been effected in the church; a new gallery has been erected, and many new pews made.

The most remarkable monuments are three effigies, formed of freestone. One of a corpulent person, with a helmet and a coat of mail; this figure is much mutilated, and the lineaments of the face completely obliterated; in the right hand is a plain lance,* and in the left a sword. The writer is of opinion that this monument represents Edwin Tegeingl, formerly of Llys, in this parish; and in support of that opinion, the following observations are adduced:

1st. It is recorded that Edwin was buried in Northop, in 1073.

2d. Monumental statues of kings and episcopal dignitaries were begun to be erected in Wales about that period.

3d. We do not know of any king, prince, or baron, in this neighbourhood, at that time possessing wealth and respectability sufficient to entitle him to be perpetuated by a monumental record, excepting Edwin of Llys.

The other effigy is that of a warrior in complete armour; on his shield is a cross pattee, charged in the middle, with a mullet between four others: the inscription round it is "Hic jacet Ith. Vach, ap Bledd. vach." In some mss. at the Herald's College, the property of E. Protheroe, esq. M.P., his pedigree is thus traced: "Ithel Vychan, ab Bleddyn, ab Ithel Llwyd, ab Ithel Gam, ab Maredydd, ab Uchtryd, ab Edwin Tegeingl." And among the Harleian collection, it is said, "Ithel Anwyl, ab Bleddyn, ab Ithel Llwyd, ab Ithel Gam, lived in Ewloe Castle; he was one of the captains of Englefield, to keep the English from invading them; he layeth buried in Northop; in a monument, vixit temp. E. I." "Ithel Vychan married Alice, co-heiress to Rees ap Cadwaladyr, ap Gryfydd ap Cynan." In another ms. "Ithel Vychan, of Northop, married Alice, da. to Rhys ap Cadwalader, 29 E. I." In 1301 he did homage at Chester, to Edward, prince of Wales, for his land in this and other parishes. This monument was erected to his memory by his son Ithel, who was then the "parson of Llaneurgain."

The third is the effigy of a lady, having a square towered head-dress, a necklace hanging down to her waist, and her close vest bound with a girdle; the inscription is, "Llewci, anno domini 1482." Miss Angharad Llwyd, of Caerwys, states that the person which this monument represents, was "Lleuci Llwyd, daughter of Rhys ab Rotpert, of Cinmael, she married Howel ab Tudyr, of Mostyn and Llys, in Llaneurgain parish: and she

* The lance or spear, is among the oldest weapons recorded in history, and is nearly coeval with the sword or bow; long spears and lances were used by the Saxons and Romans.

was mother to Angharad, heiress to those places, who married Iefan ab Adda, of Pengwern; ancestors to Syr Thomas Mostyn, &c." The date 1482, was the last year of the reign of Edward IV. when the Stanleys came in possession of Llys estate.

The other monuments are the following: on a slab of blue marble, lying flat in the chancel, is inscribed :

"John Wynne, D.D. created Bishop
of St. Asaph in 1714, translated to the See of Bath
and Wells in 1727, departed this life July 15, 1743,
in the 76th. year of his age."*

"Here also lies his daughter, Anne Fane,
wife to Henry Fane, Esq. who inheriting her
Father's spirit, and amiable in her own innocence
and virtues; died the 27th of Feby. 1744, aged 23."

On a marble tablet, fixed in the wall behind the communion table,

"Underneath lyes
Mary, the wife of
Thomas Brereton Salisbury,
of Leadbrook, Esq.
She was the daughter of Brigadier General
Trelawny, and niece to Sir Jonathan
Trelawney. Bishop of Winchester.

Her Family was noble,
Her virtues Godlike,
And her charities great:
Go and do thou likewise.

1750."

On a mural monument of marble in the north aisle,

"Nigh hereunto
lieth the body of
Ann Jones, spinster,
daughter of Thomas Jones
late of Halkin, Esq.
And of Arabella his wife,
formerly of Llys, in this Parish.
The said Arabella was Daughter
of Sir John Salusbury, of Lleweny,
in the county of Denbigh, Bart.
Ann died March 22, 1710, aged 79.

Likewise in the same vault lieth
the remains of the body of Samuel
Mostyn, late of Calcot, Esq.,
who departed this life
the 16th day of May, 1760, aged 79."

* His lordship's arms are cut on the tablet.

On a neat plain mural monument of white marble in the same aisle:

"To the memory of
Elizabeth Conway, spinster,
Eldest daughter of the late
Reverend Benjamin Conway, A.M.,
Warden of Christ's Hospital in Rotherham,
And Vicar of this parish; by Elizabeth his
Wife, daughter of John Conway of
Soughton, esq.; who closed a life
of forty-nine years, four months, and six days,
On the 10th day of September, 1768.
This marble is dedicated by her Nephew
John Lloyd, of Havodunos,
In the county of Denbigh, esq.,
In token of affection and
Gratitude."

The Steeple is the finest and loftiest in North Wales, excepting that of Wrexham; it is built of free-stone, and is of excellent workmanship; it is adorned with eight pinnacles, and has double bell-windows; it stands twenty-seven feet square at the base, and is ninety-eight feet high. Owing to an architectural error in the position of the windows and formation of the buttresses, one side only has a regular appearance. The top is accessible by a narrow geometrical stone staircase, very much worn. It contains a good clock, and three large discordant bells, besides a small one, to inform the congregation, by its tinkling noise, when the service is about to commence. The date of its erection, 1571, is to be seen on a carved spout, in the south-west corner; where also is inscribed, in raised letters,

"Two faces under a hood
* * * no one good;"

alluding, no doubt, to the carving.

Writing of the steeple brings to recollection a singular occurrence, which happened to one Thomas Rowland, the parish carpenter, who lived in a house by the road side, in front of the steeple. Some repairs being wanted about the clock, Rowland, in order to supply himself with a seat, tied a ladder at both ends, underneath the flooring of the rope-loft, as it is called; while there engaged, the cord at one end gave way, and in sliding down, he caught the last step of the ladder, to which he clung, and swinging like a pendulum, till his strength failing, his swinging motion threw him into a recess in the wall, called the wire window, where he remained till a shoemaker, of the name of John James, who lived at the Flint gate house, released him from his perilous situation, by placing planks through a door-way, usually boarded up, on the stairs of the steeple. Had Rowland fallen

to the bottom, a depth of about forty-five feet, in all probability he would have been killed. The fact was related by the man himself to the writer, when a youth at Northop school.

The churchyard is a large plot of square ground, surrounded with a rustic stone wall. Several persons of distinction are interred here. The only tomb in the burial ground worthy of notice is the one thus inscribed :

“Here lieth the body
of Owen Jones,
who was interred the 6th of April,
anno Domini 1659.
A worthy benefactor to the
church and poor of Northop parish;
having left thirty-six pounds
per annum for ever for that use.
This tomb was erected
in the year 1751,
at the charge of the said parish,
in gratitude and commemoration
of this charitable person,
worthy to be remembered and
imitated by succeeding generations.”

The south side of the churchyard is crowded with graves, perhaps from the foolish notion of many that the north side is unhallowed ground.* Here is a brass sundial, and a fine stately sycamore tree. In the north side stood a yew tree, which must have defied the storms for ages; but the steady course of time succeeded, a few years back, in its downfall. When it stood, the Rev. John Owen, late curate of the parish, was buried under its shade.

Northop was made a sinecure to William Fleetwood, bishop of St. Asaph, about the year 1708, in order to compensate for the mortuaries due to the bishop on the death of every beneficed clergyman in the diocese. From an account taken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the following were customary:

<i>Imprimis</i> , His best gelding, horse, or mare.	<i>Item</i> , His waistcoat.
<i>Item</i> , His best gown.	<i>Item</i> , His hat and cap.
<i>Item</i> , His best cloak.	<i>Item</i> , His falchion.
<i>Item</i> , His best coat, jerkin, doublet, and breeches.	<i>Item</i> , His best book.
<i>Item</i> , His hose, or nether stockings, and garters.	<i>Item</i> , His surplice.
	<i>Item</i> , His purse and girdle.
	<i>Item</i> , His knife and gloves.
	<i>Item</i> , His signet, or ring of gold.

These mortuaries amounting to a very inconsiderable value, and having been by Bishop Fleetwood never, above once or twice, taken in kind, his lordship forgiving the poor widows, and com-

* A prejudice not unknown in England, but religiously observed in the greater part of Wales.

pounding with the rich, and applying the money he took of them towards buying books for the library of St. Asaph. Afterwards he procured an Act of Parliament for setting aside the custom by settling on the see a living of a very considerable income, in lieu thereof.

"In 1291, the tythe for the parish was 15 marc et dimid;" about £15.

BENEFACTIONS.

1581. Peter Conway, archdeacon of St. Asaph, and rector of Northop, in his will, dated December 10, 1581, appointed 20 marks for the use of the parish.

1606. William Smith, A.D. gave £30 a year for the use of the school. Only £20 a year of this money is received by the schoolmaster of Northop, and £2 by two boys each; and it is paid by the trustees of the late Richard Wilding, esq. Llanrhaedr hall.

1608. Dr. David Ellis, rector of this parish, left £5 a year for the use of the school. This sum is paid by the same persons.

1640. Henry Kenrick gave to decayed householders, twenty shillings a year, the produce of land called Acrfran, in the parish of Flint.

1646. Catherine Hanmer gave to decayed householders £2 a year, the produce of money.

1648. Hugh Price Wynne gave to decayed householders £1 a year, the produce of land.

1658. Owen Jones left by will, dated February 14, 1658, £36 per annum for ever, for the use of the parish; and "£5 towards the amending and enlarging of the porch of the church, and paving well with flag-stones of the breadth of two yards between the said porch and the western gate of the churchyard." This legacy is well laid out, but in what year is uncertain, as the inscription on the porch is now obliterated. According to a decree made in Chancery in 1816, £4 10 is given yearly to the minister of Northop; £10 a year to the schoolmaster; £3 10 to the churchwardens; and £6 to each of twelve poor boys for five years. The remainder of the rents, amounting to about £40 a year, is distributed among decayed householders, and other poor persons. The property from which this income is derived, consists of 102 acres of land, called Tir y Tlodion, or the poor's land, situated south-east of the village, and about half a mile distant. The original £36, bequeathed in 1658, is now, in 1829, £130 per annum.

1696. Barb. Hughes gave £20 in money. What is become of this legacy is not known.

1700. John Lloyd and his wife left £10, the interest of which to be given to the poor not receiving parish relief.

1700. Margaret Ellis gave £50 in money, the interest thereof to be applied to the education of poor girls.

* * * John Ball gave £64 in money, the interest to be expended in the education of poor girls.

1710. Anne Jones left £80, producing £3 4 a year, for clothing the poor.

1714. Peter Moel gave £3 { To decayed householders not receiving parish relief.

1726. Robert Christopher, £10 { This money was laid out, in new lead-
1727. Bishop Wynne . . 10 { ing the steeple, at five per cent. and the
1730. William Ball . . 10 { interest paid by the churchwardens yearly.

1758. Thomas Ball . . . £10	} To decayed householders not receiving parish relief. This money is out at five per cent.
1761. * * Edwards . . . 10	
— * * Wenlock, £1	yearly, to buy godly books for the poor parishioners.
— David Ellis, of Halkin,	{ gave donations; the amount not ascertained.
— Thomas Edwards, of Chester,	

There are no particular sports in the parish at present, excepting the wakes, which are observed on the first Sunday after the feast of St. Peter, and kept up with spirit for about four days, in feasting, dancing, and making merry. A horserace generally takes place on that occasion, for a silver cup of no great value. Strength, courage, and activity, have always been the characteristics of the men of this parish.

About the year 1793, a coiting club, consisting of the more respectable persons of this and of the adjoining parishes, used to meet every fortnight at the Swan, for that exercise, and to enjoy the pleasures of conviviality and good fellowship, in clouds of smoke, over Sir-John-Barleycorn; this has been broken up many years ago.

Rhos Esmor, till of late, a common in the upper part of the parish, formerly was the frequent scene of those athletic sports of our forefathers; such as leaping, running, wrestling, throwing the lever, football, prison-bars, &c. Interludes used to be performed here also.

Till about 1794, a custom prevailed to assemble at church on Christmas-day, before break of day, for divine service, and to welcome the festival in singing carols on the nativity of our Saviour.. It is called, in Welsh, Plygain, or more properly, Pylgain, which signifies the morning twilight; owing to the disorderly conduct of the lower orders, this custom has been discontinued. But the carol singing is still a favorite part of the devotion of the evening service; the singers are rewarded by the churchwardens.

Conspicuous in the upper part of the parish, is Caerallwch, called probably after a chieftain of the name of Allwch. The elevation on which it stands, is called Moel Gaer; signifying the fortified eminence. It is a rampart enclosing a circle of 196 yards diameter: within its precinct is a small artificial mount, from whence, as some assert, our ancient heroes used to harangue their followers. The entrance is left open on the north side, where the ascent is easiest; a circumstance which, together with the absence of water generally in these places, might lead to the supposition that these intrenchments were not originally intended as places of long abode; and that they were ill calculated as a rendezvous for warlike purposes, or posts for the defence of the country against invasion.

About the year 1410, the valiant Hywel Gwynedd, who sided with Owen Glyndwr²¹ against Henry IV., was, in a negligent hour, surprised by his adversaries from the town of Flint, and within this spot beheaded. In 1814, a fire beacon was erected here, which, at the termination of the war with Napoleon, was discontinued. From the summit of this hill, is a most charming view; in one direction the distance gradually fades away from the eye, and is lost in a mellow hue; and in all others, the sight is gratified with variety.

Not far from the foot of the hill is a respectable farm-house, called Caervallwch, the late residence of the Hanmers, and other families of note. It is asserted that "Caswallawn Law Hir, lord of North Wales, and one Ywein, (Owen,) of Caer Vallawc, or of Chester, attended at King Arthur's coronation, or feast of inauguration," which was about A.D. 517. We read also of one Avallwg, in Maelgwn Gwyned's time, but whether they had any connexion with this spot is doubtful: one thing is pretty certain, that the rampart must have existed long anterior to that period. About a mile north of the village are the remains of the ancient pile of Llys Edwin, celebrated only as the late residence of Edwin, the only son of Grono ab Owain²², ab Hywel Dda²³, ab Cadell²⁴, ab Rhodri Mawr²⁵, ab Mervyn Vrych²⁶, ab Gwriad, ab Elidyr, ab Sanddev, ab Alcwn, ab Tegid, ab Gwyar, ab Diwg (or Dwyawg), ab Llywarch Hen²⁷, ab Elidyr Lydanwyn²⁸, ab Meirchion Gul²⁹, ab Grwst (or Gorwst), Ledlwm, ab Cenau, ab Coel Godebog³⁰, ab Tegvan Glof, ab Deheuvraint, ab Tudbwyll, ab Eurben, ab Gradd, ab Rhuddvedel, ab Rhydeyrn, ab Eiddigant, ab Eurdeyrn, ab Einydd (or Enid), ab Ennos (or Endos), ab Enddolau, ab Avallech, ab Lludd³¹, ab Beli³² Mawr, ab Manogan³³, ab Cai, ab Por, ab Sawl Benisel³⁴, ab Rhydderch³⁵, ab Rhodawr, ab Eidal³⁶, ab Arthvael³⁷, ab Sitsyllt³⁸, ab Owain³⁹, ab Cafo⁴⁰, ab Bleiddyd⁴¹, ab Meirion⁴², ab Gorwyst⁴³, ab Clydno⁴⁴, ab Clydog⁴⁵, ab Ithel, ab Urien⁴⁶, ab Andryw⁴⁷, ab Ceraint⁴⁸, ab Por, ab Coel⁴⁹, ab Cadell⁵⁰, ab Geraint⁵¹, ab Elydnog⁵², ab Morudd⁵³, ab Dan⁵⁴, ab Sitsyllt⁵⁵, ab Cuhelyn⁵⁶, ab Gwrgant⁵⁷ Varvdrwch, ab Beli⁵⁸, ab Dyvnwal⁵⁹ Moelmud, ab Dyvnvarth (or Dyvynarch) Hen, ab Prydain⁶⁰, ab Aedd Mawr⁶¹, the first monarch of the isle of Britain.

Edwin was one of the fifteen peers^{61*} of North Wales, and king of Tegeingl; namely, Cwnsyll, Rhuddlan⁶², and Prestatyn. "He married Gwerydd, (Ewerydd, or Iwerydd, according to some mss.) daughter of Cynvin ab Gwerastan, and sister to Bleddyn ab Cynvin, prince of Powis. He lived at Northop and Llanhasa. He was at last slain by Rhys, ab Rhydderch, ab Owen, anno 1073." * On the top of a hill called Bryn y Castell,

* Vol. 2288, Harl. ms. fo. 175, and 2299, fo. 199.

in the parish of Llanhasa, is to be seen the site of Edwin's Castle, where no doubt he occasionally resided; I have not been able to trace the founder, but most probably it was built by his grandfather, Edwin, the earl of Mercia. Rhual, near Mold, was the residence of Edwin when he died, for it is recorded that "Edwin of Rhual was buried in Northop, in 1073,"* and Rhual,† or more properly Rhial, from *rhi* and *gal*, which means the fair spot of the chief, very likely derived its name from the occupier. "He bore argent a cross flory engrailed sable, inter four Cornish choughs." He had two sons and a daughter, viz. Owain, Uchtryd, and Eweryd. Owain, called Owain Vradwr, was chief counsellor and father-in-law of Gruffydd ab Cynan; he is justly styled Owain the traitor, for he invited Hugh Goch, or Red-haired, Hugh de Montgomery, earl of Arundel and Salop, Hugh Vras, or the fat earl of Chester, and other nobles to invade North Wales: he himself assisting them with all his power. They proceeded with a large army as far as Anglesea,‡ where Hugh, earl of Salop, was shot in the face by an arrow, of which he died. Hugh, earl of Chester, on his return to England, after driving Gruffydd ab Cynan to Ireland, A.D. 1096, left Owain a prince in the land, which was gained by his treachery. His wife was Morvydd, daughter to Ednywen Bendew, of Llys Coed y Mynydd, Bodfari. He died of a consumption in 1103: he had children, Gronow, Ririd, Meiler, and Angharad, who married Gryfyd ab Cynan.

Uchtryd, Edwin's other son, "lived anno 1094, he married Elen, daughter to Tudor Mawr, prince of South Wales, widow to Bleddyn ap Meinach, prince of Brecon; (Harleian ms. 2288, fo. 175,) another ms. says he married a daughter of Rees Sais. He was one of four Welsh persons of distinction appointed by Richard, Bishop of London, and warden of the Marches, in Henry I., 1108, to destroy Dyved, and to take or kill Owain ab Cadwgan, to avenge the dishonor he had done to the king, for which great rewards, besides the rule of the country, were promised them. But Uchtryd sent privately to warn the people of their danger, and, instead of destroying them, saved all that fled to him; and, by a stratagem, impeded the speed of the enemies in order that Cadwgan and his son Owain might have time to escape to Ireland. Uchtryd's inheritance was in Merionyddshire, he built Cymmer Castle in that county, which was demolished in 1113, by Einion⁶³ ab Cadwgan, and Gruffydd ab Mareddydd⁶⁴, ab Bleddyn.

Edwin's father, Grono, had two wives, Angharad, daughter to Meiric ap Idwal Voel, king of North Wales, and Elfled, daughter

* Cambrian Register.

† The present mansion was built in 1634.

‡ After the Saxons had conquered Man, in 968, they called it Anglesie, that is, the Saxon Island. *Brut y T.*

to Edwin, earl of Chester, and widow of Edmund Ironside, king of England, (Harleian ms., 2283, fo. 175,) as others, Jane, heiress to Edwyn, earl of Chester, and the last earl of Mercia, who owned all this tract of Flintshire, and under whom Edwin held his possessions. At the Conquest, William dispossessed the earl of Mercia of his possessions here, and bestowed them on Hugh Lupus, to whom he granted North Wales in farm, at the rent of £40 per annum, besides Rhos and Rhyvaniog.

Mr. Pennant says that Llys estate continued in the family till the death of a descendant of his, Hywel Gwynedd, who lost his life in the cause of Glyndwr, when his forfeited estates were bestowed, by Henry IV., on one Bryan Saxton. His posterity possessed them till the 17th year of Henry VI.,† who granted them to Sir John Stanley, groom of the bedchamber. "Angharad, daughter of Howel ap Tudyr, descended from Edwin, was heiress of Llys: (temp. Ed. IV.) afterwards her son, William Stanley, by her second husband, Edm. Stanley, came in possession of that place, and other lands in Llaneurgain Parish." Sir Edward Stanley,‡ of Flint, married to a daughter of George Lord Stanley, about the latter end of the reign of Henry VII., was probably owner of this place, for it remained in the Stanley family till Cromwell's time, when a Colonel Roger Whitley, one of those agents of sequestration, came to possess the lands on which the old palace stood, which became afterwards, by marriage, the property of the earl of Plymouth, it now belongs to earl Grosvenor, of Eaton Abbey, Cheshire.

Descended from Edwin are Lloyds, of Isfarm; Edwards, of Stansky; Wynns, of Copper Leni; Parrys, of Llaneurgain and Caervallwch; Pryse, of Aelwyduchav, &c., Thomas Owen, a Judge of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, father of Sir Roger Owen, late of Cundover, knight, was descended from Edwin. Also, Sir Thomas Powell, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, in the time of William III.; the family of Nanteos, in Cardiganshire; and the Gwyns of Monachdy, in the same county.

• Henry IV. reigned from 1399 to 1412.

† Henry VI. ditto 1422 to 1461.

‡ In old mss. we often meet with Stanleys of Evlo or Ewloe. "Edward Llwyd ap Davyd Llwyd married Cath. Vuch Pierce Stanley of Ewloe."

§ Henry VII. reigned from 1485 to 1509.

(To be continued.)

TRIAD.

From the Welsh, by the late EDWARD WILLIAMS, of Glamorgan.

THREE things have I lov'd, and would die for their sake;
Stern *virtue's* keen lash that keeps *reason* awake;
Bold *liberty's* frown that bids *tyranny* cease,
And *wisdom's* wide circle that centers in *peace*.

ADVENTURES OF A WELSH MEDICAL STUDENT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

NO. I.

REFLECTIONS upon the past occurrences of an eventful life are so intermingled with pain, as well as pleasure, that it requires, in a debilitated frame, no little exertion of mental strength to produce a copious flow of those ideas which have reference to the career of youth. But, when once aroused from inaction, the mind embraces, with an extraordinary vividness of feeling, all the circumstances which formerly influenced it, and produces in the imagination a panoramic view of the scenes and situations which form the features of its past history, and casts a darkened shade or lustrous glow over the follies and vicissitudes of which it was the victim, and characterises all the minor traits of incident with a romantic expression, which, for a time, cherishes even the frigid heart of the man blighted by disappointment and enervated in health. But how much more vigorous are these reminiscences, when ambition ceases to influence, and the cancerous passions of evil are plucked from the bosom, and are succeeded by age and experience, and the luxurious operations of a peaceful and contented resignation. Thus the mind, in a pure and exalted state, cannot refrain from contrasting its past turmoil with its present placidity, and tracing the principles which produced its results. It probably leans, with the whole weight of conscious guilt, upon some one conspicuous era of early life, and retreats with repugnance and disgust from the one action which has subsequently become the bane of recollection, and the cause of years of repentance and remorse. Haunted by this demon, which assumes a variety of forms, according to the sphere in which we move, and presents itself whenever our prospects are most bright, with hope leading us exultingly forward, the spectral figure overshadows our path, and reminds us of mourning, despair, and death; and how many have sunk, in the prime of their age, when the blossoms of life had just ripened into fruit, and were receiving from the genial ray of social life the refined and mellow tint of manhood, arrayed in intellectual and physical comeliness. However philosophical a man's mind may be, or cheerful in its contemplation of the present, or of the future, it cannot but look back through the distant veil of the past, without being struck with the disproportionate realization of his wishes to the glorious imaginations of youth, and gazing upon the ruins of his former ambitions, and lofty speculations, as the mariner escaped from the wreck, views upon the beach the broken fragments of the noble and stately vessel, whose fortunes and his own are eternally ruined.

But whatever circumstances may have occurred to embitter recollection, and to embroil the prudent reasoning of age with the theoretic visions of youth, there is, probably, no one but has experienced in the outset of life, some small portion of ecstatic bliss, such as cannot be forgotten even amid the gayest and most dissipated moments, and upon which he doats with all the cherished fervour he experienced in those rapturous moments, when the indelible impression was first made.

All men (worthy of the name) start in the pilgrimage of life with animation, and "the sword, gown, gain, glory," become the objects of our hopes and endeavours. But some minor accidents frequently take place to thwart our purposes, and leading the mind to other objects of expectation, ruin the intention, or strangely render our exertions of little avail.

I was the only son of poor but respectable people in the mountains of Arvon, and the desire of my parents was to give me an education that might fit me for a learned profession, and enable me, by the exercise of those talents which their fondness believed me to possess, to move in a more extended and a higher sphere than their own situation in life would otherwise have entitled me to; when, after passing through the usual gradations of a public school, I was articled to an apothecary, of some practice, in a large town, on the borders of my native Principality; and during the period of my abode there, although I had very little opportunity of cultivating the society of men of the world, I had the gratification of making the acquaintance of those who, in after life, have been of great service to my professional views, and who have directed my studies, influenced my judgment, and guided me from the abyss of pleasure, whenever they supposed me to be advancing too close upon its awful brink. There was another cause which hallowed, to my mind, this scene of my youthful outset; in comparison with which all my subsequent enjoyments have been but insipid, and my attachments but as the faint rays of moonlight; beautiful but sad; soft but neither so vivid nor permanent as was the first blush of love upon my youthful heart, which broke like the radiant, glowing light of morn, warming and preserving my inmost soul, and remaining, even to this moment, without a shadow. Reader, indulge me but for one moment, while I open to you my heart, and display before you the most blissful and precious reminiscences it contains.

One beautiful autumnal evening in 17—, I was descending one of my native hills, and had wandered a little out of the beaten track to vary the prospect of the lovely vale beneath me, when suddenly I heard the melodious air of *Llwyn On*, sung in so sweet and plaintive a tone, as if the warbler, whoever it might be, was communing with the spirit of song, on the high solitude of the mountain's brow. Feeling conscious of being unheard by any

mortal, save, perhaps, the solitary shepherd, the soul of music was breathed more tenderly into the strain.

My curiosity was, of course, awakened, and moving gently forward to a small covert of trees, I discovered the fair songstress reclining on a mossy couch, which, perhaps, her own hand had raised. My first impulse was to obtrude myself upon her presence; but I felt convinced, from the character of countenance which I there saw, that the lovely girl would have flown from me like the mountain goat, and that, in all probability, the step would have been fatal to a more friendly intercourse, and, I, therefore, contented myself with watching her safely home to the shelter of a small but extremely neat cottage, which stood about a mile from the spot; and it may be supposed that the romantic discovery created no slight impression upon the heart of a youth but just eighteen years of age. I met Marianne, (for such was her name,) afterwards, at the house of a friend, and my attentions, by degrees, won the affections of my mountain nymph; but to what purpose were our loves, since we were both of us not merely poor but almost pennyless; and, moreover, it was necessary for the completion of my professional studies, that I should seek in the metropolis both learning and fame, ere I could hope to be affianced to the object of my choice.

These thoughts (the whisperings of the mind to the ardour of my passion,) had found no resting-place in my bosom, had not the good sense and devotion of my lovely Marianne prompted me to study more closely; and we therefore fondly anticipated that our union would not be protracted beyond a few seasons, passing tedious and long to us, although to the world but as the gliding moment. Now it was, that I could fully appreciate the fresh and glowing charms of my native hills, and could enjoy, with the untutored and wild imagination of my Marianne, during our picturesque wanderings, the sublimity and pathos of nature, the grandeur of Cambria's broken ridges of mountain, and the hallowed seclusion of her vales, studded with the sweet-scented early violets, which seemed to have borrowed their cerulean lustre from the bright and glorious heavens above. I had never before known the blessing of a sympathising companion in my joys or woes; the world appeared expanded afresh to my view, as the sun rises upon the ocean, full and luminous. My intelligent and sweet companion was to me a Mentor, a very guardian angel; she took every opportunity of conjuring me, with modest and serious concern, to beware of the many dangers which her affection anticipated for me in the multitudinous world that was so soon to be the scene of my exertion for professional honours; and I treasured them up in my mind, resolving (but alas forgetting the frailty of my bark,) to weather the tempest I had to contend with. Months were passed by us in the sweetest interchange of sympathy, and

the period too speedily arrived for my *debut* upon the vast arena of all that is powerful in intellect or successful in industry. I left my native country, and the darling treasure which it contained for me, and with a bursting heart took leave of my beloved, who wept and prayed for me, until I had well nigh taken the resolve to stay with her for ever, to have become hers at once, and to have braved, with her, humiliation, deprivation, poverty, and every evil, till death had severed us; but by a strong effort I tore myself from her embraces, and departed on my journey for the scene of many a future adventure.

With what varying and contrasted feelings do men enter the metropolis of England: the nobleman, the man of opulence, the *savant*, the student, the artisan, each having some important object to obtain, and upon which they devote all the distinct energies of their minds. How much matter of general interest to mankind does the comparatively small area of this city contain! The bulk of the population has some interest centered in it; Europe, nay the whole world, is animated or paralysed by the effect emanating from the commercial enterprises of its inhabitants. Thrones totter as its wealthy princes dictate, and the fiat of a minister of its government is echoed through every civilised state, and forms a portion of its future destiny. Perhaps at the moment I may write, the future hero, or the embryo statesman, young in years and uninformed in mind, enters its streets, and contemplates its grandeur: astonishment and admiration are the first effects upon his mind, but as the recollection of his own humble circumstances and insignificance, amid the splendor and display which dazzles his sight, and tantalizes his imagination, reverts to him, he reflects that he is alone in the abode of the mighty, and that having left the peaceful dwelling-place of his childhood, his heart sinks to think how little of sympathy he can find in the busy haunts of those that are around him. Such too were my own feelings, when, immured in a small chamber in one of the narrow streets of the Borough, I thought of the new life, new scenes, and new associates, that on the morrow would dawn upon me. Who could take the place in my affections of those whom I had left, or cheer me in the hour of sickness; or be the partaker of my gladsome hours? But again I knew that, in the solitude and dreariness of my humble apartment, there would be one who would watch over and protect me; and, following the impulse of my heart, I supplicated the Almighty to regard my comparatively forlorn situation, and to afford me that help and succour which my parents had early taught me to rely upon as the only safeguard against the temptations and follies of the world.

The following day was as cheerful and beautiful as the cloud of smoke hanging densely on all sides would permit it to appear, and issuing from the small house of my landlord, a poor but

honest tradesman from my own country, to whom I had been recommended, I proceeded to pay the usual entrance fees for admission as a medical student in the schools of the then united Hospitals of St. Guy's and St. Thomas's; after which, in company with a demonstrator of anatomy, I proceeded to that charnel-house of knowledge, yclept the dissecting room. A low narrow passage conducted me to the abode of those remains from which the profession glean so much of knowledge and experience, and although an involuntary shudder came over me, and I instinctively stood still as the first view of the scene was before me, I almost immediately recovered myself, and endeavoured to note in my mind the effect of its first impression, and to reflect upon the important advantage which this customary study of anatomy has been, and still is, to the pursuit of science. Two or three young men in woollen jackets and red leathern aprons, were before me, dissecting the muscles and tracing the arteries of what had been a most lovely infant, and the powerful muscular frame of a young and vigorous man was undergoing similar operations from a small snub-nosed sturdy pursuer of the human lineaments. Others were busily engaged on all sides, regardless of the moral conveyed, or, as some perhaps might say, pursuing the substance unmindful of its shadow; a knot of energetic, and apparently intellectual, though dissipated, young men, were descanting loudly on the issue of a late prize fight; others were eloquent on the merits and beauty of an actress who had made her *debut* on the preceding evening. My new friend the demonstrator, soon made me at home within the circle, and I was invited to form one of a coterie who were to dine at a neighbouring haunt on that day.

Our party, which at dinner amounted only to four persons, was afterwards increased by an acquaintance or two, who, being well aware of the habits of their friends, had looked in to take the chance of finding them at this their usual rendezvous. The evening passed merrily, and although I retired to my chamber at a later hour than was my habit in the country, still I felt it to be of little consequence, at this early step of my career, to devote myself assiduously to the reading portion of my duties. But here let me advise all young men who value the integrity and virtue of their character, to shun this too common step, that changes a dissipated acquaintance into an intimate associate or friend. This it was that led me, by degrees, into excesses of all kinds, the effects of which upon the fortunes and health of myself and others, I purpose relating in due course. In the mean time, I continued to convey to my fair betrothed my unaltered attachment, and frequently to receive similar assurances in her correspondence, with the usual inquiries respecting my pursuits and studies. The first of these, as the reader will surmise, were, after a

three months' residence in the metropolis, and intermingling with the police-attested licentiates of the day, of a contrasted nature to the latter. For days and nights together I devoted my attention unceasingly to my profession; then would I follow the most irregular life possible, till the night became the day, and the morn and noon of day the customary season of repose, while the afternoon was passed in applying the usual restoratives after a debauch. Start not when I tell you, that every hole and corner of wretched and disgusting profligacy was familiar to me; that I delighted in tracing the characteristics of my species in their most deformed and corrupted examples; that I sought for illustrations of villany in the sinks of vice, and that I loved to overhear the flashetymology of a pickpocket, or watch the lion-hearted highwayman in the lair which was his hiding-place. I became a crack billiard player, and could detect a sharper at sight, or foil a marker with his own weapons; I was expert in lamp scaling and breaking, and more than once defeated a charley, or watchman, by beating his hat over his physiognomy, and doubling his person into the kennel. In short I became the leader of a set of reckless rakes who were the dread of every quiet neighbourhood.

Upon entering one day the theatre of anatomy, I was thunder-struck with the appearance of a corpse upon its board, the features of which I immediately recognised as those of one who had a sovereign sway over the affections or fancies of many. These were the relics of one who had been the gayest and most lovely attraction of the saloons of the theatres, and had been the ruin of many an unfortunate youth. I stood at first petrified with astonishment, and then actually reeled, and should have fainted, but for the support of a friend, and the timely aid of a cordial. Is this, I said to myself, an awful dream? or is it the interposing hand of Providence, to warn me of the dreadful issue that awaits me? I will avert the day of judgment and retribution, by timely awakening from my course of profligacy. I retreated to my rooms, and pondered over the mutability of this world, and the dreadful condition of myself and others; and, for some days after this occurrence, I was almost in a trance, and was only awakened by a gentle hint from my tailor that his needs were urgent, and must be satisfied. I summoned resolution sufficient to investigate my accounts, and I then found that nothing but the most rigid economy, or a run of luck at play, could save me from a certain consequence; so I chose of the two resources the latter, and proceeded with an expert gambler, to a new, and as it then appeared to me a most terrific scene.

I was struggling with the conflicting feelings of necessity and inclination to retreat from my engagement, when my friend gently knocked at a small and sombre looking house, at the corner of Duke street, St. James's. It was opened by a man who inter-

posed his figure between us and the entrance, until he had surveyed the countenance of my companion, to whom he then apologised for the precaution he had taken, and readily ushered us through another barricade, to the room up stairs. It appeared to me the entrance to a "*hell*," indeed, guarded by a *cerberus* with one head only. Never, never, shall I forget the first glimpse of the living picture before me. At one end of the apartment a glare of light was thrown upon a large oblong table, intersected with yellow lines, giving it, to my imagination, the appearance of a magic circle, into which every moment were thrown pieces of money, destined speedily to be replaced by others; around were seated the most remarkable contrasts of features, complexions, and expressions, I ever beheld: the aristocrat was elbowed by the plebeian; the sallow paleness of one, and the hectic flush of another, confounded with the despair of some and the wild hysteric laugh of others, was awful. The beauty of youth, the maturity of age, and the grey-headed, wrinkled, and distorted-featured veteran of avarice, were exchanging compliments of congratulation on gain, or expressions of hollow commiseration on losses; and all these strangely contrasted to the placidity of the magician, who appeared to me the personification of Fortunatus without his cap, as he stood unmoved and statue-like amid the ill luck of others, their deep and awful oaths, or their still more horrible, mute despair.

The disparities of age, rank, and pursuit, and the heterogeneous combinations of dispositions, which characterized this scene of profligacy, afforded of themselves ample scope for that reflection, the result of which is so humiliating to mankind. But think not of the wealth only that is squandered, or of the disease and misery which are the consequences of it; but reflect on the prostitution of the noblest of minds; on the debasement of the intellect that has been matured and cultivated by education, and refined by the society of the amiable and virtuous. How would I have probed each individual heart, if it had been possible, in order to have perceived by what secret misfortune or disappointment, or what early spectacle of vice it was induced to seek the alleviation of its misery, and the loss of its reflection, in the damnable charybdis of the gaming table! Are not idleness, necessity, avarice, almost invariably the inducements to it?

There is a horde of the human race whose profligacy can find no pleasure but within the contaminated walls of infamy. But why do I rail at this vice? Do I add one more in myself to the list of those whose temporal and eternal ruin are inscribed in the pages of futurity, in characters of tears and blood? No! I was no sufferer; upon many occasions, a considerable gainer; but there now stood one on my left hand, whom once to have seen,

was never to forget; one on whose deportment, form, and feature, the Almighty had wellnigh stamped the seal of immortality; his face was of the hue of marble, but his eye lit up as with Heaven's own living fire. If one had wished to exemplify the mind of majestic power by the expression of features, or span of forehead, he would have been a prototype. If the sculptor needed a model of an Apollo, he would have chiselled the god from this splendidly elegant and reckless mortal, the habitual frequenter of every circle notorious for dissipation and villany. There was so uncommon a fascination in the style and appearance of this man, that a degree of deference was paid to him by all classes with whom he came into contact. Youth adored him for his mildness and gentlemanly demeanour, as well as for the splendour of his air and manner; fond woman doated on him and was undone; while blacklegs, sharpers, and bullies, trembled in his presence. His perception was too keen even for them. Valets, footmen, and waiters, stood in awe, wonder, and admiration, and jostled each other in their alacrity to serve him, or receive his commands. Grooms and coachmen, high or low, from his majesty's stud, to a jarvey or cad from Hyde Park corner to Whitechapel, envied the happy retainers of so fine a gentleman, and so noble a horseman; for in all his career he had, hitherto, found no rival who could cope with the supremacy established by him in the drawing-room of fashion, the opera, the park, the field, and the road. Such was the man whom all appeared to envy. I, of course, came under the influence of his charm, for I had voluntarily sought his acquaintance, and by aid of further introduction, gained upon his confidence; but I was as a comparative philosopher among the gay world, the actions of which found no response in the approval of my conscience. I could mark the worm working its secret, but sure, way in the life-blood of many, who were fast progressing towards the brink of death's darksome precipice, whose terrors might take them under many diseases; but which was chiefly to be dreaded from the horrors of a broken heart and guilty conscience, and the consciousness of a poisoned constitution, ruined by debauchery. How many, thought I, of this assembly will one day play the fiend-like part of self-murderers, casting their last die, and taking the appalling chances of futurity!

Months after these scenes rolled on in quiet. Intense study had taken the place of dissipation and folly. I had, moreover, received a heart-rending letter from Marianne, which recalled me to a sense of duty. I glanced over my past life, and found a few of the most powerful of its passages deeply engraven on my memory. As is usual with a change of scene and purpose, we too soon forget the lessons of the past, and even, sometimes, the traits of character which accompany the moral;

but I could not forget ———, the hero of the gambling-house, and often wondered that I lately had neither heard of him, nor accidentally met him in the course of my rambles; and I suspected my *quondam* friend might have had a run of ill-luck; but as these ideas were merely occasioned by the floating reminiscences of past folly, I thought no more about him, until the following occurrence, (a brief outline of which is compressed in a fortnight's adventure,) recalled all the circumstances referring to my former habits, most painfully to my recollection. I was in the habit of visiting frequently, for a professional friend, some of his poorer patients, and, consequently, became acquainted with many of them; and these were in the habit of requesting me to prescribe for them, particularly if their disorders were not of a very serious character; and as they were almost invariably on the list of my friend's patients whom he attended *gratis*, I could write out my directions to them without any prejudice to his practice or emolument; and I need not be ashamed of further stating that, (in my more sedate moments, and I considered it necessary to do so,) I administered to some of the most unenlightened, in their hour of need, the only true antidote to an afflicted mind. I was sincere in doing this, although, to many, it may appear a strange contrast to a portion of my past tale; but, inconsistent as it may have been, so it was, and the page of human nature will afford many similar instances of such an incongruity. With me it was the result of early education, and of a conviction that I was performing no more than my duty; but the effect was highly pleasing to me, because it often procured for me the gratitude of those whom I visited, and it imparted to my friends, generally, a confidence that I was earnest in my desire to amend my way of life, and, at the same time, to be really useful to those of my fellow-creatures, who were accidentally committed to my care. Among these scenes, arose one of the most interesting and affecting ones that has ever, in the course of a long life, fallen under my observation.

I was alone in my chamber one fine moonlight night, in the month of March. I had been dissecting closely for three days previously, and was indulging myself in the relaxation of reading a poem just published, and which at that time excited a great deal of interest in the literary world. I was intensely interested with the work, and by no means desirous of being disturbed, when I received a hasty summons to attend the sickbed of a lodger of one of the invalids whom I had a short time before been attending, on behalf of the professional friend before mentioned. I must confess that, at first, I felt much annoyed at this interruption, and was desirous of shifting the duty to the care of another. I rejoice that I did not do so, but that I complied with the summons which, though an act of charity in itself,

and not of a compulsory nature, was, nevertheless, an imperative appeal to the proper feelings of any medical attendant.

I passed through some of the narrow streets and dirtiest alleys of the Borough, and arriving at the lodging-house, which was one of those old-fashioned Gothic edifices which are, occasionally, even in these days of improvement, (or, perhaps, of innovation,) to be met with; I knocked gently at the door and, being admitted, was conducted, by the old landlady, who united in her own person the hostess and servant-of-all-work, to a back apartment in the second floor, tenanted, as she informed me, by a gentleman who had been in her house for one week only, but whose frame of mind was so peculiar, and his spirits so depressed as to lead her to suppose he had been recently visited by misfortune, and that his pecuniary affairs had induced him to seek a refuge in her abode, which was within the rules of the King's Bench prison. A feeble voice responded to the tap at the door of the chamber, and I entered alone this habitation of wretchedness, the furniture of which was in itself sufficient to indicate the extreme poverty of its occupier. A small iron bedstead stood in one corner of the room, with an oaken table drawn close to it, in order that the few necessaries which were upon it might be within reach of the invalid; two or three books were ranged upon a shelf over the mantel-piece, and a Bible, with its leaves open, was placed in a chair by the side of the table. Upon looking around me, I thought of the words of Macbeth:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

and however incapable I might be, by my own experience alone, of applying a balm to the guilty conscience, or of affording relief to the tortured imagination, I knew that within the pages of holy writ I should find all that can assuage the sufferings of the agonized soul upon such an occasion. "You are come, sir," said the patient, without turning towards me, "to attempt to alleviate the pangs of an unhappy man, whose state will, in a few brief hours, be beyond the limits of mortal aid. There burns now in this brain a fever which the power of earthly medicines cannot reach. My vital spark is upon the wane, and man cannot control its flight. The spirit wrestles with the clay: my destiny is in the hold of my Maker, and may He have mercy upon my soul!" "In this case," I replied, "you have consulted your feelings, in preference to my profession, and, in all probability, our judgments may be at issue, the extremity may yet be averted." He extended his hand towards me, and the pulse belied what I had

said. Merciful heaven! as he turned his face, and cast his bright yet wandering eye towards me, whom did I see? "I think, sir," said he, coolly, "that we have met before, and under different scenes and circumstances. Thus it has ever happened to me. I am the creature of extraordinary accidents, and fortune plays with me even to the close of my days. I am happy even thus to renew the acquaintance with you; for though I am misfortune's son, I am sensible of your goodness of heart. I feel that in detailing to you my short but, to a certain degree, brilliant life, I shall receive, in return, your confidence, and, perhaps, too, you may direct my weary foot steps to that fountain whence may flow peace and consolation to the afflicted and repentant transgressor, for

'I am gone like the shadow when it declineth.'"

Upon saying these words he gradually sunk back, and pressed my hand; the effort he made had exhausted the little strength he possessed, and a gentle slumber came over him. I left him with instructions to the landlady to procure him a few medicines and other requisites, with directions to send for me should he wish to see me again before the morning.

Reader, can you imagine of whom I am about to tell you? can you identify, in the heart-broken and dying sufferer, the once fashionable and handsome debauchee, who, only a few months ago, was the admiration of all who knew him? You will think, and, perhaps, correctly, that the incident is but too common in dissipated life, and in the circles of play. It may be so, but seldom do we witness an instance of the issue with all its accompanying horrors. The man of the world may be depicted in a variety of shades; but trace human nature, if you need a lesson in its history, from the splendor of its appearance within the palace of a prince, to its ultimate retreat, perhaps the loathsome hovel, in which the stranger administers to its feebleness and destitution; where the mercenary hireling pays the last tribute to the companion of royalty, and the untimely victim of weakness, folly, and crime.

After a long and to me restless night, morning at length dawned, and my professional friend accompanied me to the sick-room of my old associate, whom we found much in the same state as when I left him the night previously. Our consultation respecting his case lasted but a short time, and, as may be supposed, our decision was unfavorable to his recovery. The patient expressed a wish that we would not, to others, communicate more than we felt to be necessary of the symptoms of his case, and, at the same time, stated that he was satisfied to confide himself to my friend's skill, leaving the issue in the hand of Providence.

“Come near,” said he to me, as Dr. B. left the room, “and let me thank you for your Christian-like kindness to me. I want to relate to you, as well as my feebleness will allow me, some few incidents in my past history, which may, when I am gone, convey a moral for others. The recital will ease my mind of a part of its burden.

“I was born in Glamorganshire, where my parents, Lord and Lady N——, had resided for only a short time. They were both descended from a family whose patrimony was in the north of England: they lived in retirement, nay almost in obscurity; nor do I believe they were visited by a single family who were aware of their aristocratic descent. This caution had been rendered necessary on account of the early extravagance of my father, whose estate had, through profuse expenditure and mismanagement, become incumbered to a lamentable degree: they both died while I was but a child, and I have but a faint recollection of them. I was sent at an early age to a public school, and afterwards entered the college of Christ Church, Oxford, from whence, for repeated irregularities, I was first rusticated and then expelled. Soon after I commenced my travels under the guidance of a most able tutor, with whom I visited many of the foreign courts, and laid in a considerable store of diplomatic and general knowledge.

“I was at Paris, and did not remain long in that gay capital without meeting fair syrens sufficiently attractive to my overvivacious disposition; *one* there was preeminent; and, if I were to recount to you the various amatory manœuvres I employed to secure the affections of the lovely Emily, you would give me credit for a greater proportion of perseverance than I have been known to employ during the subsequent inglorious period during which you have noticed me. Emily M. was the second daughter of an English gentleman, residing at Paris with his family. Her features were beautiful; she was of a delicately fair complexion, and remarkably intelligent. I met her often in society, and loved her less for her beauty, than her mind and disposition, which were of the highest order; and yet *I sought her ruin!* I employed all the well-known arts of the basest of our sex, to induce her to confide in,—to love me. I knew that it would be useless to attempt this, excepting by masterly means; ordinary attractions would never have availed with her. She was a creature of soul, and was to be won only by high daring, aided by intellectual superiority. I engaged, therefore, in schemes which I well knew would greatly interest her enthusiastic mind. The sacred cause of political liberty, and the results of its general diffusion upon the Continent, were her unwearied dreams; and her pen, like those of many other females of the time, was engaged in some of the numerous liberal journals of the day.

“During the all-exciting events of the memorable revolution at the close of the eighteenth century, I had frequent opportunities thence to display my heroism, as well as to direct her attention to my actions. But I was wedded to sensual love, and saw in the objects that were attractive to her, only the pathway to her heart's affections, and they were dear to me; yes, most dear! I now avow, even on my dying bed, that though her heart consumed away for my iniquity, I was yet tenderly and affectionately devoted to her. I proceeded, by stealthy steps, to take an entire possession of her heart and soul. At first, she was excited by the force of my arguments, and the open liberality of my principles: afterwards, she admired my warm attachment to the cause; and, ultimately, threw herself, with all the ardent and confiding devotion of fond lovely woman, into the traitorous bosom of the seducer of her virtue. I would have married her, but, in yonder portrait, behold my yet living and affianced bride. To all, excepting one witness, and the priest by whom we were united, the fact of my marriage was unknown. It had been an ill-assorted and, consequently, unhappy union, having taken place when I was yet a minor, before my mind had become sufficiently formed by that observation and experience so necessary to secure happiness; but which, alas! when I did at length attain, by devious and perilous paths, I applied so wickedly and destructively. I need not state the causes of our separation, further than that we were never happy.

“But think of my remorse after the betrayal of my Emily. I would have combated and conquered this, as well as the derision and contempt of the world, but my dear and faithful girl writhed and withered under its blasting influence. Still we were blest in each other's love for a short time; when her brother, a wild, and impetuous, though honourable, youth, sought to appease the disonour of his family in the blood of the destroyer of his sister. How could I meet him, excepting to implore his forgiveness? Emily had anticipated this probable result. Angel as she was, her brother could not resist her tears and importunities that he would leave her in possession of the only man she could love. He, therefore, left her, and soon after departed with his regiment to India.

“Bountiful Heaven! with all these distressing circumstances upon my mind; afflictions which I myself had sought, and must now expiate, whither could I fly for refuge from the burning gulf within my bosom? The Divine mercy *ought* to have been my resting-place, and upon that I should have abided for ever; but my accursed habits returned upon me, and I embodied my present and eternal ruin in the pursuits of the rake and the gamester. From that hour may be dated my utter demoralization. Previous to this period, I had partially felt alive to the distinc-

tions between virtue and vice, and could appreciate the beauty of the former. But Emily, who was my only safeguard from the pollution of the world, and my counsellor whenever it was needed, (and which, God knows, was but too frequent,) declined, as the flower droops its lovely head, and sinks again to the mother-bed from which it sprang.

“This period of my life formed, as you may suppose, the more romantic portion of my history. I dare not now retrace all the minute feelings I then endured; and which formed the extremes of misery or of happiness, and a great portion partook largely of the latter. My sweet Emily’s spirit turned to Heaven, as her only solace. Her entire affection for me, contrasted with the conviction of the natural solicitude and anguish of her parents on her account, preyed upon her mind. Whither could she now look for comfort and consolation, since she was lost to them for ever? Resting upon my arm, she prayed the Almighty for forgiveness: how did I abhor my sinfulness at the time, and mourn over my villany! Had I not been the cause of her infamy? nay, might I not regard myself as her murderer? The group around her dying bed has been to me the damnable and indelible spot ever stamped upon my memory. I had beheld, previously, without remorse, the deaths of those who were old; but disease and sorrow is such an anomaly to all we associate with youth and loveliness, that to witness death’s havoc

‘There, where I had garnered up my hopes,’

called aloud to me, that the being I should have supported, loved, and cherished, was *murdered* by the devouring flame of my own vile and hellish passion. I am now following to the grave my lovely and heart-stricken victim. Such it is, sir, never to have had fortitude sufficient to control the excitements to evil deeds. Mine have long rendered me the scourge of an avenging deity. The demon of despair is now satiating his ire upon my little remaining breath, which I seem to inhale in fire. Oh, God! to reflect on what *I might have been*, contrasted to what *I am*. I am an outcast beggar, the dying profligate, a fiend in human form!

“I had a dream last night which, strange to say, was all peace and joy. I thought I was again in the spring of life, with animated creation, new and delicious; with hope and expectation high. I was straying among the flowers and verdure of a luxuriant garden, and thinking that my Emily was alive, and about to be my bride. The sun shone out, and a ray darted on my soul, and bid me aspire to be what my ancestors have been, not only noble, but magnanimous and virtuous. I felt myself skilled in letters and science, in addition to possessing great worldly knowledge. The senate of my country had called me to its ho-

nourable labours; and without a spot upon the escutcheon of my past life. I glowed with ardour at the thought of my loved Emily, the enjoyment of the future, and the esteem of my fellow-creatures: but my dream became suddenly darkened by the acuteness of my feelings, and I awoke to the misery and shame of this terrific reality. It was no fiction thus to dream; for there have been days when I could appreciate the value of honourable fame, and the lofty sublimity of virtue. It was, therefore, but an effort of my spirit (all too faint,) to redeem the moments that are ingloriously fled, and to regain its station in the sphere that it has lost for ever.

“Raise me, my last friend,” said he, “for I am sinking fast; and let me, though late, apply myself to the only comfort now afforded. ‘God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.’ ‘Oh! cast me not away for my sin, but receive the dying sinner to thy resting place; have mercy upon me, restore me to the joy of thy salvation;’ let not, I beseech thee, the stream of life ebb away, and leave me the corrupted mortal I have been. Stay, oh, my spirit! and let contrition burst forth, and deluge my heart with the heavenly feelings of thankfulness and gratitude towards thee, thou wondrous God Almighty, for thy promises of mercy, even to such a soul as mine! And even now, I feel thy miracle-working power, which tells me it is more sweet to die on this lowly pallet, with affliction for my pillow, and repentance and hope for my ministers, than to sink down upon the downy couch of splendor, in all the vile glory of wealth, and worldly greatness, attended by sin and despair. Gracious art thou, indeed; for I feel, in all its healing force, the assurance of a redemption from my many sins. Oh, hope! blessed and never-fading hope! that follows all our journeying, and accompanies us even to the dark portal of the grave! I yet shall attain an emancipation from the misdeeds of mortality! Then shall I with joy behold thy glory illuminating the face of her who, swept by me from earth, I feel assured now lives in Heaven!”

The dying man ceased to speak. The stillness of the chamber formed a strange contrast to his but lately excited and fervent outpouring of prayer. One, only, deep sigh escaped him; he motioned me nearer him, and pressed my hand; then, looking earnestly in my face, he drew from his bosom the miniature of a young female, pointed to it, then to himself, and, kissing it, he smiled, and quietly expired.

"CONJUX EJUS."

A LYRICAL ELEGY.

ON the Roman road visible between Brecknock and Trecastle, near the pass, named Cwm Dwr, (door of the vale,) is an ancient sepulchral stone, on which the only words left of some inscription are * * "Conjux ejus." * *

"Sic ego componi versus in opa velim."—TIBULLUS.

I.

LEAVE Honddu's* mountain-bosom'd town,
Monastic-glooming woods and walls,
The rocky river thundering down,
The green tower crumbling o'er its falls,
Which† fate of kings recalls,—
And yon romantic road explore,
The mountain's winding pass, "the valley's door."

II.

Sunk in the turf, with sculptures rotten,
Peeps a long buried burial-stone;
Memorial of the long forgotten,
With half a tender tale alone,
The rest oblivion's own;
The oblivion it was raised to mock,—
Sacred to—whom? 'Tis nameless as a rock!

III.

Below, one little urn has kept
What domes could not; most peacefully,
In that poor earthy shrine, hath slept
An underground eternity,
"A wife"—while time march'd by,
And from earth's face, (her cell o'erstept,)
Away tombs, temples, thrones, and empires swept!

IV.

Gone is that temple's porch‡ with thine,
Thou, who in God's own house wouldst lay
Thy Christian ashes, Constantine!
More meet (low laid by this highway)
This humbler Heathen "stay,"
"Siste viator"§ for this wife,
Death's dumb pathetic "hail" to passing life.

* Aber-Honddu, the Welsh name of Brecknock.

† Ely tower, once the prison of the Bishop of Ely, where he plotted the overthrow of Richard III.

‡ This Roman emperor and convert to Christianity, was the first who was interred within the walls of a church; he was admitted, however, only to the porch.

§ The Romans, it is well known, buried by the roadside, with this solemn brief appeal of the dead to the passer by.

V.

Survivor of all Roman life!
 What dost thou here without thy trust?
 What long-lost lord, to what lost wife
 Raised thee? what parted dust to dust?
 Dumb! so some hero bust
 Forgotten, in Palmyra stands,
 Smiling at fame, white seen across the sands.

VI.

Did she, by love's twin-planets guided,
 Her loved lord's eyes, leave Rome and bliss?
 For Britons,* from the world divided?
 Brave their wild seas and savageness:
 Leave all, brave all, for this?
 All lonely, leave him to return,
 Her beauty ashes, and her home an urn?

VII.

Was she—in vain we guess, we ask,
 Who's wife? the answer's here—death's own!
 Why peep and pry thro' time's green mask?
 Fame's trumpet, loudest, farthest blown,
 Saith no more than this stone.
 Alas, for man! his long lost fight
 For life, with nothing's everlasting night!

VIII.

Oh, how he gropes,—the giant blind!
 Asked we for whom this stone might rise?
 O'er universal lost mankind
 It stands! for man where'er he lies
 To philosophic eyes:
 This semi-atom for man's wife,
 This unit for the myriad dust of life.

IX.

"Vixit"—does fame no more allow?
 Ye who earth's wonders do or did;
 Ye of the "immortal longings;" thou
 The river bed's† strange death-vault hid,
 Thou whom the pyramid,
 Thou whom the sea-rock's grave and willow,
 (Prometheus chained—ev'n chained to that death's-pillar!)

* *Divisos orbe Britannos.*—HOR.

† Alaric, the Goth. His grave was excavated out of the bed of the river Busentinus, diverted from its course till it was closed in, and the secret sealed with the blood of the numerous prisoners who performed the task.

X.

Rise, Goth—Egyptian—Corsican,
 Greatest though last! Time-daring ghosts,
 See the low goal toward which ye ran,
 See all ambition boasts,
 Which would to after-ages save
 Man's glories, loves, or mournings from the grave!

XI.

Some gave to constellations names,
 Making a tomb-lamp of a star,
 For man! those shine,—but dark their fames;
 As stands this stone, but no name there;
 Conjecture's ghosts they are,
 Dim, by dim tombs in history's night,
 Faint as a lamp whose life departs not quite.

XII.

The tomb* immortal—not its master,
 That queen who drank death's ashes made.
 Yet that of white warm alabaster,
 Deep in whose snow her lord she laid,
 Not quite hath time decayed;
 Fond breast, for ever unconsoled!
 At thee hearts kindle, though for ages cold.

XIII.

Peace to thy cell, then, Heathen wife!
 Clay-home, in kingdom populous,
 The unvexed antipodes of life!
 For thy death-rites, not paid by us,
 Heaven loved thee none the worse;
 Nor those threet† solemn "farewells," God,
 Whence Christian men derived the thrice-thrown clod.

XIV.

Death the inconsolable consoles;
 Death parts, death reunites, death all
 Man's tower'd prides, stretching to both poles,
 Enormous, with dumb dusty fall,
 Gathers in space—how small!
 And seal'd for ever from all eyes,
 Inscribes with two as little words, "Here Lies!"

J. DOWNES.

* The mausoleum of Artemisia. Who, in naming any mausoleum, now thinks of King Mausolus? She who built it to his memory, drank his ashes, and then died of grief, does steal a thought at times.

† "Vale, vale, nos te ordiquo natura permittet sequemur," was the form of valediction *thrice* pronounced by Roman mourners taking a last leave of the dead.

TITHE COMMUTATION.

THE partial measures which were introduced into the last sessions of Parliament for the Composition of Tithes in England, were not passed into law, nor is their loss much to be regretted: for although they doubtless contained, in some particulars, improvements upon the existing law; yet, from their falling far short of that degree of amendment which public opinion requires, they would, to a certainty, have been disregarded, and, therefore, have become practically useless. In Ireland, meanwhile, the question has rapidly travelled to a solution. *There*, it is no longer to be asked whether tithes shall be compounded for, or be commuted; that question the people have set at rest, by withholding their payment altogether. And it now only remains to be considered, as we trust it may be speedily, (since upon that will depend whether it shall be unopposedly,) in what manner the fund out of which Irish tithes have, heretofore, proceeded, is to be henceforward disposed of, so as to satisfy the interests actually existing in it, and at the same time to make a suitable provision for the general public worship of that country hereafter. It is true that in taking a practical view of the tithe system and its consequences, a broad distinction immediately presents itself between the different circumstances which are attached to, and influence the working of that system in Ireland and in England. In the latter country, however hateful tithes have become, they do not at least labour under the peculiar and aggravated odium of being, in appearance, taken from the votaries of one religion in order to support the ministers of a different and an antagonist creed. We say in *appearance*, because we are well aware, and willing to admit, that tithes, setting aside the consequences which result in practice from the mode of their collection, ought, in truth, to be considered as property, (we cannot go the length of saying as *private property*,) but as property which, in most instances, has sprung from a title equal, or it may be paramount to the title of the land out of which they issue, and has devolved in a distinct line of ownership. So that the individual tithe-payer has no more right to exclaim against the distinct existence of this property, than the purchaser of an estate subject to an incumbrance, has a right to quarrel with his seller's mortgagee. This admission of ours, it will be seen, leaves open the question of the *goodness* of the original title of the tithes, and also all considerations grounded on the incontrovertible fact that a public endowment is substantially public property.

But to resume;—though the truth we have just admitted, may be comfortable enough to a theologian, and will be allowed its full weight by a philosopher arguing the matter abstractedly, it

unfortunately chances to make no impression upon the bulk of the Irish tithe-payers. No power of metaphysics will remove from their minds the settled conviction, that they are placed under a political obligation unjustifiable in principle, of supporting two churches; and where the discussion has been pushed to legal conclusions, they have, in most parts, combined together, so as to prevent, effectually, the sale of the goods and cattle distrained for non-payment of tithe; while in some other parts of the country they have not been satisfied without shooting the proctor, and lapidating the unhappy parson. What then is to be done? Coercion of an entire and united people is a physical impossibility. In Ireland, composition has been tried, and found wanting: and, accordingly, we find that the Report of the Irish Tithe Committee does not hesitate to declare the necessity of an entire abolition of tithes, and of adapting a commuted provision for the clergy in their stead. What the nature of the proposed commutation in all its bearings may be, is as yet unknown to the public. We trust, for the sake of the efficacy of the measure, that it will be accompanied by some suitable provision for the Irish Catholic clergy; for so surely as such a provision, due at once to justice, tolerance, and expediency, is omitted, as certainly will, in our humble judgment, the intended substitution prove impracticable and fruitless, and the Protestant clergy will lose the hoped-for equivalent of their extinguished tithes, and the state the benefit of the promised conciliation. With these remarks we may pass over to the consideration of the question as it concerns our own country, the more immediate subject of our intended observations.

Whatever the tithe system in England and Wales might gain in comparison with that existing in Ireland, there is here, also, too much of aversion to its name and nature, and too much of what is really objectionable in its practical operation, to admit of any reasonable hope that it can be much longer preserved, or, indeed, to warrant a wish for its preservation if it could. There are, doubtless, other, and but too many weak points in our church establishment upon which no true friend to religion and social advancement can or ought to shut his eyes. But most of these abuses may at any time, as before long they certainly must, be met by their appropriate remedies, to be supplied either by the church itself, or those who administer its patronage and government.

Tithes have been found to be intrinsically, and from the tendency of their nature, at least in the present day, an unsuitable and mischievous institution, remediable by nothing short of utter abolition and reconstruction in a different shape. Nor can this be done without the interposition of the legislature, to be brought about by a large and amicable concurrence of tithe-

owners and tithe-payers. Do we, however, require as the remedy, any self-sacrifice or spoliation of the clergy? God forbid! So far from it, we advocate commutation because we consider it the only means of preserving the property constituted by tithes for the benefit of the church, and preventing it from lapsing, as, if things are left to take their course much longer, it assuredly will, to the landlords, who have not a shadow of title to it, and from whom the public can expect nothing in return. When the public attention is liberated from the all-absorbing measure of Reform, not a doubt can exist but that it will be fully and strongly bent upon the church; and well will it then be for her, if, instead of being forced to extend her defence to the hated, weak, and untenable point of tithes, she shall not only find herself protected on that side by a commutation desired by all parties, and satisfactory to them alike, but be in a condition to hold up her conduct on that occasion as a shield against the clamours of her enemies, and an encouraging word of rallying for her friends.* To insist further that it is politic for the clergy, and as urgent as it is politic, to convert their tithes into some other species of property not liable to the same objections, we should consider a waste of words: we will, therefore, proceed to advert to the rules by which such a conversion should, to our mind, be regulated; and we will then make bold to discuss with our readers the outlines of a scheme calculated, according to our judgment, to carry that conversion into practical effect.

To deal with fairness between the parties interested in so important a conversion of property, it will readily be admitted that the defects rendering the abrogation of the tithe system necessary, should be clearly placed in view, in order that they may be excluded from the institutions to be substituted in its stead; and at the same time that, whatever advantages that system may really possess, should be carefully set apart, and preserved, with a view that those advantages, or provisions substantially equivalent to them, may be taken up and embodied into the new institution,—what then, are the defects? First and paramount is the general and unmitigated aversion which obtains towards tithes *eo nomine*, considering them merely as a species of payment. But this, obviously, is a result; let us inquire into its probable causes. We think they may be traced chiefly to the circumstance of the tithe being calculated upon the gross unliquidated produce of the land; a circumstance which compels the tithe-holder, if he wishes to obtain his legal dues, to ascertain as nearly as he can, and by the best means he may

* There exist abuses in every institution, yet we are confident that no clamour will arise against the clergy, personally, beyond the cabal of mere renegades and Deists. The sole question is that of Tithe Commutation.—

command, the amount of the farmer's produce. Now, whenever there is distrust on one side, or jealousy and reserve on the other, that is to say in nine cases out of ten, (for where is the man who would leave his interests at the mercy of another when he can avoid it? or who does not detest all check or control in his private affairs, be it however slight or even imaginary,) it is clear that the requisite calculations will not be made to satisfaction, without watchings, and prying, and interferences innumerable, which, or the mere semblance of which, are sufficient to breed heats and disputes without end. In this particular, tithe resembles the obnoxious income tax, with the difference, that the angry feelings which it gives rise to, are concentrated and pointed upon an individual. We may add to the foregoing the more substantial motives of dislike, which may be supposed to influence the farmer, springing from his conviction, however erroneous, that tithes form an absolute drawback on his profits, and are, therefore, so far, an impediment to his making his way in the world: and we shall then have no difficulty in clearly recognising, even though we may not be inclined to appreciate, his reasoning, which leads him to extend the ill will so heartily bestowed upon the system, placing him under such obnoxious authority, to the individual in whom that authority is vested. If, as is by no means uncommon, the tithe-payer happens to be a Dissenter, it is needless to say that his repugnance to be taxed, as he imagines, for the support of a mode of worship from which he is alienated, will render him a conscientious and uncompromising opponent of tithes.

Besides this grudging humour prevailing from time immemorial against tithes and those who live thereon, which in our days has attained such force as to be by itself a sufficient motive for their commutation, since, otherwise, it will indubitably be the cause of their summary removal, they are intrinsically a vicious mode of raising income, inasmuch as they operate as a tax preventing production, though not, we acknowledge, to the extent that other taxes might have done. This, however, is of course no reason why the mischief which actually exists should not be abated. We have, in a former Number, enlarged upon the effects of this property of tithes, and, therefore, we may at present content ourselves with simply adverting to it as a defect *pro tanto*. With regard to the legal properties of tithes, also before touched upon, grievous defects though they be, they do not fall within the scope of our present consideration, because they more particularly attach to lay tithes, and at all events, on the extinction of tithes, there will be an end of them simply and at once.

And now for the advantages incident to the political nature of tithes. As the first of these, we may reckon that the mainte-

nance of the clergy is thereby thrown almost entirely upon the surplus produce of the land, in such a manner that *in theory*, the result, as far as concerns existing interests, is nearly the same as if the church derived her income from an actual endowment of land. The unfortunate variance that takes place from that theory, on the raising of the tithe in practice, is mainly to be ascribed, as we have endeavoured to shew, to the faulty mode of computation, which takes for the index of the quantum of the churchman's income the tithe of the gross produce raised by the farmer, a fund including at once capital, profits, and rent, instead of the rent of the landlord alone, as ought to have been the case.

The other advantages of tithe, looking at it as a provision for the clergy, consist in its security, resting, as it does, on land, and in its unfixed amount, which being proportioned to the value of agricultural produce, is sure to keep pace at all times with the increasing wealth of the community.

We feel that an apology is due to our readers for insisting upon such minute and obvious truths; but we beg them to consider, that as we are not merely arguing for the necessity of a change, but at the same time desirous to point out some means of carrying it into effect, these preliminary details form as indispensably parts of our case, as the clearing of the ground for the foundation of a new structure must necessarily precede its erection.

We have thus ascertained the particulars of what is bad, and what there is of good, in the existing system; but to enable us to avail ourselves effectually of these particulars, we must first take a correct view of the field to be worked upon,—we mean the different provisions which offer themselves as endowments for the clergy in lieu of tithes.

In the first place, then, there might be a stipend, to be paid either by the government, or by the inhabitants of the parish, to be levied, in the latter case, by a rate. We may at once dispose of this plan; we do not think it expedient. The church, as it is, has proved itself, in most instances, but too dependent and subservient upon government: put it on the Pension List, and there will be an end, at once, and entirely, of its dignity, and of what means it now possesses of vindicating an occasional independence. Besides, a provision of this nature could not possibly endure, looking at the daily increasing influence of the Dissenters: at least, not without embracing them likewise, which would greatly enhance the evils we have just deprecated. If confined to the Establishment now endowed, a public stipendiary maintenance could not, however, be charged with augmenting the public burdens, an objection which has been urged against

it, since the tithe would then, of course, devolve upon government, to be appropriated to the general services of the state. To a stipend contributed by the inhabitants of each parish for the maintenance of its respective pastor, the foregoing objections, it must be confessed, do not apply. And if there were no existing endowment in the case, this mode of maintaining the clergy would have our favorable vote in preference to all others, as being the most equitable, and the most likely to secure the honest and assiduous services of the minister. But we must not lose sight of the existing tithe, which forms a mass of public property applicable to the purposes of religious worship, according to the ritual of the Church of England. There being this fund already existing for such an object, no good reason can be given why the people should be subjected to a new tax for the purpose, unless it can be shewn that, by taking the fund and appropriating it to other public purposes, and supplying its place by an assessment, as suggested, a greater portion of benefit would accrue to the community as a whole. We do not deny but that this may be demonstrable hereafter, but we scarcely think it will admit of proof just at present.

Passing over the stipend then as inexpedient, the only other provisions on the principle of commutation appear to be, first, land; secondly, a rent, to be charged on the titheable land; and thirdly, a sum of money resting on sufficient security. Land unquestionably unites all the requisites of an endowment, possessing, as it does, the advantages of being permanent and secure in its subsistence, whilst its value is always moving, and that, perhaps, in a ratio of increase in relation to all other kinds of wealth, real or conventional. But in many cases it may not be practically obtainable; whenever, for instance, the value of the tithes of any incumbency should not be sufficient for the purchase of any but a very small quantity of land, our readers will readily perceive, without our going into details, that it may, from various circumstances, be impossible either to let that land, or to cultivate, and much less improve it with profit; in which case the clergyman might be left entirely destitute. Besides, we should not wish to see too much encouragement given to clergyman-farmers, and it would at all times be proper, where land is the endowment, to permit the management of a farm to be undertaken by the incumbent himself, only as an unavoidable alternative to leaving it uncultivated.

A very ingenious scheme has been suggested by Mr. Senior, formerly the Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, to ensure the advantages of a landed endowment for the clergy, and at the same time, obviate the above objections to it.* He proposes, that the different incumbents within a given district, say

* Letter to Lord Howick on a legal Provision for the Irish poor, *Commutation of Tithes, &c.*, by Nassau William Senior, esq., 1831.

an archdeaconry, or probably some smaller district, should be formed into a corporation, in whom he would vest the revenues of all the benefices in the district, but to be divided between the incumbents in proportion to the value of each respective benefice. Then the corporation should be empowered to sell the tithes of the whole district, and lay out the proceeds in the purchase of land. By this plan an estate, or several estates, might be selected, which would be certain to afford profitable cultivation, while the management of the estates might be conducted by a steward or bailiff of the corporation, so as to release the clergyman as well from the labour and solicitude, as the invidiousness of collecting his own income from his parishioners.

This scheme promises fair, though we foresee many difficulties in the way of its working; and, without wishing to see it altogether rejected, we decidedly think its movements would be too slow for the present emergency. What debates, committees, surveys, reports, remonstrances, and amendments, must there take place before even the machinery of the corporations is brought into working order! That done, there will still be a great complexity of interests and opinions to adjust between the different incumbents and their parishioners, and the patrons of their livings. And by the time a result may be hoped to be reached through all these impediments, who shall say that the tithe system may not, from the intervening action of public opinion, require a very different mode of settlement, if it shall not already have undergone one?

Where land might not be obtained, a land tax would mostly be found practicable. It would, of course, be equal in value to the relinquished tithe, and charged upon the freehold of the land previously titheable. Its advantage over tithe consists in its certainty, and in its not interfering with the farmer's produce, or the management of his farm. It is true, that the farmer might, in many cases, have to pay the tax, but this would be a matter of arrangement between him and his landlord, and therefore would not bring about the uncomfortable relation between the pastor and his flock, which is now produced by the tithe. The objections to be urged against a land tax are, that it may, by the variation of values, cut down the incumbent's original income. But this can be wholly obviated, either by making at once the yearly payment a corn-rent, or providing means for correcting the amount as expressed in money, at stipulated periods, by the actual value of corn. It has been also objected that such a provision would be insecure, for that, in process of time, the landlords would find means of withholding the payment or evading it. Without raising an argument on this objection, we think it will be sufficient to say in answer, that the act contemplated would be one of direct spoliation, and we think the clergy may

fairly be called upon to place some trust in the moral sanction actuating the bulk of the community, which it is their professed duty to inspire and strengthen, as some safeguard against such apprehended delinquency.

There remains another mode of provision, namely, money, on sufficient security; and we chiefly have in view government security. Manifold, we expect, will be the objections, and great the outcry, against what will be styled so precarious a provision. For this we are prepared, and must, notwithstanding, retain it on our list, not only for the purposes of temporary investment, (for which, indeed, no other offers,) but also as being, in many emergencies, which we can conceive, a suitable provision for any indefinite period, yet promptly convertible into a more permanent endowment, where circumstances may permit, or occasion shall require. Its deficiencies are two-fold; in the first place, it is peculiarly subject to a depreciation of relative value: but this defect may be cured in a manner already suggested in reference to a money-rent, by instituting a relatively permanent standard of value, viz. corn, by which the variations may be from time to time corrected. Then a monied investment is liable to a double risk of insecurity,—private fraud and public bankruptcy. As to the consequences of private fraud, that is, forgery and embezzlement, they will be greatly obviated, so as scarcely to have any practical weight, by the necessary intervention of a public officer as the nominal holder of the investment, who would, of course, be environed by almost insuperable checks against dishonesty; and even supposing the extreme case of a successful forgery, the loss would then fall either on the bank or the government, and therefore the clergy cannot push this objection. We feel confident, again, that they will not be forward in contemplating the possibility of a national insolvency; and sure we are that, should such a disaster befall us, they, of all men, would not shrink from bearing their share of so wide-spread a calamity. Contrary forebodings and feelings should ill befit the single-minded reliance on a Providential ordinance of events, and resignation to unavoidable misfortune, which should be marked characteristics of their spiritual calling. Returning, however, to the consideration of monied investments as permanent provisions for the clergy, there are some peculiar mischiefs to be apprehended from their adoption in regard to the spiritual administration of Wales, which we intend to notice more particularly in a subsequent place.

The foregoing, we think, are the whole of the different kinds of endowments which might be substituted in lieu of an abolished tithe. Going them over in review, we shall find that land is unquestionably the best; but that it may, in many instances, be difficult, and in some quite impossible to procure it in a pro-

fitable shape; in most, however, we think we may say in all those instances, a rent or a money commutation will be found available, and we have seen that the objections incident to each may be qualified, if not removed, by other concomitant provisions.

The obvious mode of ensuring the advantages of each provision, and yet excluding its defects, is to leave open to each individual parish the selection of whichever of them best suits its circumstances, providing, at the same time, proper checks and correctives for their respective abuses or deficiencies.

We think, with this view, that an Act should be passed without delay, "*For Effecting the Commutation of Tithes belonging to Ecclesiastical Persons and Corporations in England and Wales.*" Such an Act may, with reference to its main objects, be advantageously considered as falling into two subdivisions: the former of them containing the legal machinery necessary to effect the conversion of tithes into land, rent, or money, as the circumstances of the case may require; and the latter subdivision comprising all the appropriate clauses and provisions for instituting the property acquired by commutation into a clerical endowment.

The liberty of taking the first step in setting afoot the question of commutation, should, we think, be given indifferently both to the incumbent and the tithe payers, or any specified number of them, say seven; and the regulations for holding meetings for the object, would pretty nearly coincide with the existing mode of assembling vestries, except perhaps that more enlarged and formal notices would be advisable; but these are matters of detail not worth dwelling on, and introduced merely to shew that the beginning, *dimidium facti*, might be made almost in the course of parish business. The mode of voting too can present no difficulty, and may be passed over. A more important consideration then arises, whether the commutation, when agreed upon by the parishioners, should not be compulsory on the incumbent: and we clearly think it ought, and that not merely as to the affirmative of the question by itself, but further as to the nature of the substituted provision which the tithe payers concur in giving in lieu of the tithe; with this qualification, however, for the protection of the clergyman, that no mixed commutation, as partly land and partly money, should be forced upon him; neither should he be compelled to accept, against his consent, small pieces of land scattered up and down the parish. But in other respects we think, that the greatest latitude should be left to the parishioners in choosing what the new endowment shall be, out of the three articles of land, rent, and money; and moreover we conceive, that it would be highly politic to allow the quota of commutation, charged to any person not desirous or not able to pay it up immediately, to remain for a fixed limited time as a mortgage upon his land, or upon any land which the parishioners may concur in

purchasing for the purpose of commutation, of course with the seller's consent in the latter instance, and in all cases taking precedence of all prior charges.

The next question would be how to ascertain the amount of commutation which the incumbent is entitled to, and which, on the other hand, each of his parishioners is liable to pay. This, we think, may readily be done, by taking the average of say the ten last preceding years for which tithes have been paid, and calculating the proportion of that total average which would fall upon every farm or homestead in the parish, which would be chargeable accordingly, either with that proportion as a perpetual rent, or with the value in capital of such rent, according to the mode of commutation agreed upon. And here we come to consider of the indispensable requisite in the case of a money commutation, of providing means for preventing its eventual depreciation in value. The standard by which its variation can be most surely corrected, is universally acknowledged to be corn. The machinery by which the corrections should be effected, might be something of the following sort: first, the original value of the money forming the commutation, as expressed in corn, should be authenticated and placed on record; secondly, means should be provided of ascertaining the variation which may have taken place between the original value in corn of the fund of commutation and its future value, to be calculated at successive periods of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, as may be agreed upon; thirdly, power should be given to the actual incumbent of the benefice at the expiration of any one of those periods, of proving that his endowment has sunk in value some certain proportion, (say one tenth,) and of getting it restored to the original value. The first of these requisites is easily accomplished: it is merely expressing in the instrument of commutation the quantity of corn equal, at the present market price, to the amount of the substituted money-fund agreed upon. As to the market price, it might not be fair perhaps to take it from Mark lane for all parts of the country, and therefore we would suggest, that a schedule containing all the principal market towns in England and Wales should form part of the Act; and that the averages upon which the required calculations are to be grounded in any given parish, should be taken from the three nearest of the specified towns to the parish in question.

The original corn value being thus recorded, the future value might be calculated at any of the stipulated periods precisely in the same manner, and the variation be computed by the commonest rules of arithmetic. It would then be simply necessary to enact, that the incumbent for the time being should be authorised to take the same steps for obtaining the desired augmentation in money of his endowment, as are directed to be taken for establishing the original commutation: and to simplify the question

the evidence upon which, in the event of disagreement, it is to be decided, should be restricted to the statement directed to be made in the instrument of commutation, and to the returns from the specified markets.

The instrument of commutation which we have referred to, might be a deed, (of which a form should be given in the Act, the simpler the better,) made between the incumbent, the patron, the ordinary, and the tithe-payers, and consisting, in substance, of some such parts as the following: first, the specification of the lands in the parish liable to tithe; secondly, the statement of the nature and amount of the commutation agreed upon; thirdly, where the commutation is money wholly, or in part, the statement of its value in corn, and of the markets from which the averages have been taken; fourthly, a declaration by the incumbent, patron, and ordinary, that all ecclesiastical tithes in the parish shall cease and be extinguished; and fifthly, the necessary clauses for charging each division of land with its share of the substituted rent, if that be the commutation, or if it be a capital sum of money, any unpaid contributory share upon the proper land. Several other clauses of a technical nature might be called for, which practice or circumstances would suggest; and in the case of a disputed commutation, a plan of the parish would probably be requisite. The deed should certainly be enrolled, and official copies made legal evidence, and, we think, should be exonerated from stamp duty.

The foregoing dispositions would mainly satisfy the first part of the proposed Act, namely the extinction and conversion of the tithe, were it not that we have hitherto assumed a complete harmony to reign throughout the transaction between the negotiating parties, which of course cannot be relied upon.

We have already indicated our opinion, that a commutation agreed upon by the parishioners should not be rejected by the incumbent, on the ground of its being unsuitable in its nature; but where the justness of its amount is disputed, that, of course, is a matter of fact that ought to be fairly settled between the parties; and for this purpose it will probably be found necessary, in case of disagreement, for either party to elect a commissioner, with an umpire to act between both, if necessary: and proper powers must, of course, be given to these commissioners to take all steps needful to establish the questioned facts, and finally to award the amount of commutation, accompanied with the usual requisite provisions for ensuring impartiality and despatch in the arbitration. An appeal will be further necessary from the commissioners to the Court of Exchequer, which our judgment suggests to us, on account of its being mostly conversant with this species of property. The proceedings might be made summary,

and as inexpensive as possible: and this appeal ought, we think, to be conclusive.

We may now go over to the consideration of the second main branch of the proposed Act, namely, the disposal of the endowment acquired in lieu of tithe. Where it is land, or so soon as it is converted into land, the question is simple: it may be rendered glebe, and be treated accordingly. Where also the commutation shall consist of rent charged on the land, there is not much to be said: the landlord or the tenant, as they may agree, may pay it henceforth to the clergyman, on some fixed days in the year, which should be specified. Of course, the usual legal remedies for recovering the rent would not be withheld; and possibly it would be an improvement to invest the churchwardens of every parish with authority for recovering it, on behalf of the incumbent, *virtute officii*.

It remains to be seen how a money fund in capital may be disposed of to best advantage for the clergy. We pretend not to speak with confidence on this point, but it strikes us a nearly feasible plan, to direct the money to be paid over to the treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty, or some other responsible officer of that institution, to be invested by him in the public funds, in his name, but to the account of the church of the parish from which the money shall have proceeded. Whilst the fund remained with this officer, he would, of course, pay the dividends to the incumbent for the time; and whenever it should be found practical and expedient to convert the money into a landed endowment, the purchase money would thus be readily available at the shortest notice. The power we have just alluded to of turning a monied fund into land whenever a favorable opportunity shall offer, ought, we think, to be lodged in the incumbent, to be exercised, however, with the approbation of the patron and ordinary. And here Mr. Senior's plan should not be lost sight of.

Some regulations would be called for to meet cases (of which, doubtless, many will occur,) of disputed legal right to tithes, between the churchman and his parishioners: these ought to be encouraged, perhaps compelled, to an early and final settlement; and, with that view, it might possibly be found advantageous to vest in the commissioners ample authorities to collect the requisite evidence: but the law of the case must, of course, be adjudicated by a competent tribunal, and, we think, exclusively by the Court of Exchequer.

Many other clauses of a technical nature, and doubtless many provisions of essential importance, are wanting in our foregoing brief and imperfect sketch of a Commutation Act; but it is not as a working model that we pretend to offer it, but simply as an example, which, however roughly hewn, is meant to shew that a

scheme *might* be framed, taking in all the substantial requisites of the measure of commutation, now acknowledged to have become indispensable, and at the same time carrying that measure into effect by usual and familiar means, and with reasonable despatch. And here we cannot refrain from again urging our clerical friends to bestir themselves in employing all their energies, and all their influence, to establish, without loss of time, a comprehensive plan of complete commutation. No compromises, no compositions, no half measures, will now avail; there must be a thorough conversion of the church's property in tithe, otherwise the characteristic of property will soon cease to belong to it. As yet there is, we trust, an interval of calm and considerate discussion, prevailing in the minds of the influential majority, which, in separating abuses from an institution, would not suffer the integrity of the latter to be intrenched on, so long as it performed its appointed services. But we beg to suggest to the clergy, that the time may come when many men, who have never hesitated on the policy of abolishing tithes, but have not wished to diminish the endowments of the Church as a whole, may have further to make up their minds on the wisest mode of appropriating that fund of property from which tithes spring, after the latter shall have been removed; and whilst in this state of hesitation, brought about by the perplexed circumstances of the times, is it not to be apprehended that they may, in very many circumstances, suffer their calculations of temporal expediency to get the better of their zeal for the Establishment? There is another class, who, though not fraught with any vehement devotion to the Established Church, would yet unwillingly stand by and see the landlord pocket all the tithes in the country as a bonus, without returning any equivalent for them, and would, therefore, be ready to cooperate in any measure to convert the tithes into a different species of property. The effective aid and countenance of these, and doubtless of many other members of the community, will be unquestionably lost to the clergy by too long a protracted delay; and since it is impossible to calculate safely its limit, we trust we may not have again to reiterate our exhortations, or we may possibly be constrained to mingle with them our regrets that the irrevocable time for action has gone by.

And now a word to connect more closely the subject with our native Principality. The besetting abuse in our spiritual administration is that inveterate system which, originating in party tactics, and continued partly from the transmitted operation of precedent, and partly, we fear, from the influence of less excusable causes, has excluded Welshmen from all our bishoprics, and the choicest of our benefices. From this abuse has sprung, as a natural consequence, an ignorance, on

the part of the pastors, of the language, the temperament, and the habits of their flocks; indeed, in very many instances, an absence from them altogether; producing alienated feelings on the part of the parishioners, and desertions by wholesale to the more active and popular camps of sectarianism. Care must be taken, in transacting any commutation to be set on foot in Wales, that no support be afforded to the abuse we have alluded to, until, by the application of more direct and powerful means, it shall be, we trust, reformed altogether. In particular, a money commutation should be strenuously avoided, unless circumstances actually force it; for what chance of successful persuasion or remonstrance will the inhabitants of a remote valley in Wales possess for recalling to his duty an absentee clergyman, living, it may be, in the parish of Marylebone, and drawing his income from the three per cents.? And furthermore, if opportunities should chance to offer, of imposing wholesome conditions of residence, or acquisition of the language, or at least the appointment of an efficient curate, and (it may be, in some cases,) the securing a desired minister *in reversion*, we see not why such opportunities should not be laid hold of in the course of negociation, and improved to the utmost. But these considerations open a wide field, and the present hints may now suffice: at a future opportunity we may have more to say on the subject.

It will be seen that we have confined our remarks to ecclesiastical tithes: lay, or impropriate tithes, being private property, require no aid of the legislature to effect their disposal, and we are not inclined to think that compulsory commutation with regard to them would be either just or expedient. The public discouragement of this property, which will be greatly increased by the removal of church tithes, will afford sufficient inducement to their extinction, especially when the law is altered concerning their form of title, which we decidedly think ought to be speedily done: but whether such alterations should be embodied in the Church Tithe Commutation Act, we must be allowed to doubt. A separate measure for the purpose appears to us preferable.

ON THE DEATH OF AN EPICURE.

“At length, my friends, the feast of life is o’er;
I’ve eat sufficient; I can drink no more;
My night is come: I’ve spent a jovial day;
’Tis time to part; but, oh! what is to pay?”

TRANSLATION.

O dalm vy nhras, ar ben y bywyd wledd,
Digonid vi a bwyd, a llyn, mewn hedd;
A daeth vy nos, aeth heibiau lawen ddydd,
Mae’n bryd ymadu—Och! pa dal y sydd?

CAERVALLWCH.

LEGEND ON THE BRIDGE AT HOLT.

BY C. F. HENNINGSSEN;

Author of "The Last of the Sophis."

FAR in a wild and rocky land,
 Where freedom held so long her stand
 'Gainst Saxon axe and Norman brand,
 Where reason with her icy hand
 Has not yet banished from her way
 The wild and legendary lay
 Of river sprite, or mountain fay;
 And every castled rock or dell,
 Hath some unearthly tale to tell,
 On which the mind will lingering dwell,
 Nor seek to burst the viewless spell;
 There dwelt, 'tis said, in times of old,
 A native chieftain, stern and bold,
 Unconquered,—till an ill-starr'd hour
 Beheld Keneidon's banner tower
 Upon his corpse, and blackened lower;
 And children in the Marcher's power,
 Two infant daughters, of a race
 The Normans chased from place to place;
 The last on earth their bards could trace,
 When high Keneidon's praises rung
 In festal hall; or minstrels strung
 Their harps, and deeds of battle sung,—
 Or injuries, with embittered tongue.
 Such orphan beauty might have been
 Protection, had there dwelt within
 One spark of mercy, but his sin
 Was cruelty, and lust of gold:
 For that earl Mortimer, 'tis told,
 Beneath his mail, had heart as cold;
 And Cambria paid with steel, of old,
 Her children's ransom;—as it may,
 Let that have been;—their ballads say
 No more were heard of from this day,
 The chieftain's daughters: those who spoke
 A moody frown their purpose broke—
 And many a sleeping beldame woke
 By howling dog or raven's croak,
 That night when, echoing o'er the wave,
 Some shrieks were heard—but none to save,
 For all was silent as the grave,
 And all in darkest night arrayed,
 As rushed the boor with ready aid;
 Then shivering sought his couch, dismayed
 At that wild prank by Elfin played.

And often down that silvery tide,
 Two fäery forms were seen to glide,
 And linger by the arches wide;
 And nightly there their walks resume,
 No truants from the grave, the gloom,
 The ghastly hue that haunts the tomb
 In them was äeriness and bloom:
 And there, 'tis said, they wander yet,
 When, by the moon, the fishers set
 The nightly snare and hidden net.
 And to this day that arched wall
 The "Sisters' bridge," the peasants call:
 It stood there, and outlived the fall
 Of Mortimer; for house and hall,
 Of that proud earl have passed away;
 In bloody graves his kinsmen lay;
 And wildly shrieked, each sister fay,
 When stretched on Flodden's dreary field,
 The last of that dark race did yield
 His breath, and left not one to wield
 The wolf's device on battle shield.

SELECTION FROM TALIESIN.

Hir y bydd Brython fal Carcharorion,
 Yy mraint Alltudion Tir *Saxonia*
 Eu ner a folant Eu Hiaith a gadwant
 Eu Tir a gollant ond Gwyllt *Walia*.

Translation by the late EDWARD WILLIAMS, of Glamorgan.

Long shall the Britons humbled low remain,
 For ages drag the Saxon's galling chain;
 But faithful still their ancient God adore;
 Pure keep their language, as in days of yore;
 Be robb'd of native lands, from all exil'd,
 But *Walia's* rough uncultivated wild.

OLION.

University Professorships.

WE have been often and greatly surprised that the Universities have not been graced by a Welsh professorship. In order to shew that encouragement has been given to the acquirement and study of other languages, not more important than our own, we shall extract three notices of bequests made since 1811 to the University of Oxford, in the hope of attracting attention to so important and national an institution, as a Professorship of the language of Ancient Britain.

OXFORD. *Sanscrit Professorship.* Extract from Col. Boden's will, dated 15th August, 1811.

"I do hereby give and bequeath all and singular my said residuary estate and effects, with the accumulations thereof, if any; and the stocks, funds, and securities whereon the same shall have been laid out and invested, unto the University of Oxford, to be by that body appropriated in and towards the erection and endowment of a professorship in the Sanscrit language, at or in any or either of the colleges of the said University, being of opinion that a more general and critical knowledge of that language will be a means of enabling my countrymen to proceed in converting of the natives of India to the Christian religion, by disseminating a knowledge of the sacred scriptures among them more effectually than all other means whatsoever."

Hebrew Scholarship. Mrs. Kennicott, wife of the late Hebrew professor, Dr. Kennicott, has left, by will, *two* Hebrew scholarships. Notice of this was given by the Vice-chancellor, Nov. 14, 1831.

Another Hebrew Scholarship. Last year, the present Hebrew professor, Mr. Pusey, his brother, and the Rev. Dr. Ellerton, of Magdalen college, have established *three* Hebrew scholarships, by each of them subscribing *one thousand pounds*.

We are induced to give publicity to the above pleasing accounts, with the hope of being able to prevail on some of our wealthy and patriotic countrymen to take into their consideration the advantage that would arise from establishing a *Welsh Professorship* in one or both of our Universities. An active and, intelligent professor would have an opportunity of clearing up many points connected with the history of this country; and, by perseverance, might collect such materials from the works of the ancient bards and others, as would enable him to present to the world what has long been a desideratum,—a History of Wales. In

the works of all the Welsh poets there are some incidents mentioned, and facts recorded, which, in the hands of a skilful compiler, would greatly tend to elucidate the state of society, and assist in tracing the progress of civilization at different periods, from the earliest ages. Welsh poetry is a field that has not, as yet, been thoroughly traversed by any historian; which is greatly to be deplored, since it has been long and well authenticated that the bards are the only chroniclers, among the Welsh, in whom an implicit confidence may be placed; for it was incumbent on them, as a part of their office, "to make truth manifest, and diffuse the knowledge of it; and to perpetuate the praise of all that is good and excellent." See the *Triad*.

Had we a professor, the Welsh mss. which are now scattered all over the kingdom, might be published under his superintendence; so that our literature might be brought within the reach of the antiquary, and every student in the language.

There are now in Oxford professors of Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Anglo-Saxon, &c., but not of the ancient British language, although it may be classed, in point of antiquity and similarity of structure, with the Hebrew; for it is evidently of Oriental, and not of European, origin. And we can state, without fear of contradiction, that the Welsh language would prove of infinite assistance in getting up the Sanscrit, or in acquiring a knowledge of the Hebrew and its cognate dialects.

There is another and, we think, weightier consideration which should be mentioned, namely, the advantage that would accrue to students in the University, who may be looking forward to become pastors of the Established Church in Wales. To them, indeed, an intimate knowledge of the language is indispensable, but, through want of a professor, they enter college, and take their degree without ever, during their career of study, once thinking of preparing themselves for the arduous and responsible duty which must devolve upon them, when they are placed over a Welsh congregation. We can vouch for the truth of what we have here stated; and the Church of England has suffered materially from the circumstance to which we allude. There is, however, one pleasing reflection,—one which augurs well of future good to the church, namely, that the present Welsh prelates appear to be aware of this evil, and that they have determined to correct it by every means in their power. This is evident from the strict examination which, in one or two of the Welsh dioceses, the Welsh candidates have of late undergone in their native language. We rejoice at this circumstance; and when, in addition to this, we shall hear of a Welsh professorship having been established, our wishes will have been consummated.

Lady Jane Grey.

IN the celebrated letter from Lady Jane Grey to her sister, the night before her execution, as it has lately been printed* from the manuscript on vellum, in the British museum, Harl. ms. 2370, the illustrious writer thus expresses herself,

“I have sent yō, good sust^r. K. a boke w^b although it be not *rimid* with gold,” &c.

Now the editor of the modern English version of this epistle, not knowing very well what to make of the word *rimid*, has thought fit to change it into *trimmed*, and, accordingly, has thus rendered the passage;

“I have sent you, my good sister Katharine, a book which although not *trimmed* with gold,” &c.

But the word *rimid*† is pure, genuine old British, and means *bound*; that is, “I have sent you a book, which, although it be not outwardly bound, &c.” So, in Welsh, a bookbinder is called “*Rhwymwr Llyfrau*,”‡ from the verb *rhwymo*, which signifies to bind generally, as, for instance,

“Ac â phedawr rhafawg y *rhwymid* Olifer:”

And with four ropes they *bound* Oliver.

The Welsh History of Charlemain.

The word *rhyme* is evidently derived from *rhwymo*, to bind; since verse may well be said to be bound, or confined, by its rhymes, and very pretty poetical trimmings they make. Hence, also, *rim*, as signifying a border or margin; *rime*, hoar-frost, as that which encircles every thing it falls on; and, perhaps, also *rimple*, and *rumple*, (*rimpull*,) as meaning to pucker or to corrugate, that is, to pull out of its *rims* into a state of disorder that which before was plaited, or confined within its *rhymes* or bounds. Johnson deduces *rhyme* from *ρυθμος*, but this means *rhythm*, metre, rather than *rhyme*, a consonance of sounds; as the Greeks had no rhymes, but the Welsh poetry is remarkable for the astonishing reduplication of its rhyming consonancies.

Ich Dien.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH there may be some presumption in my venturing into the field of antiquarian controversy between two such able dis-

* “Lady Jane Grey and her Times,” page 372. And see also “Memoirs of Lady Jane Grey,” by N. H. Nicolas, Esq., 1832, p. 43, 44.

† *Rimid* is not a *Welsh* word.

‡ From *llyfr*, a book, we have the Saxon word *loof*; a book being composed of a number of leaves.

putants as your valuable correspondent *Peris*, and the learned author of the Dissertation on Ancient Armour, yet I cannot resist the temptation of hazarding a third conjecture on the origin and meaning of the Prince of Wales's motto, "ICH DIEN."

I fully agree with *Sir S. Meyrick*, in rejecting the vulgar error of considering this device to be the badge of the prince's conquest of the king of Bohemia, who, when vanquished in single combat, is supposed to have forfeited it, together with his armour, to the victor. Indeed, as a Welshman, I can never be persuaded that these monosyllables, as thus used, ever were of German origin; and, therefore, cannot subscribe to *Sir Samuel*'s hypothesis, that they are the trophies of the prince's prowess over some unknown Teutonic knight, at some tilt or tournament of which we have no account in history. There is every strong probability to warrant the presumption that the armorial device of a prince of Wales should be Welsh, although the etymology of *Peris*, however ingenious, in deducing *dien* from *dyn*, a man, appears to me to involve a too forced conversion of the elementary letters of this word to authorise its reception, as has been already noticed by *Sir Samuel Meyrick*. I conceive the words *Ich Dien* or *I'wch Dien*, to be purely British, and their literal translation to be "To you Destruction," "For you Destruction." Or supposing the first word to have been spelled with an initial *Y* instead of an *I*, *Ych Dien*, it would then be "Behold Destruction." Or, again, taking the motto as it now literally stands *Ich Dien*, it would be "The shriek of Destruction," or "Howling Destruction." *Ich*, in the ancient British, means a shriek, and, with the usual prefix, *ys* may furnish us with the no very improbable root of the English word: so *ichian*, or *ys-ichian*, is to squeal, to squeak, to shriek.

That the word *Dien*, in Welsh, signifies destruction, violent death, or military execution, we have the authority of all the old writers. Thus, for instance, *Taliesin* has *ni wyr perchen cnawd beth fydd ei ddien*, and, in *Dafydd Gwilym*, we find *Dien drwg a fo i'r dyn draw*, where, by the by, we remark *dien* used in direct contradistinction to *dyn*.

Now it will be admitted, by every one, that in all periods of military history, from the Homeric heroes of the *Troad*, and the ancient Picts, who painted their faces to make their features hideously horrible, down to our modern guardsmen, with their tremendous whiskers and their all appalling mustachios; it has ever been the custom among warriors to endeavour to make their persons appear as terrific as possible to the enemy. But what could be more terrible in battle than this motto, emblazoned on the crest of the great captain of the age? It seems to hurl defiance and destruction on the proud battalions of braggart

France. *Ich Dien!* "Woe betide you!" "Death and howling Destruction await you!"

Again, as the word was sometimes written *Dién*, and sometimes *Dihénydd*, this *Di-hén* will account for the elongated *e* final on the monumental inscription, of which Sir Samuel Meyrick has so judiciously obliged us with a copy in your last number.

This version is much strengthened by the probability that the English prince would naturally seek to ingratiate himself with his new subjects, the Welsh, by gratifying their national pride in the adoption of an armorial bearing from their native language, and so strongly expressive of their characteristic impetuosity. If it be objected that a motto in an unknown tongue could not inspire an enemy with terror, because it would not be understood, I reply that, "*Omne ignotum pro terribili.*"

"A plague on your Welsh etymologies of *Ich Dien*," cries a surly Saxon, at my elbow, "why the words are plain English, and mean nothing more or less than *Itch Die'n*, or 'Die in the Itch,' being a delicate hint from the prince to his new lieges to pay more attention to Cambrian cleanliness."

Such are the abortive attempts of low wit which sometimes are made to throw a portion of ridicule on the aboriginal etymologies of Britain; it has sometimes been too much the fashion to attempt to throw a portion of ridicule on these antiquarian exertations; but they, at least, contribute something to our general stock of harmless amusement, and may serve to elucidate historic doubts.

E. WILLIAMS.

Radnorshire;
February 1, 1832.

The Long Mountain.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE always understood from written and traditionary authority, that the hill rising in the east at Vennington, in Shropshire, and falling in the west near Forden, in Montgomeryshire, derived its Welsh name of *Cevn Digoll* from its having been the place of assemblage for the forces of *Richmond*, on the borders, previously to the battle of *Bosworth*; indicating, that all the Earl's supporters who had promised attendance, failed not in their allegiance, but rallied to his standard *Di-Goll*, *without loss*. This is the generally received opinion regarding the name of the mountain; but I confess that a passage occurring in the *Cambrian Biographies*, written by the learned *Dr. Owen Pughe*, has produced conflicting doubts in my mind. In page 36 of that work,

in a notice of *Cadwallon*, son of *Cadvan*, I find the following remarks. "The battle of *Digoll*, fought between *Cadwallon* and *Edwin*, and which compelled the former to seek for safety in Ireland, is called one of 'the three discolourings of the Severn.'" Now there is no other place at present called *Digoll* on the banks of that river; and if this mountain and the adjoining vale of Severn were the scene of action, it is clear that *Cevn Digoll* received its name long before the time of Henry Tudor, because the battle fought by *Cadwallon* took place as early as the sixth century. I know the late prebend *John Jenkins*, of *Kerry*, (no mean authority,) attributed the name to *Richmond* and his followers; indeed he had drawn up a paper embodying every glean- ing of authority on the point; but as you possibly may never see it, and as the present inquiry is one of considerable interest to some friends of mine who reside in the neighbourhood, I beg to call the attention of the scholars of *Cambria* to the subject, more particularly the attention of the venerable gentlemen from whose work I have taken my quotation; to the following question: whether *Keven Digoll* received its name from the battle fought between *Cadwallon ab Cadvan*, and *Edwin*, king of Northumber- land, in the sixth century; or whether from a much later event, the "gathering place" of *Richmond* and the Welsh in the fifteenth.

When you recollect that *Edward Lhwyd*, and nearly every other eminent scholar of our country, particularly recommended inquiries, such as the above, to be made, as the best and surest mode of correctly illustrating the history of Wales, I trust you will not deem the question contained in this letter entirely useless.

Your obedient humble servant,

TREVNANT.

Unpublished Letters of Edward Lhwyd, of the Ashmolean Library, Oxford.

(Continued from No. XI., p. 375.)

No. XIV.

Oxf.; 7ber. 8, 94.

DEAR SR.

This is onely to return you my thanks for your last, of Aug. 25. I have this week sent up Montgomeryshire and Meirionydh.; being dun'd for them by Mr. Gibson. I am now satisfied we shall have pretty fayr play; for whereas I suspected all this while they would print but few notes or additions, I find by some counties I have seen, their additions are almost as large as

ye. text. I have given the best acct. I could of ye. Torques in yt. county, at Harlech; and hope it may be easily understood by ye. description, tho a figure of it had been ornamental. I have also added all ye. information I cod. get from Mr. Wyn of Maes y neuodh, and Mr. Jones of Dôlgelheu, of ye. prodigious fire, wch. they say continues stil; for I was unwilling to omit wholly so strange and unaccountable a phænomenon. The touch I mention'd of my old Frd. I intended thus. Having occasion of mentioning his name, I thought to adde these words: *a gentleman (that we may not envy our worst friends all the good character they seem to deserve,)* &c., but I omitted it. He has indeed some learning and ingenuity; but nothing of candour, and no great share of judgment, as appears from his letter to my Lord of Leechfield, concerning the British History, which he gave me formerly to transcribe. I take Mr. Mostyn (betwixt you and I,) to have as good a share of both these, besides his other qualifications, as any I have had correspondence with in Wales.

Mr. Anwyl in all appearance is like to be prefer'd to Lhan-lestyn Caern, which he tells me is worth about 120lbs. per an. I have nothing to adde but my service to Mr. Jones and all other friends, particularly to that negligent varlet Mr. Wm. Wyn, if you happen to see 'm.

I am, Dear Vetn.

Yr. most affectionat

Friend and Servt.

EDW. LHWYD.

For The Revd. Mr. John Lloyd,
Schole master at Ruthyn,
Denbighshire.

No. XV.

HON^D. SR.

I ought to have return'd my thanks ere this, for ye. favour of your letter of Decr. ye. 7th wherein (as in the rest I have receiv'd from you) appears your obliging civility and readinesse to promote whatever bears but some shadow of learning. Sr. Roger is pleas'd to grant me ye. favour of a draft of the Torques, tho it be too late for Camden; the table of antiquities for Wales being long since engraven and printed off, and ye. book now completely finish'd and dedicated (by Mr. Gibson) to the Lord Keeper. I hope you have receiv'd, ere this, that county I made bold to trouble you with, as also ye. plate wherein all the figures

are engraved much lesse than I expected, because they would not be at the charges of two plates; but 'tis well they have allow'd us one. I think I never mention'd to you that Mr. Jo. Davies, Rector of Newburgh, in Anglesey, informed me yt. ye. great copper plate inscrib'd *Socio Romæ*, was found near Aber Ffraw, in that county, and that there could be no doubt of it, in regard a gentleman now living in his neighbourhood saw it when first found. I conclude he means the very same with yours, because he says Mr. Wood of Rhos Mon gaue it Arch-Bp. Williams; however I have mentioned it at *Caer hûn*, which, if it should prove an errour, is not perhaps very material; but I must beg you pardon if I have committed a mistake in the place where ye. brasse axes were found; for Mr. Stodart, the Scholemaster, of Wrexham, having given me one of them soon after they were discovered, told me (as I find by ye. inscription on ye. paper where I kept it) that they were found at or near Diganwy Castle. I was somewhat unwilling when I was writing to trouble you with a letter on that question, and therefore ventured to place it at Deganwy; having an opportunity of adding an annotation on that place, because mentioned in Mr. Camden.

Whenever I come to your parts of Wales, I shall make it my businesse to wait upon you, there being none more sensible of his obligations to you than

(Worthy Sr.)

Yr. most humble Servt.

EDWD. LHWYD.

Oxford; Jan. 8, 1694.

To ye. hond. Richard Mostyn, Esqr.
at Penbedw,
in Flintshire.

Chester Post.

No. XVI.

DEAR SR.

It's high time to beg your pardon for defferring so long my answer to yours sent by Mr. H. Jones. I have at last sent you the two Camdens by the Shrewsbury Carrier, and directed them to be left with your brother at Wrexham. You will find four in the box, but the other two are for Mr. Brynkir and Will. Anwyl of Dôl Frîog. I shall give you directions by Mr. Anwyl (who sets out next week,) to whom you must direct them at Bangor

or Caernarvon; but I had rather you should dispose of them in your own neighbourhood if you can: upon acct. of ye. maps they come to six shillings a piece the binding; and each book cost me 1lb. 12s. in quires; but Harry Clement, partly out of spight to the London booksellers yt. were the undertakers, and partly for more quick sale, has sold ym. at first for thirty-six shillings bound, but is now come to thirty-eight, you must know by ye. way, that tis a folly (as ye. booksellers manage it) to subscribe for one copy of any book, for ye. undertakers allow ye. country booksellers two books in 8 gratis, so that they can afford to sel them at subscription price, if not under, to those yt. have not subscribed. In one of the books you'll find the errata corrected in my province, but I had no time to do it in all, and, therefore, must beg that trouble of you, or one of your lads. The undertakers put a trick on us as to the maps of Wales; for when they told us in the proposals, they would give us a map of each county in England, 'twas generally understood that they comprehended Wales; but they have given us only one map of North Wales and another of South Wales; and 'twas partly for that reason, and partly because I was not so capable of the task, that I refused to have any thing to doe in ye. correcting the maps. Having some old maps of Wales by me, I made bold to adde them in your copy, but if they prove too great an eyesore, they are easily pluck'd out; you may freely use your discretion, either to take 36s. a book or 38s. Charles Wyn pays 38s. for his, so did Mr. Anwyl and two or three more of my friends in the college, for whom I had subscrib'd. If I receive 38s. I have the seventh book gratis, wch. was according to their proposals; and if 36s., I pay onely 12 shillings for it.

Something ought to be reply'd to your letter, but I am in some haste, as you find by my scribeing. That ye. Romans conquer'd and were possess'd of North and South Wales, is no question at all amongst antiquaries; and if it were, their subterraneous stoves and bricks inscribed LEG. II. LEG. XX. & LEG. VI. dug up in Monmouthshire, Flintshire, and Caernarvonshire, besides other inscriptions, coyns, &c. to be found, doubtlesse in each county, would soon decide ye. controversy; and, whereas you say ye. country afforded no corn several years after, I doubt not but it afforded no corn before the Romans reduc'd it; (for Tacitus tells us Anglesey was a receptacle of fugitives;) and think it no absurdity, if we imagine 'twas till'd before Rome was built. I suspect ye. plant Dr. Foulks means, may be ye. *Gladiolus Lacustus*, ye. characteristic whereof is, that it yields milk, bears blew flowers, &c. I directed you a parcel of books from Harry Clement (by ye. Anglesey carrier) who, I suppose, enclosed a letter with them. You tell me ye. good poems would be acceptable; there's one lately pub-

lish'd by the name of Prince (or King) Arthur; ye. author, one Dr. Blackmore, a London Physician, which is highly commended, but it is a large b. of about 16 shillings price. As for the Epithalamium you mention, written by Dryden, Clement tells me there came no such thing to the booksellers' hands.

I am, Dear Veteran,

Yr. most affect. Friend,

EDW. LLWYD.

My hearty service to Cardo, and thanks for his kind present, but I shall shortly write to him myself: his brother is usher of Burford. Fail not of telling me freely what is liked, and what disliked in Camden, especially my share.

For the Revd. Mr. John Lloyd,

Schole master,

at Ruthin,

Chester Post.

Denbighshire.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my letter, printed in your last Magazine, page 94, you have made me say, "the earliest English authority we have for *Ich dyn* is in the will of the Black Prince." I must beg you to correct this to *Ich dien*, otherwise I may appear as laying the foundation of an argument against my main position.—I take this opportunity of correcting another error, at page 95, which is not yours: I have stated that "Edmond Meyrick married Catherine, daughter of Sir Evan, and sister of Sir Francis Llwyd, knight, but left no issue." This was on the authority of Edward Llwyd, the antiquary, and George Owen; but their testimony, as to North Wales genealogy, is not quite so good as that of Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, and the Salesbury collection of pedigrees at Llangedwin. These authorities state that he married, 1st, Grace, daughter and heiress of Cadwaladr Watcyn ab Edward, of Llanddervel; and 2nd, Sioned, daughter of John, son of Ellis Vaughan, of Cevnbodig. By his first wife he had, 1st, Peter, who died November, 1670, the father of the Rev. Edmond Meyrick, the great benefactor to Jesus College, who died in 1713; 2nd, Gelly Meyrick; and three daughters, Lowri, Jane, and Ellin: and by his second wife, 1st, Lewis Meyrick, barrister at law, who, in 1668, sold Glenalwen to William Salesbury, of Rûg, esq.; 2nd, John Meyrick; and 3rd, Captain Meyrick, who died in 1670; and two daughters, Elizabeth, who married Hugh, son of Robert Vaughan, the antiquary, and Rebecca. The family descent was continued through a brother of the Rev. Edmond Meyrick before mentioned.

Yours respectfully,

S. R. MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court;
January 28, 1832.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Physician. Cholera. 1 vol. 18mo. pp. 209. London:
Charles Knight, 1832.

FOR the introduction of a medical work, like the present, into the pages of the "Cambrian Quarterly," some apology may be required,—some explanation expected; but when our readers shall have carefully perused the subject of this notice as we have done, they will, we doubt not, fully absolve us from the charge of indifference or inattention in the choice of our subjects; and they will assuredly admit that the pages which may teach them the best way of combating a frightful disease, must be as interesting and important to the Cambrian as the Saxon, Caledonian, or Hibernian.

This little work, under a very plain exterior, and sold at a price which will merely defray the charges of printing, contains such a mass of concentrated information, historical records, and prophylactic maxims, on the all-absorbing topic of Cholera, that we have risen from its perusal with our minds enlightened by the plain and simple reasoning it unfolds, the facts it advances, and the precepts it inculcates.

In the publication of this very seasonable, but unpretending, little work, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have conferred a lasting benefit, not only upon that class for which the treatise is more especially intended, but upon society at large; for while the subject, in simplicity and arrangement, is accommodated to the language and comprehension of the humblest cottager, we will affirm that the more erudite, and even the experienced practitioner, will read it with advantage. Clothed in familiar language, and communicating information of essential interest to the community, and at a price which places it within the reach of every one, the tact and observation of a skilful physician are conspicuous in every chapter. It is no small praise to have thus succeeded in divesting the work of all those technicalities which, to the general and unprofessional reader, give to medical works so forbidding an aspect. To withdraw from the learning of the schools, and to adapt the language of ordinary life for the elucidation of a medical subject, has been rarely attempted, and still more rarely successful; but when it does happen, as in the present instance, that an author succeeds in throwing open those boundaries which for so many ages have

made the fair fields of science an exclusive preserve, open only to the initiated—to such as possessed the symbolical password, he deserves the best thanks of his fellow-citizens, as one who has thus opened new sources of knowledge and enjoyment to all, which have hitherto been as sealed books. We confess that, in contemplating the future prospects of man, the extended “knowledge for the people,” the feelings we indulge are of a nature much more pleasing than painful. Our maxim is, that in proportion as man becomes wiser, he becomes better; and that whatever has a direct tendency to widen the sphere of his acquired knowledge, widens also the sphere of his usefulness, promotes the growth of domestic virtues, makes him more watchful of his own conduct, and a more intelligent observer of the conduct of others. But to secure a harvest of such desirable fruit, our endeavour must be constantly directed to the *quality* of that knowledge which, as an intellectual engine, we distribute for the moral advancement of the great mass of the people; we must be upon our guard lest, in a soil where either the spurious or the true fruit may luxuriate, the former by deleterious intermixture, should smother the latter, and instead of a wholesome crop, we only reap a harvest of noxious weeds. Never, in the history of this, or any other country, were such extensive funds employed, such powerful minds engaged in furthering, by every human and attainable means, the condition, and in enlightening the minds, of the lower classes. But in proportion as this spirit is fostered,—in proportion as the minds of the people are rendered susceptible of self-instruction, and the printed and written language is no longer a mystery, so should every philanthropic mind keep a jealous eye over the multifarious, and often dangerous, matter which is every day issuing from the press, and inundating the country. Unless we do so, learning becomes a curse. As within these twenty years the number of those who, among the lower classes, read for improvement has been doubled, so also has the demand for simple and elementary works on science and art increased, and the services rendered by this “Society” for the promotion of this great end, afford a retrospect of the highest congratulation to every patriotic and enlightened mind. In the publication of the present, and preceding works from the same source, every thing has been conducted in subservience to this important question, “understandest thou what thou readest?” and the *arcana* of science reduced to the scale of ordinary capacities, and transmitted through the medium of a plain and intelligible phraseology.

But in thus premising our subject we feel that, although we should have much to advance on so interesting a topic, and may revert to it on a future occasion, we are unwilling to occupy the reader's attention with any further remarks of our own, but

introduce him at once to the work itself, the merits and method of which we shall endeavour to illustrate by apt quotation and occasional comment.

After a brief notice detailing the scope and intention of this popular work, there follows a concise and well-written introduction, wherein the more essential facts in anatomical and physiological science, are lucidly set forth, and brought more immediately to the eye and understanding of the reader through the medium of several well-executed plates of the human figure, illustrative of its various functions. The first chapter opens with a dissertation on such diseases as are supposed to arise from peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, in which Dr. John Conolly, the author, has succeeded in condensing within a small space nearly all that is known or interesting on the subject. In the second, we have a description of cholera, with the history of that disease, and an account of its progress northward, till its pestilential presence was announced on our own shores.

“From Bengal, in 1818, it passed on to the Coromandel Coast, or Presidency of Madras, where, with the exception of two years 1826-27, it has, more or less, ever since prevailed. In the same year 1818, it visited the coast of Malabar, or Bombay Presidency, and spread to the Burmese empire; and it is traced in 1819 to the islands of Penang and Sumatra, to Ceylon and Malacca, and to the Mauritius; and in 1820 to China, and successively throughout large portions of Eastern Asia; to islands in the African Ocean; to Arabia, to Mesopotamia, Syria, and Judea, in 1821; to Persia in 1822. At length it appeared in Russia. It extended to Poland in March 1831; it appeared in Prussia in May, and also in Austria. In June it reached St. Petersburg: in October it appeared at Hamburgh, and in the same month its existence in this country was first discovered.” P. 50.

After a variety of interesting particulars regarding the climate and people of India, the nature and progress of the disease, with authentic evidence in support of its contagious nature, and its recent devastations in the Russian Capital, under the observation of Drs. Russell and Barry; we come to a chapter (ix) of the deepest national concern, *the Spasmodic Cholera in England*. This chapter is well deserving of attentive perusal, it is *multum in parvo*, the essence of nearly all that has come to our knowledge up to the present date. It may be proper, however, to state, that Dr. Conolly having given his support in favor of the *contagious* nature of Cholera, his remarks, though not less valuable in themselves, are nevertheless materially influenced by, and the natural result of, that impression—an impression which we rejoice to say is every day losing some of its original supporters, and consequently much of those shadowy terrors which so lately invested this new and formidable disease. At the head of those who have laboriously applied themselves to the investigation of the disease, as it now appears in the metropolis, Dr. Johnson has succeeded in throwing much light upon the subject, and, in

conjunction with many eminent practitioners, in tranquillising the public mind. For ourselves, we confess we are not alarmists, and with a vast mass of evidence before us in every way calculated to calm the excited apprehensions, but which it would be foreign to our design here to recapitulate, we look forward with confidence to the measures now in force, and the minds everywhere investigating the subject, for the final settlement of the long agitated question of *contagion*.

In taking leave of this work, we have to thank the author for one of the most seasonable, judicious, and comprehensive treatises that have yet appeared on the subject of cholera. It is a book which no family should be without, particularly in the country; and at this season when the public attention has been so painfully directed to the invasion of these shores by a pestilential disease, the history, prevention, and treatment of cholera, as therein set forth, and the result of much study, reasoning, and practical observation, we can conscientiously recommend as a manual infinitely better adapted to the ends in view, than any thing that has yet appeared. We annex the following extracts, and regret that our space is so limited as to preclude the possibility of our giving the work that space and consideration to which it is so justly entitled.

"There were in a particular part of India to which the cholera came, two companies of soldiers; one of three hundred, one of one hundred. The company of one hundred agreed to live temperately and to avoid the night air: and only one man caught the cholera. The company of three hundred made no such agreement, but went on as usual, and thirty of them died.

"Let him who reads this page, then, remember, when he lifts the glass to his mouth, that if it raises his spirits for an hour or two, it shortens his life by many hours. P. 160.

"Fewer women have died of cholera than men, fewer children than women, and fewer sober men than drunkards. If a man's natural spirits and strength are habitually exhausted by artificial stimulants, his stock of spirits and strength will be so taken up beforehand, that if the cholera makes a sudden demand upon his stock, even his life must go towards the payment. *Ibid*.

"There is no greater enemy of the cholera than cleanliness. If it were not for dirt and neglect, it is almost a question whether it would ever have found a substantial footing any where. It never goes first into cleanly houses; but creeps about the narrow streets, the confined and dirty allies, the damp cellars, and the crowded garrets, where poverty and wretchedness have taken up their abode before. There it finds a home, and becomes stronger and bolder; and after destroying its hundreds, it spreads forth into the air of a whole city, and triumphs over its thousands. P. 162.

"A man who is tired and exhausted, and cold; drinks a glass of raw spirits, and because it produces some warmth, and rouses his languid heart and nerves, as the whip and spur stimulate the jaded horse, he fancies that it does him more good than food: which is just as foolish as it would be to suppose that the whip and spur would keep the horse in as good condition as hay and corn. To live poorly is a bad thing, and to drink is a bad thing; but to live poorly and to drink too, is *certain destruction*. P. 165.

"One of the most common causes of disease is moisture or dampness, whether combined with great heat or great coldness of the air. P. 167.

"The effects of cold upon the body are much more dangerous during sleep than when we are awake. More clothing is required by night than by day. Dry rooms, clean sheets, and good warm blankets, will do more than any medicine to keep off attacks of cholera. P. 174.

"But supposing that the cholera is actually in the town in which you live, or even in the very street in which your house is, what then are you to do?

"The first consideration that would press itself on your thoughts at such a time would be, whether with all your care you and your family might not yet take the disease from some of your sick neighbours. You have been told how medical men differ on this subject. It has been mentioned to you that in a great number of instances the disease has *seemed* to be carried from one place to another by individuals or by their clothes or goods; and that yet so many persons escape who have had more or less communication with the sick that many doubt the possible communication of the malady from one person to another. Examples have been given of places and persons apparently secured from the disease by being carefully separated from others: and of other places from which no care or caution has appeared able to keep out the cholera. In the history given of cholera you must have remarked it has *first* appeared in sea-ports, seeming to be brought from other sea-ports: how much reason there is for thinking that it went by sea from Baku to Astrachan; and came by sea from Hamburgh to Sunderland. P. 176.

"Leaving, however, the settlement of this question to medical men, many of whom are willing to devote their time, and some of whom are ready to peril their lives in the investigation; it is, in the mean time, the part of every person of sound mind *to act as if the contagion of cholera was positively proved.*

"We must once more remind the reader that it is only a *wise* fear which we wish to excite in his mind, and not that extravagant terror which prevailed in the Indian army, where, the common people being unprepared by what has been recommended in this chapter in order to *avoid* the disease, fled in distraction, and left the sick to die, and the dead to be devoured by the fowls of the air. P. 177.

"Let no one give way to foolish fears; but rather feel quite sure that ordinary care will make the disease almost harmless; and that, if it should become more severe and general, every thing will be done that man's prudence and forethought can devise to preserve the lives of those attacked, and of all about them. Fear alone will sometimes produce irregular actions in the stomach and bowels; and it always lessens man's power of resisting disease as well as danger.

"After all, it would be unworthy of an enlightened and brave people to take fright at the cholera, and most disgraceful to run away by hundreds, or to turn robbers and desperadoes in the presence of such an enemy. Many men go into battle again and again, well knowing the danger. Many incur danger by sea and land, for pleasure's sake. Surely then, if the cholera does come, it ought to find us not only well prepared to keep it out, but, having done all we can, if we must fall, prepared to fall as becomes men and Christians." Pp. 183-5.

Britain's Historical Drama; a series of National Tragedies, intended to illustrate the Manners, Customs, and religious Institutions of different early Eras in Britain. By J. F. Pennie: 1 vol. 8vo. Maunders; London, 1832.

IN this fast-writing age, when books of all sorts come pouring in upon us quick as the shadows exhibited by the wierd sisters to the wondering gaze of the bloody Thane, we were not a little astonished, the other day, to find on our table a thick octavo, bearing the alarming title of "*A Series of Tragedies.*" We fancied, before we recognised the name of the author, that they might turn out to be the overstrained productions of some ambitious student, who had mounted on the back of Pegasus, little deeming how unmanageable his steed might prove, and that his rider, while gazing at the stars, might be stayed in his onward flight, and fall, as did of old Bellerophon. In fact the appearance of the book had wellnigh startled us out of our humble wits. We are old enough in our vocation to know with what labouring throes a single readable tragedy (we speak of absolute, regular tragedy,) is produced; to say nothing of the next to certainty, now-a-days, of its being rejected as an acting one by the whole body of managers, stage-managers, readers, actors, walking gentlemen, scene painters, prompters, and scene-shifters, nay down to the very call-boys and servants; the latter of whom run on and off the stage, fetching and carrying chairs, tables, candles, glasses, &c. with such wonderful celerity; and whose gaudy liveries put to shame their unrouged and most tallow-like faces. When, therefore, a gentleman thinks it meet, right, and proper to put forth tragedies by the batch, amounting in pages to 547, and in lines or verses to the appalling number of nearly *fifteen thousand*, we may surely be excused a considerable portion of surprise, and, at the same time, may be pardoned, when we avow that it was not without brightening our intellects, late in the evening, with a cup of the finest gunpowder tea, from the depot of our countryman Davies, who, by the by, is the best selector of teas in this tea-drinking kingdom, together with the appliance of sundry pinches of Fribourg's Martinique and Bolongaro, that we sat down to the perusal of a larger allowance of poetry than is generally dealt out by the inspired brotherhood. But the tea, (and here we could break out into a rhapsody, little short of adoration, on this inestimable beverage,) and the *sneeshin*, as *Edie Ocheltree* hath it, made us reckless of all consequences, careless of our eyesight, prodigal of our midnight oil, and determined to admire the best, or laugh at the worst, which Mr. Pennie could bestow or inflict upon our literally benighted understandings. In short, we had worked ourselves up to the necessary pitch of phrenzy,

and as the author wrote, so we read. In for a *penny*, said we, (as undoubtedly determined he,) in for a *pound*.

Poets have often a great deal of fun, mingled with the proper quantity of pathos; and it is on the presumption that Mr. Pennie is not destitute of the former of these qualities, which we hold to be quite as requisite as the latter, that we have ventured to have a joke with him, without having the pleasure of his acquaintance. But seriously, we are very much pleased with many parts of these same tragedies; and we think when their author's muse shall have gained a little more experience, so as to render her course more steady, while she retains all her loftiness of flight, the dramatic world will have to thank Mr. Pennie as one of those very few, who, in these degenerate days, may be the means of rescuing this school of literature from the ban of censure, which has been for some time so deservedly set upon it.

These tragedies are not the first production of Mr. Pennie, who we beg to say is known to us as the author of "the Royal Minstrel, or the Witcheries of Endor," besides "Rogould," both epic poems, and "Scenes in Palestine," which latter is an attempt, at all times hazardous, to illustrate sacred history, in a dramatic form.*

In naming his work "Britain's Historical Drama," the author has, very properly, not limited his stories to those of a purely Cambrian description; and has not disdained, although we suspect him to be a Cornish man, (and, as such, descended from a tribe of Britons,) to introduce characters and stories of the Saxons. The names of the plays are "Arixina," "Edwin and Elgiva," "The Imperial Pirate," "The Dragon King." We have not space to give more than one or two extracts from their pages, which we regret, because there are passages in them that we are sure need only be read to be admired. Defects in style and composition there certainly are, and as it is a much more ungracious thing to blame than to praise, and, withall, considerably more disagreeable to ourselves, we will get rid, very shortly, of the first of these duties. Mr. Pennie has, like many poets, (and good ones too,) an inveterate habit of using the exclamation O! In proof of this we refer him to page 43, wherein this loud monosyllable occurs no less than five times. Wolves, too, are favorite animals of our author, and whenever he would convey the idea of savage barbarism or relentless cruelty, these wild beasts are rendered of unlimited service. These defects will, we are sure, on a reconsideration, present themselves so as to prevent their repetition. But we are compelled to prefer a heavier charge against Mr. Pennie, viz. that of occasionally giving to the world, what he conceives to be poetry, when, in fact, he is perpetrating downright prose. We

* All these are works of considerable merit.

will give but one example in point; and for the sake of proving how prosaic it really is, we will take the liberty of stripping it of its mantle of verse. The words, too, are put into the mouth of no less a personage than Julius Cæsar.

"I will meet them in my tent. They for their king shall have young Cymbeline, their own liege sovereign lord: he shall be reinstated in his rights without delay: his influence will extend, and that attachment which he feels to Rome, her manners and her glory, have great weight among these savage nations." P. 75.

We proceed to the more pleasurable task of noticing one or two instances of poetic power, wherein we perceive the capability of producing much greater things. We forbear to enter into the plot or story of any of the plays; but shall merely adduce specimens of style.

Cymbeline. "Not see her? when with fierce impatience burns,
For one last interview my wounded spirit?
Impossible! O! hadst thou, gentle friend,
Met her, as I have done, at evening hour,
On Tiber's flowery banks, when the soft winds
Their perfumed music through its green reeds sighed,
And flung the moon, her veil of silvery light,
O'er myrtle groves and orange bowers, whose fruit
Shone like the richness of a golden mine;
When Rome's proud palaces at distance rose
Like a bright dreamy vision, in their pomp,
While sweet toned lays of nightingale and flute
Came shedding o'er the beautiful and grand,
Their shadowy lighted spells of wild enchantment—
O! hadst thou met her there, in such an hour,
Thou wouldst have thought another Venus smiled
In thy wrapt arms, and Heaven was all around thee!" Pp. 53-4.

Again, the same character,

"May the gods
Rain plagues and maledictions on thy country;
A country with revenge and murder filled!
I now abhor the very name of Rome;
Lightnings consume her armies, earthquakes heave
Her towers from their foundations! may she sink,
With all her palaces, to the dark centre!
And let her last dread shriek, when down she plunges
Amid sun-darkening clouds of dust, be heard
Throughout the world, that all the nations whom
Her haughty pride enslaved, may o'er her fall
Lift the glad shout of triumph!" P. 88.

The second tragedy contains the affecting story of Edwin and Elgiva, which is too well known to the historian to need more than bare mention.

The following passage from it brings before us the banquet, the din and the splendid, though barbarous, revelry of old, as exhi-

bited in the poem of "The Hirlas Horn," of Prince Owain Cyveiliog, so splendidly rendered into Saxon by our own ever delightful songstress, Felicia Hemans.

Edwin. "At length I have escaped the crowded hall,
The wassail bowl, the banquet, and the din
Of chiming harps, the shout of warrior chiefs;
Those boasting lifters of the rubied cup,
Who in their boisterous mirth no limits keep,
With all the proud solemnity of state;
To fly to the sweet quiet of thy arms,
My Queen, my life, my love!" (*Embracing Elgiva.*) P. 178.

While our next extract is replete with sweetest beauty, evincing, at once, the devotion of the faithful Consort, and the allegiance of the loving subject :

Elgiva. "Joy to my lord
On this auspicious morn! with rapturous tears
To Heaven I kneel, and pray that England's crown,
Set on thy head this day, long, long may grace
Those brows with glory, happiness, and fame!
Mayst thou inherit all thy people's care,—
And well thy virtues merit their affections;
As Heaven's high regent be thou feared for justice,
For victory honoured, and for mercy loved;
And may all pray with me,—God bless the king!" P. 178.

Where is the heart of man, too, that will not freshen with delight at the following brief epitome of that dear, and heaven-descended jewel of our souls, woman's love?

Ambrosius. "O! what in strength can equal woman's love!
In the bright hour of joy, our brightest bliss,
And still the constant beam that sweetly sheds
Its trembling radiance o'er our dark despair." P. 329.

"The Dragon King" contains most spirit-stirring passages, from the life of the renowned Arthur Pen-Dragon, the *Penteyrn*, or chief king of Britain; and it is but justice to Mr. Pennie to say he has clothed it with great romantic interest, and for the most part with historic accuracy. The fame of Arthur is thus prognosticated by one of his generals.

Meridoc. "Fields of fame!
Victorious prince, the pillar of our tribes,
Their guardian leader, on whose head doth rest
The glory of thine ancient warlike race!
Thou, through the storms and darkness of the times,
Onward to freedom shalt thy people guide,
And burst the Pagan chains! O! thy proud name
Will, through all after years, on Britain shed
A bright renown, as o'er the northern arch

Unfading shines the constant polar star;
 To which shall future bards with rapture point,
 And conquerors turn their eyes, with ardour fired
 To emulate thy greatness, as they steer,
 Shouting for freedom, through the battle surge." P. 445.

In closing our remarks on these Tragedies, we cannot omit to notice a popular and vulgar error into which Mr. Pennie has fallen; and which is stated with all the weight of grave authority, in a note, page 122; viz. that of its having been the custom of the Druids to sacrifice human beings on their altars. We had thought that those best read in Celtic lore, (and in this class we readily rank Mr. Pennie,) had long ago been convinced that the British Druids had far too exalted an idea of the Deity, and were too deeply imbued with loving-kindness and mercy, to give way to such horrid paganism. Indeed, their creed and manners appear to have been nearly approaching to that simplicity and perfection so sublimely inculcated and enforced in the revelation of Jesus Christ; and it is not by any means fair that so foul an imputation should be disseminated in the present day, when it is well known there are still those who profess themselves Druids, acting upon the principles of their long-gone predecessors, and whose horror of the destruction of human life may be inferred from the fact of their absolute refusal, not only to slay, but even to witness the slaughter of any animal whatever. For a further account of these misrepresented sages, we refer our author to the lyric poems of Edward Williams, where, in his "Principles of Bardism," he completely, to our minds, refutes the monstrous accusation. True it is that Mr. Pennie has very aptly said, from Horace Walpole, that

"Belief in every kind of prodigy was so established in those dark ages, that an author would not be faithful to the manners of the times, who should omit all mention of them. He is not bound to believe them himself, but he must represent his actors as believing them."

But with deference to Mr. Pennie, and his extremely able authority, if it be shewn, as we think it is, that the actors of the events in those times did *not* believe in such prodigies of evil, inasmuch as they did not take place, the saying of Horace Walpole, although doubtless meant to be an axiom, falls to the ground. The poetry of history should be founded on truth, which it is at liberty to embellish, but by no means to alter; for truth is above all other things that which should not be tampered with. It embodies all that we worship as divine: all that we admire and esteem as human; and to it, more than any other thing on earth, should be applied the heartfelt aspiration, *esto perpetua*.

On the whole, we are convinced that there is in Mr. Pennie's

mind, deep thought, aided by profound study. His versification is generally smooth and harmonious; rising, not unfrequently, to the grand and noble; and exhibiting throughout an amiability and charity, alike creditable to the man and the Christian. We shall hail his future productions with real pleasure.

The Celtic Annals. A Poem. By the Rev. John Parker, A.M.
1 vol. 8vo. Rivingtons; London, 1831.

(Concluded from p. 106.)

WE cannot resume the subject of "*The Celtic Annals*" without allowing our imagination to stray amongst the wild legends of our beauteous land, amid those stories of stirring and romantic interest wherein the names of the most renowned of our British ancestors are set forth. Our mind's eye turns to the lonely barrow on the hoary mountain's top, where sleep the ashes of the honoured brave; to the dark thick foliage of Mona's consecrated groves; to the venerable Druid priest, whose robes, (white as the sun-lit snow on Berwyn's broad and dusky shadowing brow,) stream in the breeze, as if in blessing on the assembled *gorsedd*. We dwell on the memory of Arthur, the great and good, "the darling of romance;" on Owain Glyndwr, the proud and free, whose course was brilliant, yet evanescent, as the blazing meteor, which, ere we have time to wonder at, has passed away, and is seen no more. We behold, in all its horrors, the dread massacre of the bards; we see, high on the desolate and topmost rock, the figure of the last of all that ancient tribe, seeming as a spirit to linger between earth and sky; while we hear the wild tones of his harp and voice descending like Heaven's thunder on the head of their destroyer, the "ruthless king."

We could, indeed, cite example after example of the proud and glorious deeds of our ancestors, did not our space warn us to recall our glowing mind, and attend to the subject-matter more immediately before us, by briefly adding to the observations made in our last Number, on Mr. Parker's clever work, which has so strongly recalled those fond recollections we have just now obtruded upon our readers.

We have before complained, and we think with reason, on the strangeness of the garb in which our author has conveyed his poetry to the world; and during the three months that have elapsed since our last writing, we have not seen any reason to change our opinion. Once more, we would entreat Mr. Parker to abandon his restive *hexameters*, and convince us, as we feel assured he can, that he is able to effect a

poem that may live after he and ourselves shall have ceased to do so; one which his sons and grandsons shall be proud to speak of as having been written by him; and which ours may congratulate us as having been the fortunate reviewers to have had placed before us.

Mr. Parker has given us a specimen in the "Passengers" (which our readers will recollect is bound up with the poem of the "Annals,") of the Greek *Anapæst*, or dance song, which, as an adaptation in English, is as interesting as scarce. Of the manner and capabilities of this verse, we think much more highly than of the Hexameters; and it is quite a relief to us to find ourselves bounding along with the author in the *Anapæst*; instead of dragging dull lengths along with the hexameters. Confound the very name of them! for we verily believe Mr. Parker has, all unconsciously, put us out of love with them for ever. Not so the *Anapæst*, of which we give the author's able specimen.

TRE'R CEIRI*.

In a moment, all yon distant world,
That lay so brightly beneath my feet,
Has appear'd as if it were to ruin hurl'd,
And that I and earth no more shall meet!

But again, but again, see it all once more,
Thro' the hollow cloud's encircling cave;
And along each foam-girt winding shore,
Tumultuous ocean's wrathful wave!

On the ruin'd walls I take my stand;
On the desert mountain's clouded brow:
Here armies watch'd their native land;
Here chieftains made their warlike vow.

Hence would they rush like an arrow forth
To the host of assailants underneath:
And the gallant sons of the savage North
Would accompany them to the field of death!

Shall a warrior hide his valiant arm
In the coward's hope, in a cloak of steel?
And shelter'd thus from peril and harm,
Can bravery fight, or can honour feel?

Such thoughts as these fill'd the Briton's heart,
As among those vales he scornfully view'd
The appointed method, and practis'd art
Of Roman soldiers unsubdued.

* Pronounced Keiri.

Banded ranks, and sun-bright armour,
Grace their march with festal grandeur:
Glittering trophies o'er them waving,
Speak of conquest and enslaving!

There are those, whose native regions
Gleam with portico, and with painting:
Now they lead their mail-clad legions:
Dream not ye, their strength is fainting!

From afar they come to the Celtic field!
They conquer a land which they disdain!
And the British Chief at length shall yield:
And royal hands wear the foreign chain!" P. 189.

In this poem the author has justly remarked that the strict rules of anapæstic song are not observed, viz. those which regulate the cœsural pause. There is, however, (notwithstanding the absence of the additional fire and spirit with which the cœsural pause is adapted to imbue any thing like patriotic song,) still great beauty in this little ode; and we particularly call attention to the second, fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas; the first mentioned being replete with the truest poetical imagery and beauty. It is when such passages are written, that the looker on might see "the poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling:" then, indeed, it is that the true inspiration from Parnassus descends on the head of the devoted Bard in blessing and in majesty, crowning the works of mortal with immortality, and himself with the fame of ages, yet afar off in the bosom of futurity.

We here take leave of Mr. Parker, being sure he will understand that the spirit in which our observations have been made, has been that of candour and fairness. Of our high estimate of his poetical powers, we trust we have here and previously, said enough to convince him. We admire his wild and free-born muse. She is a mountain maiden, bare-legged, it is true, and her hair dishevelled, but possessing a spirit like Diana, in the ardour of the chace, together with all the roseate softness of Jove's own Hebe. We have found fault with her because she has strayed among our hills in the would-be-guise of a Grecian lady, from the plains of Troy. Let her put on mountain garments, and, once more, take her stand, when the sun is rising, on Moel Siabed's glorious height; then let her revel amid the history and the legends of "wild Wales"; and let her song be loud and joyous. Then, indeed, shall we, though, albeit of the humblest, be among the most admiring of her auditors.

Evan Bane; a Highland Legend, and other Poems. By D. M. Ferguson. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

"A Highland Legend!" said we to ourselves, on opening this little volume. How did the idea recall our days of early delight, when, residing in one of the most secluded situations in the country, we were wont to have our young imagination charmed by the sweet and silvery songs of the great Celtic enchanter Scott! when "Marmion," "the Lady of the Lake," and "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," followed in quick succession,—where we were constrained to admire gallant though bloody chieftains; to weep over fallen innocence, and truth betrayed; and where we needed no constraint to fall deeply in love alike with highborn jewelled dames, and unadorned, bare-footed, peasant maidens. How did our young mind rejoice in the dread strife of battle, where met, in proud defiance, Britain's boasted chivalry! How did we revel in the hearty feast, where resounded the minstrel's harp, and the stout yeoman's jovial song! And ah!, how much more did our heart bound with delight within the gay and lighted hall, where brave knights and ladies fair moved graceful 'mid the mazes of the dance, where

—"bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
And when music rose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love, to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The world, at least that portion of it which comes under the description of the phlegmatic and cold, may perhaps laugh at us for thus throwing back our eyes, through the darkening veil of time, to the period of life's outset, when all was bright, fresh, and beauteous as the blush of early morn. Let them laugh; we are not ashamed to avow that we have possessed a joy in the regions of romance, far greater than we can express; and although we have since experienced the sad realities of sorrow and trial, we are not now, and far be it from us ever to be, the less prone to cherish the happiness that has once been ours.

The author of "Evan Bane" has evidently profited by the field of romance, into which his studies appear to have been directed, and has woven out of an old, and sufficiently terrible story, a sweet and flowing poem, which, to say the least of it, merits praise, and is well adapted to repay the attention of perusal. We suspect him, however, to be a very young poet, inasmuch as he has so closely imitated Scott, that whole passages of "Evan Bane," had they been printed anonymously, might have been mistaken for the productions of Sir Walter. This, it may be thought, is no mean praise: but we beg to assure Mr. Ferguson that we mean it not as such; but merely as a hint to himself,

before expressed by us to other youthful bards who imitate Scott or Byron, that imitation may be all very well, but it is not, and cannot be, a *desideratum* in true poetry. If imitation be professed, good; but if originality be the object, that and that only ought to be developed. We say this not the less strenuously, whether Mr. Ferguson may have intended a close copy of a popular and great author, or not. It is meet that we warn him, and others, that the ground they have taken is dangerous, and we will add untenable; and therefore must be changed, wherever hope of lasting fame is entertained. Look at the following passage, for the correctness of what we have said.

“Brief space it needs, to reckon o’er
 What garb and arms the stranger wore:
 A scarf of silk his shoulder graced;
 A crimson baldric bound his waist,
 Where swung, both stout and strong,
 A falchion of terrific length,
 Which might have tasked a giant’s strength
 To wield it well—or long;
 Yet who should deem that fearful brand
 Weighed heavier in its owner’s hand
 Than palmer’s staff or sallow wand,
 Had done him mighty wrong;
 All else, from vizor-clasp to heel,
 Was cased in links of shining steel;
 A purple plume waved on his crest—
 Proceed—my rhyme may tell the rest.
 Hark! hark! Clanvora’s vales prolong
 Far other notes than blackbird’s song;
 And other light on Lorven plays
 Than the broad sun’s declining rays—
 ’Tis the fierce bloodhound’s opening yell
 That rings through covert—cave—and dell;
 ’Tis light from lance and helm that gleams,
 And o’er the peak of Lorven streams,
 Gilding its granite gray;
 Now burst upon the startled sight
 A troop of horsemen, all bedight
 In steely armour shimmering bright,
 With plume and pennon gay;
 Come they to scent the evening gale?
 Or timid roebuck to assail?
 Or try the temper of their mail,
 In bloody battle fray?”

P. 34.

With this drawback, and, it will be confessed, it is a great one, there are evidences in Mr. Ferguson’s style of a sweetness and even richness, that at a future period, he may make available to greatly please his readers, and probably benefit himself; although to speak sooth, in these degenerate days, when matter of fact alone seems to have any weight, when the whole efforts of “the schoolmaster” seem directed to the *utilitarian* system,

it is highly apochryphal if any poems, however well written, and plenteously produced, would be found to repay the time, labour, thought, and study, necessary to be bestowed upon them; to say nothing of the vexation and trouble ever attendant on transactions with those absolute monarchs of tradesfolk called publishers. We merely drop these remarks to Mr. Ferguson *en passant*, as a word to the wise, which, although it may not cause him, (and we are far from wishing it should,) to forbear writing altogether, may yet make him cautious as to the time and manner of again venturing his bark down a stream of poetry, the banks of which, we are free to confess, are sufficiently green and fertile to draw from us a wish to accompany him, when some little more experience shall have ripened his knowledge, on another voyage.

There are some very pretty minor poems published with "Evan Bane," among which, we think the following a fair specimen:

FAREWELL.

Moments there are when sorrows sleep,
When misery's tear forgets to flow,
And o'er the captive's care-worn cheek,
The breath of Heaven deigns to blow.

On this world's ever-varying stage,
Of all that's felt, or done, or spoken,
There is a slumbering season, when
Association's links are broken;—

When flower—nor summer's eve, nor spring,
Nor ocean, music, winter's blast,
Nor all the mystic powers of mind,
Can join the chain that binds the past;—

Save *one* short word—of solemn sound—
Which lives upon the ear—for ever!
It comes like echo from the tomb;
'Tis heard, when friends or lovers sever.

This asks for—needs no other voice
Its dreary sleeplessness to wake;
The chord on which it hangs—alone—
Dependless—will not, cannot break!

In vain oblivion's blackening winds
O'er the bright fields of memory sweep;
They pass, like white clouds o'er the moon,
Or evening breeze along the deep;

And, oh! so chilling is its tone,
It binds the heart as with a spell,
It rings through life—'tis heard in death—
And death itself is but—FAREWELL! P. 115.

Elfenau Rhifyddiaeth; by John William Thomas, of Caernarvon. Caervyrddin, 1831. William Evans.

WE have seen the two first numbers of "*Elfenau Rhifyddiaeth*," or "*Elements of Arithmetic*," and do not hesitate to recommend the work to the notice of our countrymen. The author appears a perfect master of the science of figures, and it is clear he has bestowed much attention upon the subject, in order, as he says, to make it clear and simple; in this he has succeeded: but, in doing which, we regret, for more than one reason, his prolixity. Most of the new terms he uses are appropriate, and reflect great credit to him as a Welsh scholar. We doubt not but that, with a close application to the instructions the book will contain, it will supersede the necessity of a master.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The *Seren Gomer* for the present month contains the following original articles, accompanied by the usual notices of foreign and domestic intelligence, &c. &c. A Lecture on the Names of the Days of the Week; Religious Enthusiasm; Contentment; the London Cymreigyddion, and the Welsh Bishops; the Backslider; an Attempt at Reform in the Congregational Churches; the Established Church; Trioed mab y Crinwas; a more Economical Prayer; Poor Laws, &c. &c.

The *Gwylledydd* for March contains, together with the usual notices of foreign and domestic intelligence: a Memoir of the late Rev. Edward Davies; Christ's Preaching to the Spirits in prison; Substance of a Sermon on Hebrews, xi. 8; Scriptural Illustrations; Ecclesiastical Antiquity—the Communion; Fulfilment of Prophecies—Egypt—Arabia, &c.; the Pine Tree; Reformation; Irish Tracts; River of Death, (a Dream); Hypocrisy; Fragments; Address to the Welsh People; Register of Welsh Books, by Moses Williams.—Poetry: Poetical Memorandums; The Slave's Complaint; To the Miser; Hymn on the Humiliation, Sufferings, and Exaltation of Christ; Epitaph on a Tomb, &c. &c.

We regret to say that the Magazine published monthly in London, under the title of "*Y Cymmro*," (the Welshman,) has discontinued publication.

Shortly will be published, a second edition of "*The Prize Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent from the Established Church in Wales*."

Lately published, "*An Account of the Beulah Saline Spa at Norwood*;" by Dr. G. H. Weatherhead. An analysis of its composition proves its chemical components to be very similar to the saline spring at Llandrindod, with the exception of sulphate of magnesia, which the Norwood spring possesses in greater quantity than the Llandrindod Water.

A pamphlet has lately appeared from the pen of Mr. George Probert, Pembroke Dock, "*On the Means of Ameliorating the Condition of the Labouring Classes*."

In the press, "*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Bangor, in answer to the Reflections on the Welsh Clergy, by the London Cymreigyddion Society*." By the Rev. John Jones, archdeacon of Meirionydd.

Lately published, "*The Nautical Magazine*;" being a register of Mars-
NO. XIV.

time Discoveries, Marine Surveys, &c." We understand the Welsh coast, the terrific features of which are well known, has attracted the attention of the editor.

The *Emporium of Literature, Science, and Belles Lettres*, has lately been published; comprising Essays on Natural, Moral, and Judicial Philosophy, &c. forming a compendium of polite, general, and elegant literature.

Mr. J. T. Jones has commenced publishing a "*Welsh Translation of Burkitt's Exposition on the New Testament*." It is printed by Mr. Jones, in Bangor.

"*The Portable Sudatory, or Hot-Air Bath, its utility in Cholera Morbus, &c.*" By M. LA BEAUME. Highley: London, 1832.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Rev. John Evans to the vicarage of St. Clears; patron, J. L. Phillips, esq. of Llwynerwn.

The Rev. Mr. Penfold to the living of Wordesley; and that of Kingswinford to the Rev. W. H. Cartwright; patron to both livings, the Earl of Dudley.

The Rev. J. Tucker, of Palm House, to the perpetual curacy of Charlton Abbots, Gloucestershire.

Ordinations. Messrs. David Harris, of Newchurch; John Lewis, of Aberystwyth; William Bawcett, of Brecon, late of St. David's College, Lampeter, by letts. dism. of the Bishop of St. David's, by the Lord Bishop of Bristol, on Sunday, January 15, at Almondsbury, Gloucester.

On Sunday, December 18, Mr. William James, of St. David's College, was ordained deacon, at St. Paul's, London, by the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, on the nomination of the Rev. B. Knight, M.A. Chancellor of Llandaff, as his assistant curate at Margam.

The Rev. Llewelyn Llewelin, D.C.L., Principal of St. David's College, to the vicarage of Penbryn, Cardigan, with the chapels of Bronllys and Bryngwyn, annexed; and the Rev. A. Ollivant, A.M. Vice Principal at St. David's College, to the vicarage of Llangeler; patron to both livings, the Lord Bishop of St. David's.

The Rev. Brisco Owen, M.A. second master of Beaumaris Grammar School, has been elected Fellow of Jesus' College, Oxford.

The Rev. Wm. Williams to the perpetual curacies of Spyty, Ystywth, and Ystradmeirig; patron, Earl Lisburne.

The Rev. John Brigstocke, A.M., to the valuable rectory of Barton, in the county of Pembroke; patron, the earl of Cawdor.

The Rev. Joseph Jones, to the rectory of Rhos Sili, in the county of Glamorgan, vacant by the avoidance of the Rev. Hugh Williams, preferred to the vicarage of Llanarth, Monmouthshire; patron, the King.

The Rev. J. Blackwell, of Jesus College, to the vicarage of Maenor Dewi, in the county of Pembroke; patron, the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. Ebenezer Morris, vicar of Llanelly, perpetual curate of Llanon and Llanddarog, in Carmarthen, and surrogate for the city and diocese of St. David's, to be one of the domestic chaplains to the earl of Lisburn.

The Rev. James Morgan, A.M., to the vicarage of Talgarth, in the county of Brecon; patrons, the Chapter and Canons of Windsor.

Denbighshire and Flintshire Auxiliary Trinitarian Bible Society. A meeting of this society was held at the town hall, in Denbigh, on Monday, the 5th of March. D. Pennant, jun. esq. in the chair. The chairman ably urged the necessity of forming the above society, unconnected with the Socinian sect. Several resolutions were proposed and adopted, and the meeting addressed by T. W. Edwards, of Rhyddlan, Copner Oldfield esq. and the Rev. J. Blackwell, of Holywell, the Rev. Mr. Bonner, Henllan, William Jones, esq. St. Asaph, and the Rev. Mr. Gwynne, Tremerechion. Many of the gentlemen present subscribed very liberally to the funds of the Society.

Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The Great Quarterly Association of this body was lately held in the town of Mold. Several impressive sermons were preached on the occasion, by the Rev. John Elias, the Rev. Ebenezer Richards, of Tregaron, (South Wales,) and several other ministers. The number of persons present far exceeded that of any similar meeting held in that town.

SIR SAMUEL RUSH MEYRICK.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on our valued correspondent, Dr. Meyrick, of Goodrich Court, the royal Guelphic order of knighthood, for his historic arrangement of the armour in the Tower of London and that in Windsor Castle. This well-earned distinction, which was due equally to his literary character and his position in society, had its origin with the Duke of Sussex, and the manner in which it has been conferred, must be highly gratifying to Dr. Meyrick.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

The Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons celebrated its One hundred and eighteenth anniversary at the Free Masons' Tavern, London, on Thursday, the 1st of March; the Right Hon. George Rice Trevor in the chair, supported by Lord Clive, Lord Kenyon, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir John Hanmer, Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, Sir Stephen Glynne, &c. &c. The company sat down to dinner shortly after six o'clock; the body of the great hall was crowded with natives of Cambria, and patrons of the Welsh Charity; the gallery was occupied by a military band, and facing the President at the extremity of the hall, sat our old friend William Prichard, who alternately, with the band, performed on the triple harp during the evening; and last, though not least, in the organ-loft we espied a large assemblage of beauty. Female loveliness ever adds to the Briton's glow of delight; but in the cause of soft charity, such a charity too as ours, how forcibly did we feel its influence! how did the light of their bright eyes thrill through our hearts! and when we quaffed our wine to sentiments most gratifying to our feelings, and most ably given by the chairman, in our ecstasy we looked upon them as ministering angels to the banquet, to its object, its admirable object—charity, in the most noble and extensive signification.

The following gentlemen, by their scientific assistance, vocal and instrumental, added greatly to the entertainments of the evening: Messrs. Parry, and Parry, jun., Smith, Bellamy, Fitzwilliam, Collier, &c. &c., and little Hughes, a child no more than five years old, of whose performance on the harp we shall have to speak presently.

On the withdrawal of the cloth, we were gratified with the impressive

"*Non Nobis Domine*;" we have seldom or ever heard it given more beautifully, certainly considering the limited strength of the performers, never sung so well. The President in a very energetic address gave "The King," (three times three,) who had directed his annual donation of one hundred guineas to be sent to the Treasurer: the roaring of the Cambrians, the din of glasses, and the deafening thunder of the tables, shewed pretty strongly of what sort of stuff the company consisted. Three or four years ago the King, when Duke of Clarence, presided as President of the Welsh Charity, and it was on this account especially, that His Majesty's health was drunk so rapturously, we had almost said tumultuously. When Welshmen have an honour conferred upon them, they do not soon forget it, though their mode of expressing it may not be, as our friend Parry has it, exactly *piano*.—After the noise had ceased; and the dust somewhat subsided, the President gave "The Queen," (three times three;) instead of exhaustion, our countrymen appeared to gather fresh strength from previous exertion, and it was some time before we could do more than discover Prichard bending over his harp; we did at length catch a few notes of some air (appropriate no doubt,) though what it was, we are ignorant to this hour.—After the elements of vociferous attachment had again ceased, the chairman gave "The Royal Family of England," (three times three:) this toast was received with due honour; at the conclusion of which Lord Clive addressed the company, stating he had that day received a note from Sir John Conroy, announcing that the Duchess of Kent had presented fifty pounds to the Charity. The stentorian accomplishments of the Taffies needed no other signal; once more the noise thundered through the great hall, and though the band commenced some march, even the "trumpet's loud bray" had no chance of obtaining a hearing; the cockney waiters stood aghast, and we doubt whether Cuff* himself had not sundry misgivings as to the safety of the building, for he made his appearance and "looked awfully surprised;" he might have been so, but we were not, we knew full well that under any circumstances the name of the Duchess of Kent would, in an association of Welshmen, be ever received with attachment; but when this unexpected example of her Royal Highness's bounty was announced to "sons of freedom," we felt certain that the health of the mother of the heir to England's throne would be received, under the especial circumstances of the case, as it should be; we really wish that some members of the royal family had been present; we wish they could know how much good the donation, from this admirable (and, we trust we may be allowed to add, most amiable) Princess has done; what ties of "downright Ancient British" regard it has effected, in addition to our former loyalty; we wish the royal Duchess could know, that in these days of political agitation how sincere is the attachment of the Ancient Britons to her and to her child. In one word, should ever the demons of irreligion and revolution seek to extend their sway in this country, we pray that the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria may never have a more inefficient or a less devoted body-guard, than the men of "Wild Wales."—Quartet, by Messrs. Parry, Bellamy, Fitzwilliam, and Smith, "Hail Star of Brunswick!"

The memory of his late Majesty, in silence, was drunk in a way well befitting the solemn and feeling address of the chairman, who announced to the company that George the Fourth had, from his earliest youth, extended his benevolence to the institution which was so near and dear to the hearts of his auditors, *that he had bestowed altogether upon the Welsh Charity between seven and eight thousand pounds!*

* The burly landlord of the Free Mason's Hall.

The following toasts were then drunk with every demonstration of respect: "The Duke of Wellington," who had filled the office of President, (three times three.)—Song, "The downfall of Paris." "The Principality of Wales," (three times three.)—Trio, "Cambria's Holiday." The President of the society, "Sir Watkin Williams Wynn," (three times three.)—Melody, by Prichard, on the Welsh harp, "Sir Watkin's Delight." "Lord Kenyon," (three times three.)—The military band played "Of a noble Race was Shenkin." "Sir Charles Morgan," (three times three.)—Air, "The Welsh Ground." "The Chairman," (three times three;) who, in returning thanks, appealed most forcibly, on behalf of the Charity, to the assembly.—Song, Mr. Bellamy.

The children were here introduced, and promenaded around the room, the band playing a march; their healthy and cleanly appearance elicited loud plaudits, and the ladies in the organ-loft loudly joined, by clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs; the entire scene was truly delightful: the children were marshalled near the president. A little minstrel was then introduced, and placed upon a table, without which elevation, the child could not have been seen: he is literally no more than five years old; he accompanied, on his harp, the children in an ode, which was uncommonly well sung; it is needless to say that this juvenile performance was loudly encored. The children then retired, and the infant lyrist was called upon to exhibit his skill in a solo, still mounted upon the table; he selected the pathetic air of "Ar hyd y Nos," with variations; we really are unable to give even an idea of the skill of this child: how his little fingers are capable of producing such sweet tones, and of executing the most rapid passages, must be explained by those better skilled in the science than we are; there is no boldness in his performance, it consists of remarkable softness, and the variations were given with considerable precision; in fine, if he continues to excel in proportion to his present precocious talents, he stands a good chance of becoming the Paganini of harpers. At the conclusion of this performance, Sir Watkin addressed the meeting, with great energy, on behalf of the charity.

The health of "Colonel Wood" given from the chair, with three times three.—Air, by William Prichard. "The Vice Presidents of the day," (three times three.) The Hon. Lloyd Kenyon returned thanks.—Comic song by Mr. Fitzwilliam. "The Stewards of the day, (three times three.) Mr. Lawrence, of Carmarthen, returned thanks.—Song, by Mr. Parry, jun. "The Ladies," three times three, (deafening applause.)—Trio, "Here's a Health to all good Lasses." "The Vice Treasurer," (three times three.) Mr. Serjeant Jones returned thanks. "The Chaplain," (three times three.) The vice chaplain returned thanks. Many other toasts followed, which space, not inclination, compels us to omit; a variety of songs, glees, &c. were given in excellent style.

The chairman announced, amidst tremendous applause, that Lord Mostyn was the president elect. Mr. Rice Trevor and his illustrious friends then left the hall, the band playing "God save the King," joined by hundreds of Cambrians, whose vocal harmony was not a little deranged by the loud and fervid effects of loyalty, and the juice of the grape.

A gentleman was then voted to the chair, who, on the company becoming reseated, called for several amateur songs; all hearts were gladdened: each man looked upon his neighbour as his brother; speechifying became the order of the day, and loud and boisterous was the declamation, yet all was harmony and friendship; a few choice spirits remained till a late, or rather we should say early, hour; and the interchange of not a few hats, great coats, and umbrellas, closed the celebration of St. David's day.

We have only to add that the subscriptions and donations were exceed-

ingly liberal, amounting to £1,154 10 6, doubtless, arising from the appeals made in its behalf, before and during the evening, in consequence of the pecuniary depression lately felt by this charity, in common with every other institution of a similar nature.

BIRMINGHAM.

The friends of the Birmingham St. David's Society assembled on the 1st of March, at Dee's hotel, to commemorate the eighth anniversary of their charity. In the regretted absence of the benevolent Earl of Plymouth, (who, by indisposition, was prevented attending,) the chair was taken by Daniel Ledsam, esq., supported by J. Taylor, esq., T. Lee, esq., F. Ledsam, esq., the Rev. C. Eckersall, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood; the charitable feelings thus socially uniting the friends of the institution were, in the course of the evening, much heightened by the introduction of the children, who had previously partaken of an excellent dinner, which is annually given them.

Mr. Edward Tilsley Moore stated to the committee, with deep regret, that the unpaid arrears of distant subscribers, and other causes, depressing to the funds of the Society, would render it difficult to retain even the present number of children in the school, and must exclude other applicants, though upwards of twenty urgently begged the extended benefits of their charity, in a district, too, where a numerous Welsh population employed in coal and iron works was, by accidents, &c., subjected to distress, unmitigated by any right to parochial relief.

The members of the Birmingham Cymmrodorion Society also assembled to celebrate "Cambria's Holiday," and while listening to the enlivening strains of her "mountain harp," felt that

"In torrid or frigid, wherever they roam,
No clime can estrange an old Cymmro's young home,
Though far from the mountains of Cambria they dwell,
Her melodies still o'er the heart have a spell."

It is highly creditable to this society, formed chiefly from the working classes, that a deficiency in their annual subscription to the St. David's school, which the pressure of the times might justify, was made up after dinner by a collection, leaving an overplus for the next year; this is the true love of Hên Gymru, which extends to her friendless children, and it is earnestly to be wished that such provincial societies should receive patronage and support, enabling them to be unfailing tributary streams to the parent fountain of philanthropy and patriotism, which has so long done honour to our metropolis.

LIVERPOOL.

The anniversary of the patron saint of Wales was celebrated on St. David's day, with all the customary honours. There was an examination of the pupils of the Welsh Charity school in the morning; the children afterwards, accompanied by the Welsh Benefit societies, went in procession, with music, flags, &c. to St. David's church, where service was performed in the Ancient British language. The friends of the Welsh schools dined at the Adelphi in the evening.

NEWTOWN.

St. David's day was celebrated by a splendid dinner at the Bear's Head Inn, to which a large party sat down; the day passed with great conviviality.

GLANLLYN.

St. David's day was celebrated this year at Glanllyn tavern, at the foot of Snowdon range. The gentlemen composing the party met in the morning, and had a fine day's hunting, and at four o'clock near thirty sat down to an excellent dinner. The cloth having been withdrawn, the chairman, Owen Griffith, of Tryfan, esq. supported in the vice chair by George Jonson, esq., gave "The King, God bless him." "The Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family." "The Army and Navy;"—song, by Mr. Bodvan Griffith, in which the company heartily joined in the chorus:

"He conquered all the foreign crew,
Upon St. David's day."

"The Lord Lieutenant of the County."—Song, by Mr. John Pritchard. "The High Sheriff of the County, (cheers.)"—Song, by the chairman. "The Members of the County and Borough."—Song, by Capt. Boileau. "The immortal memory of St. David."—A Welsh song, by Mr. Bodvan Griffith. "The Town and Trade of Carnarvon."—Song, by Mr. Jones. "The High Sheriff of Merionethshire," (cheers.)—Song, by Mr. Morris. "The Blue Veins of North Wales."—Song, by Mr. Edwards. Mr. Bodvan Griffith, in an excellent address, proposed "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg."—Song, by Mr. Hughes, "Undeb a brawdgarwch." Song, "The Maid of Llangollen," by Mr. Bodvan Griffith, in which he was encored; and the company then separated, highly delighted with the amusement of the evening.

LLANERCHYMEDD.

On St. David's day, the Druid Friendly Society assembled, and walked in procession, preceded by music and colours, to the church, where an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. Richards. After service, the Society returned to the Druid Arms, where they partook of an excellent dinner, at which W. P. Lloyd, esq. presided. The evening was passed with the utmost conviviality.

MENAI ASSOCIATION.

The members of this Association celebrated the anniversary at the Pantton Arms, *Penmynydd*, under the presidency of J. Rowlands, esq. supported by T. Owen, esq., (for W. Thomas, esq. absent from indisposition.) The company sat down to a most substantial dinner, and the following toasts and sentiments were given. "The King, the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family." "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese." "Lord Roden, and the Protestants of Ireland." "The pious memory of St. David." "Lord Anglesey, lord lieutenant of the County." "A Constitutional Reform in Church and State, uninfluenced by the King or his Ministers." "The High Sheriff, Sir John Williams, bart. of Ty Fry, *Y Gwr a biau'r nenbren*." "Jones Pantton, esq." "The Member for the County, Earl of Uxbridge." "His Majesty's Ministers, and may they do all the good that is expected from them." "Captain and Mrs. Stanley." "J. H. H. Lewis, esq." "J. Williams, esq. the founder of the Association, and regret at his absence." "The President." "The Vice President, and better health to him." "T. Owen, esq. and thanks to him for representing him." "The Secretary and Treasurer, O. Owens." "The Chaplain." The company did not separate till a late hour, highly pleased with the entertainment of

the day, anticipating the pleasure of meeting again for many years to come. The Vice President was elected President for the ensuing year, to be supported by the Rev. David Gryffydd.

CHELTEMHAM.

St. David's day was celebrated in the magnificent rotunda: a brilliant concert was given by Mr. H. Davies, the spirited proprietor of the Montpellier library, which was attended by nearly three hundred of the inhabitants and visitors of Cheltenham.

The orchestral department was well filled by the Montpellier band, assisted by Mr. Uglow, as leader, and several other performers; the whole having been ably conducted by Mr. Woodward. The concert commenced with a "Cydderdd, or Introductory Symphony," by Mr. Parry, in which were tastefully introduced the airs of "The Ash Grove," "The Allurements of Love," and "All ye Cambrian Youth." This was followed by the song and chorus of "Cambria's Holiday," by Miss Hart; and "The Maid of Llanwelyn," by Mr. Bishop, of Gloucester. With appropriate taste, the triple-stringed Welsh harp was introduced; it excited general curiosity, and the air of "Pen Rhaw, or the Spade Head," with variations, was played with great skill and spirit by Mr. J. Jones, of Brecknock, who appeared with the prize medals he had gained at the different Eisteddfods. Between the first and second parts, Mr. Jones played "Sweet Richard" on the harp; the rapidity of his execution in the variations was extraordinary. He afterwards introduced the favourite air of "Merch Megan," with variations.—"Tis the Step of my Morvydd," and "Green Isles of the Ocean," were sung by Mr. Leonard; "Taliesin's Prophecy," by Mr. Uglow; and an excellent duet, "The Summer Storm is on the Mountain," to the air of "Hob y deri dando," by Mr. Evans and Miss Hart. The song and chorus, "The Eisteddfod," displayed Mr. Bishop's fine voice to advantage, and was deservedly encored; but the chief beauty of the vocal performances was "The Rose of Llan Meilen," sung by Master Jewsbury in a manner that elicited the most enthusiastic applause, and a loud and unanimous encore.

THE ROSE OF LLAN MEILEN.

Air.—*Glan meddwdod mwyn.*

Sweet Rose of Llan Meilen! you bid me forget
That ever in moments of pleasure we met;
You bid me remember no longer a name
The muse hath already companion'd with fame;
And future *ap Gwilyms*,* fresh wreaths who compose,
Shall twine with the chaplet of song for the brows
Of each fair *Morveda*, Llan Meilen's sweet Rose.

* The allusion in the above stanza is to his attachment for Morvydd, or Morveda, the fair daughter of one Madog Lawgam. In his praise of his lady love, *ap Gwilym* "resembles the famous Petrarch in his sonnets to his fair Laura. The Demetian Nightingale (an appellation by which he was distinguished by his countrymen) was not outdone, for he wrote *an hundred and forty-seven poems* to Morvydd, which are much longer compositions than those of the Italian poet." See *Introduction to his Works*, by Dr. Pugh, p. 17.

Had the love I had loved, been inconstant or gay,
Enduring at most but a long summer's day,
Growing cold when the splendor of noontide hath set,
I might have forgotten that ever we met.

But long as *Eryri* its peak shall expose
To the sunshine of summer, or winter's cold snows,
My love will endure for Llan Meilen's sweet Rose.

Then bid me not, maiden, remember no more
A name which affection and love must adore,
'Till affection and love become one with the breath
Of life in the silent oblivion of death.

Perchance in that hour of the spirit's repose,
But not until then, when the dark eyelids close,
Can this fond heart forget thee, Llan Meilen's sweet Rose.

The selection concluded with the glee and chorus, "Sons of the Fair Isle,"
and "God save the King."

HOLYHEAD.

On the anniversary of St. David, a number of its friends met for its celebration, at the King's Head inn, where Mr. Spencer presided, and Mr. Johnstone filled the vice chair. After partaking of a most excellent dinner, the evening was spent in the utmost hilarity, and the company did not separate until a late hour. After "The immortal memory of St. David, the titular Saint," and the usual loyal toasts had been proposed from the chair, amongst others were drunk—Sir J. T. Stanley, bart.; the Lord Lieutenant of the county; W. O. Stanley, esq., and Mrs. Stanley; the Member for the County; the Town and Trade of Holyhead, &c. &c.

BEAUMARIS EISTEDDVOD.

The spirited and liberal President of the approaching Eisteddvod in Mona, Sir Richard Williams Bulkely, bart. M.P. is determined to do all in his power to render it a most brilliant one: the present intentions are to arrange the various amusements thus:

First morning, bards and minstrels. Evening, a concert.

Second morning, bards, &c. &c. Evening, a ball.

Third morning, harpers and pennillion singers. Evening, a concert.

Fourth morning, regata. Evening, a ball.

The President has authorized Mr. Parry, Bardd Alaw, to engage for the concerts Mr. and Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mr. and Miss Cramer, Mr. Horncastle, and Mr. Parry, Junr.; Mr. Nicholson, (flute,) Mr. Harper, (trumpet,) and Mr. Lindley, (violoncello.) The band to be completed by superior performers from Liverpool, &c. &c. Besides the subjects already advertised, the President offers ten guineas for the best elegy in Welsh, on the late patriotic Owen Jones, Myfyr. The Royal Cambrian Institution will present two medals, and the Gwyneddigion one, which will add to the interest of the Eisteddvod.

TRANSLATION OF THE "BRITA SAGUR" INTO SCANDINAVIAN.

In a report made to the Royal Dublin Society, by John D'Alton, esq., on the subject of Ancient British and Irish historical records in Denmark, Mr. D'Alton quotes, from a Danish letter received by him, the following interesting passage:

"There exists, further, at Copenhagen, old manuscripts, which form a

cyclus of the so called 'Brita Sagur,' or 'Tales of King Arthur of Britain,' whose expeditions to the north are accredited by Suhm and Schoning (the greatest historians of Denmark and Norway); also accounts of his court, its princes and heroes, as Ivan, Vigoles, Fertram, Perceval, Valoer, Erce, Elis, Tristram, &c. translated from the Welsh into the ancient Scandinavian language, by command of the Norwegian king, Hakon Hakonson, in the interval between the years 1218 and 1250. To these belong two prophetic poems of the Welsh prophet and magician Merlin, or Merdlin, the authenticity of which has been proved by Owen, Davies, More, and others."

SHERIFFS.

Shropshire. William Oakeley, of Oakeley Park, esq.

Cheshire. John Hurleston Leche, of Carden, esq.

Staffordshire. Sir Thos. Fletcher Fenton Boughay, of Aqualate, bart.

Herefordshire. John Freeman, of Gaines, esq.

Worcestershire. Joseph John Martin, of Ham Court, esq.

Montgomeryshire. Sir Charles Thos. Jones, of Broadway, knt.

Carnarvonshire. John Rowlands, of Plastirion, esq.

Anglesey. Sir John Williams, Tyfry, bart.

Merionethshire. William Turner, of Croycer, esq.

Denbighshire. Edward Lloyd, of Cefn, esq.

Flintshire. Sir John Hanmer, of Bettisfield Park, bart.

Breconshire. Jas. Price Gwynne Holford, of Buckland, esq.

Cardiganshire. Henry Lewis Edwardes Gwynne, of Lanlery, esq.

Caermarthenshire. John Lavelin Puxley, of Lletherllestry, esq.

Glamorganshire. F. Fredericks, of Dyffryn, esq.

Pembrokeshire. David Davies, of Caernacherwen, esq.

Radnorshire. Thomas Evans, of Llwynbarried, esq.

POPULATION RETURNS.

The following is a comparative account of the population of Wales in 1821 and 1831. 1821—717,438; 1831—805,236. Increase, 87,798.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

Jan. 8, at Llanbedrog, Carnarvonshire, the lady of Colonel Jones Parry, of a son and heir.—December 20, the lady of F. R. West, esq. M.P. of a daughter.—Jan. 6, the lady of the Rev. St. G. A. Williams, of Carnarvon, of a daughter.—Jan. 3, Mrs. Nicholas Treweek, of Carnarvon, of a son and heir.—December 25, Mrs. Roberts, of Penbol, Anglesey, of a son.—January 24, at Edern rectory, the lady of the Rev. J. P. Jones Parry, of a daughter.—The Countess of Denbigh of a son.—Lady Charlotte, wife of W. T. Egerton, esq. M.P., of a son and heir.—February 5, Mrs. Jones, wife of the Rev. J. T. Jones, of Pendre, Carnarvon, of a daughter.—At Llanstinan, Pembrokeshire, the lady of H. Owen, esq. M.P. of a son.—January 31, at Parkygroes, Cardiganshire, the lady of William Henry Webley Parry, jun. esq. of a son.—February 12, at Fern Hill, Caermarthenshire, the lady of William Tringham, esq. of a son.—February 27, at the rectory, Aberffraw, Anglesey, the lady of the Rev. John Roberts, of a daughter.—Same day, the lady of R. H. Barnston, esq. of Crewe Hill, of a son.—March 7, at Pine Grange, Staffordshire, the lady of Captain Majendle, of a daughter.—February 27, at Caversham Grove, Oxfordshire, the lady of Vincent Vaughan, esq. of a daughter.

Marriages.

Edward Hobhouse, esq. of the Guards, son of the late Sir B. Hobhouse, bart. to the Hon. Hester Charlotte Graves, daughter of the late Lord Graves.—David Jones, esq. banker, Caermarthen, to Miss Jones, of Baylybedw.—Henry

Touchett, esq. late of Lloyd Jack, Cardiganshire, to Charlotte Eliza, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Davies.—The Rev. John Williams, M.A. Fellow of Jesus Coll. Oxon. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Birley, esq. of Belsay house, Leamington.—John Jones, esq. of Vedw Lwyd, to Anna, fourth daughter of the Rev. Simon Lloyd, of Bala, Merionethshire.—Edward Servante, esq. captain in the Madras army, to Jane, daughter of Captain Daykin, Royal Montgomeryshire Militia.—Macmichael, esq. of Birmingham, to Eliza, third daughter of the late Benjamin Whitehouse, esq. of Redbrook Iron Works.—Mr. Davies, of Liverpool, to Alice Lloyd, youngest daughter of the late G. Davies, esq. of Bala.—At Christ church, St. Marylebone, and afterwards at the Catholic chapel, Spanish place, Wm. Buckley, esq. of the Madras army, to Emma, eldest daughter of the late G. W. Smythe, esq. of Acton Burnell, in the county of Salop.—Harry Mainwaring, esq. eldest son of Sir H. M. Mainwaring, bart. of Over Peover, to Emma, daughter of the late T. W. Tatton, esq. of Withenshaw, both in the county of Chester.—Sir Baldwin Leighton, bart. of Loton Park, to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Netherton Parker, esq. of Sweeny Hall, near Oswestry.—Edward D. Bennion, esq. surgeon, to Miss S. Roberts, of Union Place, Oswestry.—The Rev. William Squire Mirehouse, M.A. to Eliza Brunetta, only daughter of the late G. A. Herbert, esq. of Glanhafren, Montgomeryshire.—Robert Parry Pugh, esq. only son of John Wynn Pugh, esq. late of Garthmaelon, near Dolgelley, to Anne, second daughter of the late John Jones, esq. of Cwymbychanbach, near Machynlleth.—Mr. William Price, of the Broak Oak, to Miss Craven, of Brunnington.—Wm. Jones, esq. of Aberhirnant, to Anne, fourth daughter of Owen Owens, esq. of Bala.—Robert Anwyl, esq. of Bodgynwch, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Tho. Williams, of Plas Ashpool, Denbighshire.—W. Owen Stanley, esq. son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, bart. to Ellen, youngest sister of Sir John Williams, bart. of Bodlewyddan.—Frederick Brandstrom, esq. solicitor, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. George Matthews, Tynyrhelig, Newtown.—Major-General the Hon. Henry King, to Catherine, daughter of the late Rev. E. Phillips, of Lampeter, Pembrokeshire.

Deaths.

December 18, Stansall Williams, esq. veterinary surgeon, Bath.—At Brecon, Griffith James, esq. land surveyor.—At Cardigan, Capt. E. Penrose.—January 1, at Peniarth, Merionethshire, Owen, third son of W. Wynne, esq. of that place.—January 3, Mrs. Williams, of Gwyssaney Hall, near Mold.—December 30, Mr. David Hughes, surgeon, St. Asaph.—January 4, Mr. E. H. Williams, of the Stamp Office, Bangor.—January 2, at Treiddon, Anglesey, O. Prichard, esq.—January 12, William Williams, esq. of Bryngoleu, near Pwllheli.—January 7, at Carnarvon, Joseph William, fourth son of Captain Haslam.—January 13, at Nannerch cottage, Thomas Mostyn Edwards, esq. of Kilken Hall, Flintshire.—At Stourbridge, Dame Elizabeth, relict of the late Sir John Evans, knt., of Erbistock Hall, Flintshire.—January 12, Mary Bate, of Worthenbury.—January 4, at Greenwich-park, aged 46, Captain Benjamin Backhouse, formerly of the Royal Welsh Fusileers.—January 11, at Tredwr, Cardiganshire, D. Rees, esq. M.D.—January 7, aged 102, Mr. Hugh Evans.—January 22, aged 69, Griffith Griffith, esq. Dolgelley.—January 26, at Aberystwith, John Nathaniel Williams, esq. of Castle Hill.—January 17, at Balaam's Heath, near Munslow, Shropshire, Mary Sargeon, aged 104 years.—January 12, at Llandovery, Thomas Bishop, esq. solicitor.—January 12, at Bwll Glas, Mold, William Matthews, esq.—January 31, at the Bell Inn, Brecon, B. Williams, esq. of Troscod, Breconshire.—At Plasbach, Kille Ayron, Cardiganshire, Margaret, second daughter to the late Rev. D. Jones, rector of that parish.—February 3, at the rectory, Trowbridge, in his 78th year, the Rev. George Crabbe, L.L.B., the distinguished poet. He was the oldest living British bard, and has added to our national literature many poems of almost unequalled vigour and beauty.—February 8, at Trevorgan, near Cardigan, Evan Davies, esq.—February 17, Thomas Picton St. George, only son of the Rev. St. George A. Williams, Carnarvon.—February 3, at Barmouth, aged 85,

Mrs. Owen, relict of the late Watkin Owen, esq.—February 4, Mrs. Jones, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Jones, of Carmarthen.—February 6, the Rev. J. Hersing, minister of the Baptist connexion, Cardigan.—February 9, at the Ferry Side, Mrs. Margaret Bowen, eldest daughter of Thomas Edwards, esq. of Berthllwyd.—January 23, on the North Parade, Bath, Elizabeth, relict of the late Thomas Brereton, esq. of Pickhill, Denbigh.—February 23, at his house, 41, Berkeley square, London, aged 70, Owen Williams, esq. of Craig y don, in the county of Anglesea, M.P. for Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire.—July 28, in India, G. P. Lloyd, esq. of the 2d regiment of B. N. Cavalry, Brigade Major at Cawnpore.—February 20, at Monmouth, Lieutenant Burton, R.N.—At Cardigan, Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Rev Griffith Thomas, vicar of Cardigan.—At Dolgelly, Mrs. Price.—February 22, at Mynydd Ednyfed, near Criccieth, the Rev. O. Jones, M.A. late rector of Criccieth.—At Harlyn, Cornwall, Mrs. Peter, relict of H. Peter, esq.—March 3, at the Cottage, Bangor, Mrs. Owen, relict of the late Rev. T. E. Owen, rector of Llandyfrydog, Anglesey.—Feb. 12, Sarah, second daughter of the late Mr. Christopher Llewelyn, surgeon, Llany-mynech.—February 12, at Mwrog Cottage, Ruthin, Mrs. Jones, aged 82, late of Argoed Hall, Mold.—February 27, at Fir Court, Churchstoke, in her 66th year, Miss Margaretta Maria Downes. This lady, from her early infancy, was afflicted with the dropsy, to be relieved from which she underwent operations one hundred and fourteen times!—February 27, in London, John Ennis, esq. formerly of Oswestry.—March 2, Edward Edwards, esq. solicitor, Oswestry.—March 7, at Mount-hazel, near Carnarvon, the Rev. G. B. Lewis.—March 4, at Corwen, Mrs. Morgan, widow of the late Richard Morgan, vicar of Llanfawr.—January 7, at Old Ford, Richard Evans, esq. of Queen street, Cheapside, aged 39. He was born at Lanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, an obscure locality, which also claims the honour of being the birth-place of the late Dr. Rees, editor of the Encyclopedia. Mr. Evans's powerful and active mind overbalanced the energies of a delicate and weak constitution, predisposed to the insidious attack of consumption: during a protracted and severe illness his unexampled patriotism and anxiety to promote the diffusion of useful knowledge amongst the Welsh, continued unabated to his last breath. In the vicinity of one of his warehouses he had established a little colony of Welsh, consisting of more than twenty families, supplied with medicine and medical attendance at his own expense. Lectures were also delivered in the Welsh language, once a week, on Mechanics. At the time of his demise, Mr. Evans was president of the Cymreigyddion, and conservator of the ancient Welsh mas. of the Royal Cambrian Society. He has left a widow, but no children, to deplore his irreparable loss.—July 11, abroad, aged 37, Lieut. William Williams, formerly of Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, and late of the Brazilian Naval Service.—February 13, at Great Malvern, after a long and severe illness, Sarah, the lady of Harford Jones Brydges, bart. of Boulthbrook, near Prestigne, Radnorshire.—February 12, after a short illness, in the 65th year of her age, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Williams Hughes, esq. of Tregib, Carmarthenshire, and daughter and sole heiress of the late Richard Phillips, of the Platt Mills in the same county.

PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 80; Glamorganshire, 290; Monmouthshire, 198; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 165.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Closing price, March 28. Austrian 90; Brazilian, 45½; Buenos Ayres, 20; Chilean, 16½; Colombian, 1824, 12; Danish, 67½; Greek, 20½; Mexican, 6 per cents. 31½; Peruvian, 11; Portuguese, 50; Prussian, 1822, 100; Russian, 1822, 97½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 13½; ditto 1823, 13; Dutch, 42½; French Rentes, 69.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut; 3 per cent. cons. 63½; 3½ per cent. 90½; 3 per cent. red. shut; 3½ per cent. red. shut; 4 per cent. shut; Long Annuities, shut.

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ON THE NECESSITY FOR A COMMERCIAL CODE, AND
OF MERCHANT-JUDGES.

To the RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX,
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR; &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

IN my last letter to your lordship, on the expediency of “An universal State Insurance, as combined with the establishment of a more vigorous and effective Rural Police, and as conducive to the gradual reduction of the Poor Rates,” I took occasion to advert to the policy of adopting those portions of the French preventive and judicial system of Police, which the exigencies of the times seem to require, and which appear to me to be the least discordant to our habits and institutions.

Pardon me for again presuming to request your lordship to cast another glance across the channel, for the purpose of comparing the French and English systems of commercial jurisprudence.

To that enlightened judge and statesman, who has not disdained to introduce into his Bill for the creation of courts of local judicature, the preliminary “*Conciliation*” of the French code, in the place of our old “*Imparances*,” originally intended for the same benevolent and conciliatory purpose, nothing I am persuaded will appear contemptible or unworthy of consideration merely because it is French; but every suggestion for the improvement of our civil polity will be measured by its own intrinsic merit, without reference to the quarter from whence it comes.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri:—but, thank God! France and England are no longer enemies. There now exists no contention

between these two great countries, but the honourable rivalry of striving to surpass each other in the sciences, in the useful arts, and in general civilization and improvement. But if any one, through the leaven of national jealousy, should object to the introduction of any reform whatever from France into our institutions, I would beg leave to remind him that the entire fabric of that venerable, but gothic and antiquated edifice, the Law of England, as based on the feudal system, is of *Norman* architecture, and principally constructed of materials drawn from that country. I do not mean to dispute its perfect adaptation to the purposes of the times in which it was built, but *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*; and it must be admitted that many of our old feudal laws and customs are as little congruous with the prevailing ideas, and improved civilization of the present day, as the paved hall, the donjon-keep, the loophole windows, and turreted chambers of the ancient Gothic castles, are reconcilable to modern comfort and convenience. There can be no disgrace then in having it said of us a *third* time, that "*Gallia causedicos docuit facunda Britannos.*" Let France and England borrow reciprocally of each other whatever may be worthy of imitation in the political institutions hitherto peculiar to either.

To those foreigners who visit England to study our Constitution and our laws, there is nothing which seems so astonishing as that the first commercial country in the world should have remained to this day without any regular, properly digested, and uniform system of mercantile jurisprudence.

The want of a commercial code seems indeed to be pretty plainly admitted by ourselves, in the recourse which is had to the trial of all mercantile questions of importance before a special jury of merchants; by the modern institution of the anomalous jurisdictions of the Insolvency and Bankruptcy Courts, and by the constant reference to what is called "*the custom of merchants*," whenever it happens that no case in point can be found amid the countless volumes of our often confused, and sometimes contradictory Reports. But, independently of the objections on the score of expense and uncertainty, the advantages resulting from a special jury of merchants, and from the Insolvent and Bankrupt Courts, appear to be principally confined to the metropolis.

It may be worth while, then, my lord, to inquire whether any part of the French Code of Commerce might be advantageously introduced into this country, for the amelioration, both in principle and practice, of our '*Lex Mercatoria*,' if indeed, at present, we can be said to have any such law.

I am induced to solicit your lordship's indulgent attention to the comparison I am about to make, not only with a view to the

improvement of our law-merchant, but with the further object of improving also the public revenue to the extent of at least a million a year.

The compilers of the "*Code Napoleon*," or, as it is now called, "*Le Code Civil des François*," have deemed it expedient to frame for the commercial community of France, a system of mercantile legislation peculiar to itself, as a body of merchants and tradesmen, to which they have given the name of the "*Code du Commerce*."

The distinguishing features of this code are, the institution of commercial courts, presided by merchant-judges, elected by, and out of the principal "*Commerçants*" of the district,—the cheapness and prompt despatch of business in these courts,—the rules which the code prescribes for the mercantile conduct of persons engaged in commerce,—and the provisions which it enacts, in cases of failure and bankruptcy.

I propose to consider the advantages of the "*Code du Commerce*" under each of these four heads, and first, of

I. *Commercial Judges.*

In every district of France, corresponding in extent with the limits of our English counties, there sits in the principal town, a "*Tribunal du Commerce*," specially and exclusively destined for the decision of all commercial questions, and for the recovery of all debts between tradesmen and merchants. This, in some sort, domestic forum, is composed of at least three judges (the number of course proportioned to the population,) who are merchants or opulent tradesmen, elected by a majority of the "*notables commerçants*" of the district. These electors are directed to consist of those heads of firms who have been the longest established in business, and who are, at the same time, the most commendable for their probity, regularity, and economy. The list of the electors is formed out of the names of all the commercial inhabitants of the district, by the prefect of the department or province, and, before the day of election, is submitted to the revision and approbation of the crown, in the person of the *Ministre de l'Interieur*, who, as your lordship is aware, is the Secretary of State for the Home Department, so that, though the election is popular, the crown still retains its proper power of control over the formation of the electoral assemblies. The functions of these judges being purely honorary and gratuitous, they remain only two years in office, and on their retiring in rotation, their places are filled up by the election of others. As the judges thus chosen reside in or near the town where the commercial tribunal holds its session, and, as it frequently happens that either themselves or their relations are interested in the point at issue, an equal number of supplementary judges

are elected at the same time, and in the same manner, in order to supply their places in such cases, and on other unavoidable occasions.

A court is thus constituted, which costs the country nothing; a court most admirably adapted to bring home speedy justice to every man's door, at little or no expense, instead of forcing him to purchase it at an extravagant price from the *officina justitiæ*, or "justice-shop," as it has been called, of the capital; a court, the decisions of which are likely to prove the most satisfactory to the suitors, since they are pronounced by judges, who, like arbitrators, are of their own election, and are also of their own condition. It may be said, indeed, to be the very perfection of the trial *per pares*: nor should it be forgotten that it possesses this further advantage, that in elevating those merchants who are most distinguished for their long-tried integrity, and honourable conduct, to the dignity of the judicial office, it throws around the commercial character a degree of lustre and public consideration, which must produce the happiest effects.

The wise policy of our ancestors seems to have been fully aware of the expediency of those commercial courts, in which merchants and tradesmen sat as judges. Accordingly we find that all the ancient charters given by our British sovereigns to our cities, and in most cases also to other towns and boroughs, when considered of sufficient commercial importance, contained the grant of a court of local jurisdiction, of which the mayor and aldermen, or the bailiff and common-councilmen, were constituted the judges. These courts also were invested with some peculiar and exclusive privileges for the special protection of trade, and differing from the common law of England; such is what is called the proceeding by *foreign attachment*, &c.

The little commerce which was then carried on in England, appears to have been confined to these isolated and incorporated communities. These corporation courts therefore, at that period, answered every desirable purpose; but now that commerce has become more extended and important, and our consideration of its interests more enlarged, they are found to be too much cramped and confined in their operation, and have consequently fallen almost entirely into disuse, except for the trial of small matters, under forty shillings value. Let the principle then be preserved, but let it be diffused over a wider field of action, and on a more liberal scale, as in France. And, above all, let a new code of commerce be framed, to suit the present times, and the exigencies of our commercial relations.

II. *Of the Cheap and Prompt Despatch of Business in the Commercial Courts of France.*

These advantages will be perceptible when we find that the proceedings are summary, *divested of all technicalities*, and that the ministry of professional lawyers is dispensed with, though not prohibited. Delays are always dangerous, and more particularly so in trade; all therefore that the French commercial code enjoins the plaintiff in commencing his suit to do, is to cause his adversary to be served with a summons to appear, at a short delay; which citation contains a brief, but clear and intelligible statement of the cause of action, and which, if he pleases, he may himself prepare, and which is served by one of the officers of the court, *instantly*. Now, to effect this first step in a cause, in England, the plaintiff, as is well known, is obliged to have recourse to very complicated legal machinery. First, if he resides in the country, he is to apply to his country attorney, who begins with what is called "*taking instructions*." This gentleman then writes these 'instructions' to another attorney in London, called his town agent, who *attends* and purchases the writ at the proper office, and sends it down into the country enclosed in a letter. A copy of this writ is then served on the defendant, and an affidavit of such service is made. But after all, the copy of the writ conveys no very explicit information to the defendant, of the real case of action. To become acquainted with this he is obliged to wait for a particular of the plaintiff's demand, and for the declaration, before he is in a condition to *plead*, or answer the summons. It is thus seen, that notwithstanding the late improvements, this triple process is as grievous as it is unnecessary, since the French *assignation*, as the summons is termed, answers all the useful purposes of the English writ, particular, and declaration.

The plaintiff and the defendant appear before the French commercial court on the day specified, either personally, or by some persons who represent them under a special power of attorney, which power the plaintiff may give at the bottom of the summons. The defendant then makes his defence, and the cause is immediately tried and decided, unless it be necessary to adduce evidence on either side, in which case an early day is appointed for that purpose.

If the contest arise, (as in commercial causes frequently happens to be the case,) on a dispute respecting the quality of merchandize, or the proper performance of work, the point is referred to an "*Expert*," that is, a person skilled in such matters, either mutually appointed by the parties, or nominated *ex officio* by the court, on the principle that *cuilibet in sua arte est credendum*. In the same manner, if the question be a disputed

account, it is referred to an arbitrator accountant, named like the Expert, and these referees are directed to conciliate the parties, "*si faire se peut*," if not, they respectively make their reports at a given day to the court, and on these reports the cause is decided. This saves the expense of bringing forward a host of contradictory witnesses, and consequently prevents frequent perjuries.

If the action be brought on a bill of exchange, or promissory note, there is no necessity to call witnesses to prove the defendant's handwriting, for either it must be his signature, or a forgery. If the defendant pleads that his name is forged, the civil suit is stayed, until the trial of the forgery before a court of criminal jurisdiction. If he makes no *inscription en faux*, he necessarily admits the signature to be his writing, and all proof therefore becomes obviously superfluous. Thus no costs are uselessly incurred in adducing witnesses to prove signatures, which are not denied.

When the judges come to a decision, the president pronounces the judgment, and delivers his *plumitif*, or minute of it, in writing, authenticated by his signature, to the Greffier, or Registrar, who enters it on record. The judgment contains a short statement of the facts, the application of the law to these facts, and the *dispositif*, or decision, succinctly, but clearly announced, in plain intelligible language. This prevents any difficulty in drawing up the sentence or decree, which, in some of the highest courts in this country, frequently occurs.

If the sum in dispute does not exceed a thousand francs, or forty pounds sterling, the judgment is definitive. If it exceed that amount, an appeal lies to the *Cour Royale*, but all judgments of the Tribunal of Commerce may, under special circumstances, be directed to be executory *non obstant appel*, and the discretionary power of examining the parties themselves, dispenses with the necessity of a court of equity.

III. *Of the Rules prescribed by the Code for the Mercantile Conduct of Persons engaged in Commerce.*

It must be admitted to be the duty of every person in trade to keep regular books of his commercial transactions. The utility, and indeed the indispensable necessity of this is so obvious, as to need no comment. But yet the municipal law of England does not prescribe this duty to her merchants and tradesmen, as a positive rule of action. The inconveniences which arise from this omission are frequently most mischievous, more particularly in cases of bankruptcy.

By the French code of commerce, art. 8, all persons engaged in trade are bound to keep a journal, in which shall be entered,

day by day, their debts and credits, their commercial operations and transactions, their signatures to notes, their acceptances and indorsements, and generally a minute of all that is received or paid of every description whatsoever. It must also contain a statement, month by month, of all household expenses, and all this, independently of the other ledgers and account-books usually kept, but which are not indispensably prescribed by the law. They are further required to keep a letter-book, containing copies of all letters written by them, and to file regularly all the letters they receive from their correspondents. Again, they are enjoined by the Code to take, once in every year, an inventory, or account of stock, as also of their real and personal estate, debts, credits, and effects, and to copy this into a book, specially destined for this purpose, and to keep these books carefully for the period of ten years.

By these prudent regulations, the affairs of a "*Commerçant*" are prevented from ever getting into a state of confusion. To preclude the possibility of fictitious entries being made, *ex post facto*, all interlineations, erasures, and marginal interpolations, are strictly prohibited; and further, these books are subjected to the *visa* of a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce of the district, who marks the same by the initials of his name, or his *paraphe*, as it is termed. Nor does this exhibition of the books betray any of the secrets of trade to the inspecting judge, who does not peruse the entries, but merely identifies the book by the signature of his initials.

Any omission or irregularity in keeping these account-books is visited with the severest punishment by

IV. *The Provisions enacted in Cases of Failure and Bankruptcy.*

Every person in trade who suspends his payments for three days, is held to be in a state of failure, and his property is immediately sequestered for the purpose of being divided among the mass of his creditors, by order of the Tribunal of Commerce. But, if he has committed no fraud, and has neither neglected nor infringed any of the regulations prescribed for his commercial conduct, his stoppage is considered a misfortune, and not a crime or delinquency, one or other of which are requisite to constitute a *bankruptcy*, as this word in the French code always implies criminality or culpability, according to circumstances.

There are two species of bankruptcy in the French sense of the term,—a simple bankruptcy, and a fraudulent bankruptcy. If the "*failli*," or party who has failed, has been excessively extravagant in his household or personal expenses, an account of which he is bound, as we have seen, to insert in his day-book;

if he has lost large sums at play, or in operations of pure hazard; if, after it results from his last inventory, or taking of stock, that his debts exceeded his credits by fifty per cent., it should also appear that he has taken up considerable sums of money on loan, or resold merchandize at a loss, or under the current price; if he has issued bills for money to thrice the amount of his credits, according to his last inventory; if he has not, within three days after stopping payment, declared himself in a state of failure to the Tribunal of Commerce; if he does not appear before his assignees within the time prescribed for that purpose; or if his books shall have been irregularly kept, but without fraud. In each of these several cases the law declares the delinquent guilty of *simple bankruptcy*, which subjects him, on conviction before a criminal court, to the punishment of one month's imprisonment at the least, or two years at the most, at the discretion of the judges before whom he is convicted; the costs of the prosecution to be borne by the mass of the creditors.

A fraudulent bankruptcy consists in the entry of

1. Any fictitious losses, or expenses, or in failing to account for the employment of all receipts.
2. In the secretion of any sum of money, bill, merchandize, or effects.
3. In fabricating any fictitious sale, transaction, or gift.
4. In creating any fictitious debts to collusive creditors, without cause or value.
5. In purchasing real or personal property under a borrowed name.
6. In concealing his books, or
7. In not having kept any books.

The punishment for fraudulent bankruptcy, is a condemnation to the *travaux forcés à temps*, that is, to the galleys, or to hard labour in the public works, for a limited time, generally seven or fourteen years. *Collusive creditors are declared to be accomplices in the fraudulent bankruptcy, and are subjected to the same penalty.*

These enactments, it must be admitted, are extremely severe, but they tend to enforce order, method, and regularity in all commercial transactions, and provide an effectual check to curb that bane of commerce, the creation of fictitious credit. There is, besides, much good policy in subjecting the collusive creditor to the same punishment as the fraudulent bankrupt.

The division of delinquencies in bankruptcy into two separate classes, cannot be too much commended; for, whilst gross im-

prudence, reckless extravagance, and culpable irregularity, are punished as commercial misdemeanours, the extreme vengeance of public justice is directed only against fraud, and fraudulent concealment, which the criminal law of France justly considers as a robbery.

But the great merit of this system consists in the rigour with which the duty of keeping regular accounts is enforced upon all persons in trade, which alone serves to prevent many a failure, by bringing the precise state of a man's affairs every day regularly before his eyes. My limits will not allow me to notice many other advantages of the French code; but I must not omit to mention, that, whilst the expenses of what is called in England "working a commission of bankruptcy," are estimated at about two hundred pounds, these charges in France do not amount to one eighth part of this sum; whilst, what is of still greater importance, the business is brought to a far more speedy termination, and the system is applicable, not only to the bankruptcies of merchants and opulent tradesmen, but also to the petty failures of the smaller retail shopkeepers, who, in this country, are excluded from the benefit of the bankrupt laws, as well from the required amount of the petitioning creditor's debt, viz. £100, as the heavy costs attendant on the commission.

What part of these French laws may, with advantage, be engrafted into our own system, is a point I would readily submit to your lordship's consideration; but of this I am sure, that a commercial code, and more particularly the institution of local commercial courts, on a liberal basis, uniting cheap and summary legislation, would be hailed as a blessing by the great body of the commercial community of Great Britain.

If it should be deemed expedient to institute Tribunals of Commerce in this country, it would then, in order to ascertain what persons are properly cognizable before such a jurisdiction, as well as for the purpose of forming proper electoral lists, become necessary to require all those who are engaged in any trade or business, in short, all persons subject to the operation of the bankrupt laws, to register their names, addresses, and particular occupations, at some public office. And here this registration might be made subservient to fiscal purposes for the increase of the revenue, by imposing a graduated scale of stamp duties on the certificates of such registration, which in France are called "*patentes*," and are divided into several grades or classes. In England there might be six.

The first class, for instance, should comprise all those merchants, bankers, and great manufacturers, who constitute what is called in France "*La Haute Commerce*;" and on the certificates of such it might not be too much perhaps to impose an

annual stamp duty of twenty guineas; on the second, twelve; on the third, six; on the fourth, four; on the fifth, three; and on the sixth, one.

The judges of the commercial court of London should be elected exclusively by and out of the electors of the first class; those of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and other great towns, from the first and second; and in other districts, from the first, second, and third classes collectively.

I am ready to admit that the imposition of a tax, which is to bear exclusively on any particular body or order of men, without annexing to it a commensurate advantage, would be too odious and unpopular to be supported. But the concession of commercial privileges, by a new code of commerce, and the institution of commercial courts, would be considered, in the real advantages to be derived from it, as far more than an equivalent, even in a pecuniary point of view, for the trifling annual stamp-duty on the certificates.

An attempt was made, during Mr. Pitt's administration, by the imposition of the shop-tax, to subject the commercial community to a distinct taxation, but this was abandoned on account of its pressing with peculiar severity on the lower class of retail shopkeepers; neither was it accompanied with any improvement of our commercial system of jurisprudence, to render the impost in any degree palatable. The plan now proposed is free from both these objections.

Nor should it be forgotten that those gentlemen of the law, who practise as attornies, and who form, in some sort, a portion of the commercial body, inasmuch as they are liable to the bankrupt laws, as money scriveners, are already subjected to a stamp-duty on their certificates, of £12 a year, if practising in London, and £8 if in the country.

Now there certainly can be no good reason assigned why attornies should be thus taxed, which does not apply with equal force to medical practitioners, bankers, merchants, and tradesmen. All should be taxed, or none. Indeed, attornies have one peculiar plea for their exemption, which cannot be urged by any of the others: they have already contributed largely to the revenue, in the heavy stamp-duties imposed on their articles of clerkship, and on their admission as attornies or solicitors of their respective courts.

I have the honour to remain,
My lord,
Your lordship's very obedient humble servant,
E. W.

[We have cheerfully inserted the foregoing letter of our able correspondent as our leading article, not only inasmuch as it is most discreetly addressed to that preeminently gifted nobleman who so ably fills the highest judicial situation in the country, but because it is very evident that the writer has thought long and deeply upon a subject which must, at all times, be interesting to a people who were, with something approaching to truth, called by the memorable Napoleon, *a nation of shopkeepers*. We must, however, put in our protest against the imposition of any tax, however small, by way of certificate to carry on business, which would bear upon the trading interests of the kingdom, and be universally considered as an impost upon industry; which at all times is odious, and which must, be it remembered, be ultimately paid by the consumer.

The Editor of this Magazine has experienced tolerably extensive travel and lengthened residence in various parts of the European continent, and has frequently been struck with the apparent facility with which not only the commercial law, but various other legal affairs in France are administered; and he has on such occasions been led to wonder why Great Britain, so far advanced in civilization, and so apt to adopt any improving principles in the various business of life, in the arts and sciences, &c., should have allowed herself, as regards her laws, to scramble along for so many centuries in the old up and down, and round about, fashion, amidst endless obscurity and confusion. This fact is not only applicable to our commercial laws, but to our whole civil and criminal code.

It appears to us that in respect of criminal law, we have, until a very recent period, not only not advanced, but that we have absolutely retrograded. And yet, were a stranger to judge of the wholesomeness of our statute books, for example, by their extensive and formidable appearance, he might be led to presume that we had possessed the grossest and most unjust system of laws in former times, which had rendered necessary nearly all the voluminous enactments which are shewn to his astonished view as the works of modern lawgivers. But the very reverse of this is the case: nothing can be more clearly or more concisely defined than many of the older statutes. *Magna Charta* and the famous *Bill of Rights*, are worthy of Solomon or Solon.

But it is when we look further on into the statutes, that we find laws made as if for the especial purpose of mystifying and darkening every object they treat upon. This second period of our legislation was the primary cause of those endless Acts of parliament with which the country has ever since been cursed; and was attributable to the fact that the clerks and lawyers of that ignorant period were the only persons, excepting the monks, who could read and write, and who consequently framed laws adapted to bear hard upon the people, which latter, when they sought redress in the courts, found the avenues of justice so choked with the poisonous weeds of avarice and oppression, that it was difficult to obtain access to them, and still more difficult, when once within their walls, to escape from them without being visited by robbery and ruin.

Then come we to the third period of legislation, viz. the times of the four Georges, during whose reigns more Acts of Parliament were made than in those of all the monarchs who had preceded them. And what do these statutes begin by evincing? Sound legislature? profound, statesmanlike, philosophical, and practically useful views? By no means. On the contrary, the first portion of these Acts was so obscurely framed, their

enactments so inaccurately laid down, and their language so contradictory and unintelligible, that it was found necessary to add statute after statute to *explain, amend, enlarge, or confirm*, as the case might be, those which had preceded them! Thus we went on blundering and wallowing in the mire we had created for ourselves, *ad infinitum*, which was long ago most properly defined as the peculiar number of fools. But the legislators of that long and grievous period have not only to be charged with all this folly, but with the heinous offence of having based their laws upon the principle of the bloody code of Draco. It was found necessary, (so said these law-makers in many of their preambles,) as commerce increased, to visit the frequent offences of stealing in dwelling houses, and shops, and from the person, with DEATH! This barbarous law was acted upon for many years, with how much efficacy the Newgate Calendar, as well as those of other prisons in populous neighbourhoods, will shew. In fact it was proved at every Old Bailey sessions, and country assizes, that the severity of the punishment did not by any means diminish the number of cases.

During a part of this period, it happened that one *Mary Jones*, (a name certainly not unmusical to Cambrian ears,) was indicted under the Shop-lifting act, for *stealing*, mark the words of the indictment, from a tradesman's counter, a piece of coarse linen, of very trifling value. She was found guilty, and executed; and the circumstances of her case present an appalling picture of cruelty, not to be exceeded in the annals of human tyranny. The prosecution of this unfortunate woman took place at the time when press warrants were issued on account of the alarms then entertained about the Falkland Islands. The husband of Mary Jones was pressed, and one of his creditors immediately seized her slender stock of goods and chattels, selling her bed from under her, while she was turned into the street, with two infants, a forlorn widowed wife, and an outcast beggar. Her age was barely nineteen, and she was remarkably handsome. Notwithstanding that she was indicted for *an actual theft*, the evidence did not go further than to prove that she went into a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and endeavoured to slip it under her cloak; that the shopman saw her, when she replaced it on the counter; and for this she was *hanged!* gracious God! and dared her prosecutors to look for mercy at the hands of their Creator, having denied it to this poor Welsh girl! In her defence she told the court—“*I lived in comfort, and wanted for nothing, till a pressgang came and stole my husband from me; but since then I have had no bed to lie on, and nothing to give my children to eat, though they be starving, and almost naked. I know I have done wrong, but I did not know what I did at the time; grief had crazed me.*” The parish-officers testified the truth of her story; but it was urged against her, that, as there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate, another example of death was necessary, and the wretched Mary Jones was told she must be hanged for the satisfaction of a few tradesmen on Ludgate hill. But come we to the accursed conclusion. When brought up to receive the sentence of the court, she was in such a frantic state as proved her reason had vanished; yet was she taken to Tyburn, and executed, or rather murdered, in a state of unconscious delirium, whilst her youngest infant was sucking at her breast, until rudely torn from that fountain which alone should have supplied nourishment for its helpless existence!

It was truly said afterwards by Sir William Meredith, in the House of Commons, that “take all the circumstances together, I do not believe a fouler murder was ever committed against law, than the murder of this

woman *by law*." However we thank God that we live in times, when an execution for such a crime would not be sanctioned by the authorities, or permitted by the people.

We had intended to have said a word or two upon the subject of the law in operation against forgery; but our space will not permit of our doing more, at present, than to promise to give our readers, in due time, a series of articles on the state of our civil and criminal code, which we intend to consider separately; and we hope we may be enabled to point out certain defects, and also to suggest such measures of amendment as may not prove unworthy the consideration of the legislature, or unacceptable to our friends.]

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON'S ODE.

Εἰς Ἀύραν.

(*On his Lyre.*)

ATREUS' sons I would rehearse,
Cadmus too, in lofty verse;
But my lyre, with tender tone,
Love responds, and love alone.
Late I changed the wanton wire,
And the instrument entire,
Labouring Hercules to sing,
But, alas! the stubborn string,
Love's sweet toils alone would tell,
Henceforth, heroes, fare ye well!
Since my lyre, with tender tone,
Love responds, and love alone.

W. L. B.

WELSH TRIAD TRANSLATED.

Three things there are, not known, they say,
With ease—a man, an oak, a day.

W. HOWELLS.

A BARD'S-EYE VIEW OF WALES.

By a Hermit Poet.

WALES, though abandoned to the tourist by the modern poet, forms an attractive subject for a contemplative poem.

The contemplatist, in the following poem, is supposed to be an ambitious student, who has retired in disappointment from the race of literary emulation,—not from having been outstripped, he having never *run*, but in indignant disgust at the venality and sycophancy of both umpires and competitors; in plain terms, at the shameless conspiracy between critics and writers, between the book-seller liege lord, and his feudal vassal, the book-maker, sworn—pen, hand, and soul, to the service of his master, in the cause of Mammon instead of fame!

Our wanderer of Wales having devoted *his* soul to literature, (*not* the bibliopolist,) having endured that sort of death to the world which perhaps is requisite to the zealot, or rather *bigot*, in that species of devotion, to prepare him by martyrdom for his crown, is represented as waking, too late, to the discovery that he has so died in vain! that renouncement of its aims,—that estrangement from its ties, that unsocial solitude, that loneliness of long mental preparation, the sadness and the sickness of “hope deferred,” all—all have been endured in vain—that for him there is no crown—or rather that it is become no longer a distinctive mark of the mind-royal, (even if one legitimate heir of fame survive) that its gold is tarnished, its gems stolen, mock ones substituted; that it is ready for every head, and any head whose emptiness, a mock wreath of paper laurel, (fac-simile of the true evergreen of Apollo,) may encircle, and lastly that it is conferred by the idol, fashion, set up on the deserted pedestal of honorable fame.

Convinced that there no longer exists any arena in England for fair literary ambition, he is drawn as forswearing his life-long pursuit, and even all mental exercise, with a sort of horror. *Fuit fama!*

Such a “sad historian” for the “pensive plain,” has been drawn (from life or fancy matters not) to excuse some out-pourings that might seem too *intense* for the inspiration of mere scenery, but not for its effects on a mind, as it were, amalgamating itself with nature and solitude.

A BARD'S-EYE VIEW OF WALES.*

INDUCTION.

“Woe to the fame-smit mind Fame leaves afar,
Curs'd with ‘immortal longings,’ heaves to die,
Astounding woe! as if a new-found star,
The midnight prize of Galileo's eye,
Should shoot down heaven, and vanish utterly.

* Some of the following stanzas form a poetical preface to the Welsh Decameron, now in course of publication.

Woe, woe to him, his golden world to find
The mere mock-star of Autumn's vapoury sky ;
Death, death to me, to see *my* world, this mind,
For ever die—die all—'nor leave a wreck behind !' "

II.

Thus spoke ambition blighted, in a form
That blight's long pain had withered more than years ;
Like some lone sea-side tree which brine and storm
Bows like old age, and like an Autumn sears.
The speaker stood—and as the sea-wrath's tears
Before, behind, dead sands cut off that tree,
So did his fate, his mind, from its compeers,
Lonely remote 'mid boors and mountains he,
Behind life's utter waste,—before oblivion's sea.

III.

Fame's martyr ! yet for fame had never striven ;
He loathed mock-triumph, he disdained a strife,
Where not to swift or strong the prize is given,
Where bays are *bought*, *eternities* so rife,
That those fierce yearnings for immortal life,
Which made a Milton mark a madman now ;
Such fashion's fiat, with her feeble fife,
Mocking fame's clarion ; so he bound his brow
With night-shade, far preferred to her vile varnished bough.

IV.

Back to his boyhood's dream, "heaven-kissing"* Wales,
He came—but burning with fame's baffled lust,
As hell's pale truant† Eden, walked its vales,—
So to some blue lake which he left when first
The sun above the misty mountains burst,
Fainting at noon, comes back a wounded deer ;
But as he stoops to quench his dying thirst,
It grows all troubled with his blood and tear,
No more green pictured banks, no more blue depths appear.

V.

But souls that rage 'in populous city pent,'
Green quietness restores to sad serene,
So there he lingered, drearily content,
Shortly to be as if he ne'er had been—
One added atom to the subterrene
Dust of the mortal desert—*mental* dust ;
Yea, pleased into a soil so grand, so green,
Which charmed his best of life, and soothed its worst,
To melt,—and be a spring-bank for the first
Lamb there to sun its snow, kneel softer to be nurst.

* "Now lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."—SHAKESPEARE.

† "Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair."—MILTON.

VI.

Thus early anchored, life's short voyage lost,
 And mind dismantled, ev'n despair grew mild ;
 And, as a far-bound ship by tempest's crost,
 Drops its vast wings, and to some rock-cove wild
 A little boat tows stilly—so beguiled,
 A child's meek mind to peace, that tossing mind ;
 (*Thy* tongue—*thy* prattling innocence, my child !)
 So found he peace, who port must never find,
 And for that sweet "small voice" fame's trumpet-tongue resigned.

VII.

Yet as the clouds of broken thunder-storms
 Come flying o'er the sun which broke them, still
 A mighty shade moves as they move—deforms
 The landscape—blots the blue—where flashed the rill,
 Black forests seem to hang the distant hill ;
 So when his mind despair's old shadows swept,
 Heaven shared the darkness, and all earth its chill !
 By ruins, rocks, and cairns, he vigils kept,
 There met the long-lost muse whose curse he wept,
 In whose deep dream he youth's life's whole bright day o'erslept.

VIII.

"Behold your work," he cried, "this mourning mind
 You led to moonlit, left to moonless, wood ;
 Betrayed to pity—left to loathe mankind—
 Betrothed to fame, and left with solitude ;
 Left o'er its living burial here to brood ;
 Oh, go—go, now ; sick, savage, sad, life weary,
 I need no flowers to strew this Lethe's sand,
 You've turned *my* day to moonlight—made a fairy
 Vision of all *my* world, dim, solitary—
 Ah ! where is *thine* ? where fame's bright resurrectionary ?"

IX.

The poet's mind "his kingdom"* poets call ;
 Sad king, black kingdom, when fame leaves it lone,
 Dumb as the death whose shadows stretch o'er all—
 A spell-bound king on a benighted throne †
 Ev'n she who bound the Muse—his dear soul's own ;
 No more to sweet sleep sings him like a bride,
 But comes, as to th' enchanted prince, half stone,
 With his black pedestal, the hag that tied,
 With thoughts keen as *her* whips,—how he to life has died !

* "My mind to me a kingdom is."—*Old Song*.

† Alluding to the tale of the Prince of the Black Isles, in the Arabian Nights, petrified to his throne of black marble by enchantment, and scourged by his queen, the sorceress who enchanted him.

X

Then as a madman, with his shaken chains,
Her thorn, the bleeding-bosomed nightingale,
He would make music of his very pains.
Fond fool ! for whom ? a world that scorns the tale,
A happy world ! deaf, deaf as to that pale
Madman in dark, the thronged and sunny street ;
But poetry is suffering's voice, whose wail
Asks not an audience, or finds audience meet
In night and mountains—such ev'n his wild seat,
A moonlight *carnedd* 'neath its silver winding-sheet. }

XI.

He made vain monument to the forgotten !
Lost labour, leaving what you hide unknown—
Whether some hero's bones, or felon's, rotten :*
Enough in your rude pyramids of stone
Is here to build some glorious memory's throne ;
So, this lone mind's lost labours, seen of none,
(Moon-tinted piles of thought to mountains grown ;)
Fame-sunn'd, perchance, some worthier work had done
Now—like your grey heaps glooming in the sun,
No monument shall leave—or worse—an evil one !

XII.

For who can tell with what revulsion dread
Check'd minds rush roaring in their back career !
The dammed-up river drowns the field it fed,—
Where are its cowslips ? 'neath those mud-drifts drear,
So the mind's force, which might a temple rear
To God and virtue, and fair fame uncheck'd,
Check'd—hell ward burns ! work deeds of death and fear,
And deep damnation, while the retrospect
Of high aims lost but aids the fierce effect,
As bravest vessels beat most fearfully when wreck'd.

XIII.

Now, conscious of his mind's mortality,
Off, all her gauds, for fame's long day designed,
He stripped, he burned, and let her death-like lie,
Naked and grim—a very corpse of mind !
Such apathy hope's farewell left behind ;
Yet rolling his sad eyes on all the sweet
Flowers of the mountains, for those robes resigned,
In bitter mockery of those meant to meet
Heaven's eye, he strewed *these* on her winding-sheet.—

END OF THE INDUCTION.

* Stones were thrown by passers-by on the graves of malefactors, in *abhorrence*; and piled over those of fallen heroes in *honour*.

A BARD'S-EYE VIEW OF WALES.

'NEATH the rock-fortress of the "Snowy Neck,"*
 Grim blood-stained nurse of such white memory—
 I stand ;—like little life-boat to a wreck,
 My child comes bounding o'er the moat to me ;
 Shews the pale glitter of the moonlight sea
 Thro' hanging arch and green clefts ruinous ;
 I smile with him, but think despair ! with thee ;
 Mingling (as sick men dream) soft childhood thus,
 My sweet brief charge, with that "white memory and grey nurse!"

II.

Sepulchral towers, but for that screech-owl dumb,
 Eternal-looking as your marble base
 This rock upon this mountain—yet become
 The blind bat's home, thou meanest dwelling-place,
 Less value now, tho' ruin greenly grace,
 And stars with mock-lamps hang your skeleton,
 Ruins which mocked at ruin ! as I pace
 Your halls they seem my home—fame's ever gone,
 Oblivion's home,—and mine who dared oblivion !

III.

Proud lonely mind, sick hollow heart enfolding,
 As thorns and emptiness these walls ! confess,
 Happier the hut one little taper holding,
 Than these in all their pomp and loneliness,
 And lofty lamps that show how comfortless !
 True—gentle boy—that up-turned smile of thine
 Beams *yet*, one taper on my wilderness ;
 For all that warms life's noon, gilds life's decline,
 Fame, fortune, friends,—hopes human or divine,
 At last, what do I find ? this little hand in mine !

IV.

Vain hold ! a rugged father's breast and child,
 Is as a sea-cliff, where one tree of spring,
 Chance-sown, with th' orchard's beauty paints it wild,
 Blushes its little time of blossoming,
 Down far from its bleak breast its fruit to fling,
 And leave *that* naked to its storm and stone—
 My boy—my fruit-flower—pleasantest brief thing !
 So, with thy pink and white, wilt *thou* be gone—
 This hand will leave *this* hand, to shake in age alone.

* Twr Bronwen, the ancient name of Harlech castle. *Bronwen* (literally "the white-breasted") was sister to a duke of Cornwall, afterwards king of Britain, and gave her name to it, or rather to the ancient fortress that preceded the present.

v.

Oh! 'tis a second youth to walk with youth,
And take sweet lessons from our father's child,
Wise from Heaven's school, in joys that bring no ruth!
But the sear leaf must fall tho' Autumn gild
Most summer-like; soon comes our winter wild,
Yellow from green to tear; the stake, a day
Stands in the hedge, as if no axe had killed—
Midst the green thorns yet green—but how in May?
Lone in its black it stands, in crimsoned silver *they*.

vi.

While to the child we act that stake's short part,
Uphold to meet a May we must not share,
Fast from the lip, the lap, the hand (*not* heart!)
He *grows* away, when most we need him there,
While fools congratulate, and we despair;
Till like the rampant hedge still flourished higher,
Flaunting wild roses o'er that stake's head bare,
The full-blown man o'erlooks the sunken sire,
Left like that log for th' earth, or peradventure—fire.

vii.

Thus Life's hopes foundered (ev'n to this small hand)
In pale succession shown, like corpses bare,
On this my everlasting shipwreck-strand;
Since those long-loved, long-watched, we leave to fare
We know not how, and go we know not where,
Dear Nature, hide me from those hopes decayed!
Since love must mourn, minds die, and hearts despair,
From genius the curse, and fame the shade,
"Wild Wales!" as from the hounds a fawn close laid,
This boy's yet untorn heart keep ever unbetrayed.

viii.

The heart has its two ages—first a span,
The blithe "good morrow" to th' whole living race,
And bright blush for the new acquaintance, Man!
The next of fierce recoiling—the long space
Of stern and mournful turning from his face;
Then makes the wounded mind its solemn day
Of night—a mountain its loved dwelling-place;
In vain! that dropp'd acquaintance grinning gay,
Crosses his wild path still—then we will stray
In search of wilder yet,—on then, mine own, away!

ix.

As some fair medal stamped with Cæsar's brow,
Coins by long contact wear the god-like face,
Yet leave the bold relief; so, Cambria! now
Half thy sublime do fashion's steps efface,

All, save thy mountain's everlasting grace;
 All that of Nature's charms man *can* deform,
 Thy heights, thy depths, her summer idling-place;
 Not th' eagle's home outsoars th' incessant swarm,
 While *Bow-bell* dwellers climb the "dwelling of the storm."

X.

Yet *thou* art still the same, majestic land!
 Thy cataract's voice as great as in the hour
 It leaped forth roaring from th' Almighty hand,
 Thy "sea of mountains" with a sea's own power
 Resists man's stamp; tho' (slower to devour)
 A little longer than that spares a wreck,
 This on its green breast bears the mouldering tower,
 As the next wave engulfs th' untrodden deck,
 Another age rolls on and vanishes the speck.

XI.

Then grieve not thou, Nature's true worshipper,
 That those vain impotents infest her shrine,
 As cripples hang their crutches up—with her
 Leaving of their mind's impotence some sign
 Midst her green cloisters, and her aisles divine,
 Mock-ruin—Gothic arch—embattled *cot*—
 O'erlook *those* thou, ev'n as a silver mine
 Its happy owner sees in thought, and not
 The lead-ore heaps, and huts disfiguring the spot.

XII.

Such hidden wealth beneath deformity
 This land still holds for thee (for me perchance)
 Each cowslip dell—by taste's rich alchemy,
 Each mountain where the morning sunbeams dance,
 Our golden mine—our rich inheritance!
 Then come, whoe'er thou art, while fashion's sons
 Her Limbos seek, and scarce on Nature glance;
 Come where, round flowering roofs the rock-brook runs,
 Where old wives knit and spin by rising—setting suns.

XIII.

Or trace it up by primrosed isles, and rock
 And root, where white its little cataracts rave,
 Climb where in high blue bleats the spring-white flock
 And the boy shepherd,—where tall foxgloves wave
 Round the lone *carnedd*—pipes upon a grave,
 Nor dreams that sweet-breathed bank a charnel's roof;
 Emblem of man! earth's tyrant, and death's slave,
 Who walks on tombs, yet deems death still aloof,
 Nor sees his pale "pale horse," nor hears his thundering hoof!

XIV.

Nor life becalmed *alone* in this green calm
Of Nature, meets the view, but passions high—
Still more terrific for her gentle psalm
Of birds, woods, waterfalls,—her bluest eye
Brew the red rain of mortal tragedy :
So when tornados sweep the torrid zone,
It pours, howls, thunders, in a cloudless sky,*
In whose blue fields sits Phœbus all alone,
And with a dreadful smile sees half a realm o'erthrown.

XV.

As Nature's frightful smiling treachery,
That such in scenes that seem her sinless own,
Peaceful and sweet—appears such tragedy;
The midnight murder†—the bog-burial lone,
Warm in the blood, earth smothering the groan !
Need *we* the Nine? behold you ten times nine
Black peals, the thunder's castellated throne !
Genius of Milton ! had such muse been thine,
Who knows but mightier *still* had soared thy "mighty line."

XVI.

Thee, glorious Spirit, shall I dare to pity ?
Alas for thee 'in populous city pent !'
Thy pain, *thy* smothering in the noisome city,
Surely those lines did feelingly lament ;
Ah ! hadst thou breathed 'grass, dew, and dairy's scent,'
How hadst thou soared up heaven-like eagle freed !
In fierce rebellion's strife thou hadst not spent
Thy fire, nor on that apple tree, that deed
Which most 'shocks mortal faith,'‡ of our immortal creed.

XVII.

From Wales to Milton ! bold, not wild the flight
From lofty landscape to a loftier mind ;
Enough—henceforth in valley or on height,
Past days or present—to our land confined,
What terror, pity, or delight lie shrined
(Like diamonds in their rock-dew uncongealed,
Rich nestlings of the sun,) be ours to find,
In mountain life or landscape—soft concealed—
Or life flowers lurking low in some deep grassy field.

* St. Pierre describes this phenomenon in his 'Harmonies of Nature.'

† A murder was committed not very long since, on a woman *enceinte*, under these horrible circumstances, and the murderer (— Evans) executed at Brecknock.

‡ The world is free to smile at this, my solitary opinion, of Milton's subject. Perhaps the tremendous awe with which this very early fact in

XVIII.

As some mild face of fallen beauty, where
 Grief, sin, and shame have passed—those pass'd away,
 Steals a pathetic beauty from despair;
 So in this pensive land, the Norman's prey,
 Full of old graves and towers in green decay;
 Though groans no more affright, nor blood defile
 The silver brooks, where leaves and sunbeams play,
 The tragic past still haunts each mountain aisle,
 Moans in the winter-roar, and saddens summer's smile.

XIX.

Lo! through disparted cliffs, with foam and dash,
 Wild Edwy leaping from her dungeon rock,
 Barred by wild branching oak and mountain ash,
 On Wye's blue breast reposing from the shock;
 Above some high perch'd straggler from the flock
 Looks down the precipice—scene grand, yet gay:
 But how doth it deep feeling's fount unlock,
 When there thought sees a hunted king at bay,
 Scene of a last—lost king's, a kingdom's fatal day!

XX.

Where scarce yon green tower peeps above the wood,
 Flanked by two rivers in a mountain nook,
 Homeless at home, the monarch-outcast stood,
 And o'er the Wye turned many a longing look,
 From his last friends cut off,—then sadly took
 His fatal way, while angels watched th' event;
 Forsaken by the land he ne'er forsook—
 Straight to dethronement, death, and burial went:
 A shepherd ridge of sod* is all his monument!

XXI.

Nor *his* alone,—“*Hic jacet Cambria:*”
 With broken sword upon that tomb-turf small
 Departing freedom graved, for from that day
Earth was she, and no more! the virtues all,
 Warned by the advent of a foul night-fall,
 Sought their high seats in heaven; and foul, and fell,
 All the dark passions waked beneath its pall,
 The blood-fed vampires of that night of hell,
 Which howl in human hearts when mercy bids farewell.

Sacred History is invested, to *me* renders it repulsive in poetry. The expression is Dryden's—

“my doubts are done—

What more could *shock my faith* than three in one?

Hind and Panther.

* A green turf eminence by the river Irvon, named *Cefn y bedd*, a “back or ridge of the grave,” marks the sepulture of Llewelyn, last Prince of Wales. The treason by which he is believed to have been betrayed to his enemies, is well known.

XXII.

All* souls grew perjured, and all hands embrued;
Save the wild justice of the sword—was none;
Sacred no oath, but to some deadly feud
To which the dying father swore the son;
All minds “on bloody courses set” as one!
Men fled to outlaw-murderers from their kin!†
Lawless he left the land who lawless won,
Left to each other’s fire and sword and sin,
To tame the kingdom’s heart he little cared to win.

XXIII.

’Twixt freedom’s set, and monarchy’s full sway,
Such the red interregnum—twilight dire!
When all Nant Conway “in cold ashes” lay,
From all its pastoral towns did not aspire
One little smoke, (when spent that funeral fire,)
To tell of one poor head not homeless yet;
One touch of pity, midst that wide-wreaked ire,
Rare on time’s page as peeping violet,
Left on a field of dead, pure from its bloody sweat.

XXIV.

Such the grey mother’s wild hand interposed
’Twixt the sword falling and her darling’s head;
That son’s last look (ev’n as his eyelids closed,)
On that old bleeding hand, the last he said—
“Revenge it *for me* all who live! *I’m dead!*”
Such that fierce sister’s wild love-desperate deed,
Who, for a waylaid husband, strong in dread,
Tore up a foot-bridge, faced a headlong steed,
Caught by the flying heels, and hung upon his speed!

XXV.

The *brother* smote her,—the less barbarous beast
Spared, while she raged and wept and prayed for life,
(Yes, *life*,—for with that life her own had ceased!)
On rode the murderer to the ambush-strife;
But the doomed man as fond a *friend* possest,
A foster-brother—tie in that day rife,
The gentle cuckoo of Welsh parents’ nest,
Pleased to behold him play, loved, loving, like the rest.

* The interval between the imperfect conquest of Wales by Edward I. and the restoration of something like law and order under Henry VII. presents a dreadful page in its history. “The history of our country in that period,” says Pennant, “is but the record of perfidy and blood.” Foreign and internal fury equally desolated the country. All the incidents recorded in these stanzas are literally transplanted from Sir John Wynne’s History of the Gwedyr family.

† An ancestor of Sir John Wynne removed from his own residence to a neighbourhood infested by bandits and outlaws, and gave as a reason that he had rather live there than stay to be murdered by *his own kinsmen*.

XXVI.

And little Robin's* life had all been spent
 In company with that whose hours were told ;
 As toddling childhood so their manhoods went,
 Still by each other's side:—"that dwarf is bold,
 You'll find him ever close, his eye still roll'd
 On his tall foster in fond watch and ward."
 Thus to the assassin, who his soul had sold,
 To his foul fury spoke the wild clan's lord,
 And bade him watch his time for treachery's blow abhorred.

XXVII.

On rode the murderer—nor once looked back
 On the fall'n wife : and now the moon hung red,
 Low on the marsh, betwixt the mountains black ;
 When from his wild home of the sea-marsh† head,
 Sallied the lofty deer hate marked for dead.

To be continued.

BROOM COFFEE.

THE French, urged by their national jealousy of our colonial produce, have been assiduously employed in endeavouring to find some substitute for coffee. One of their recent periodical publications informs us that this has at length been effected by *M. Pajot Descharmes*, who has discovered an indigenous plant, the berries or seeds of which possess all the properties of foreign coffee: this is the broom of our heaths and woods. When slowly roasted, ground, and prepared by boiling as the genuine coffee, no difference of taste is distinguishable between the two decoctions. We are particularly cautioned, however, to guard against making use of the seeds of the garden broom, "*car celle-ci donne le devoiement.*"

We have no lack of the family of the *Plantagenets* on the sides of the Welsh hills, to furnish the Principality with an ample supply of this native coffee.

* "Robin ap Inco, a little fellow, who is always near him."
Sir J. Wynn's History.

† Penmorva, head of the Marsh, his residence.

SIR S. R. MEYRICK ON IRISH MYTHOLOGY,

Continued from No. XIV. p. 156.

THE Helio-arkite worship, as it met with less obstacles, and lasted longer in Ireland than in Britain, so it from time to time received additional improvements, and was strengthened by the all-powerful influence of the native princes. In the parliament which was convened at Teamor, by Tuathal Teachtmair, in the year of our Lord 130, a large tract of land was separated from each of the four provinces, and assigned for the demesne lands of the crown. In the portion taken from Munster the king erected an edifice for the sacred fire, to which the druids and augurs were annually to repair, on the last day of October, in order to consume the sacrifices offered to their deities. No other fire, on that night, under the penalty of a heavy fine, was to be lighted in any house in the kingdom, in order that all fires might be derived from this fire, held sacred, that they might be propitious, and to prevent their doing mischief. For this supposed great benefit, every family was to pay a tax of three pence to the king of Munster, as a compensation for the land he had lost.

In the district taken from the province of Connaught, a building was raised for the convocation of Usneach, i. e. *the divine fire*. On the mountain on which this stood, all the inhabitants that were able to appear on the 1st of May, were to offer sacrifice to Bél, the chief divinity of the island; and the fire lighted on this occasion was called Bealtinne. This was regarded as the principal fire of Belus, in the northern parts of Leinster, where the states assembled, and held judgment on all criminals guilty of capital offences, when such as were found guilty were burnt in a fire kindled between two others, dedicated to Belus.

The ancient historians of Ireland relate that the use of fire, or more properly the worship of the divinity had been taught the inhabitants by a chief druid of the Scythian race, named Midghe, i. e. *sight, aspect, or light*. In the same manner, Plennydd, *light*, is termed one of the primary bards of Britain, we are therefore to understand by this that fire worship was coeval with the coming of the Tinea scuit, or Scythian race. The Irish history goes on to say that it was the sacred fire which was worshipped on their altars that gave the name of Midhe (now Meath*) to the demesne land of Tuathal Teachtmair, before described, and which, from its central situation, was best adapted

* Vallancey, however, says Meath signifies a plain country.

at once for the celebration of their religious rites, and for the seat of judgment.

These edifices, though dignified by such a lofty appellation, seem only to have been altars raised on mountains, on which the sacred fire was lighted. The one mentioned as in the portion taken from Munster, was perhaps on the Bladhma Shabh, a range of mountains between the King's and Queen's counties, and, in ancient times, one of the boundaries of Munster. Bladhma is a contraction of Beal-din-mai, whence Shabh Beal di mai is *the mountain of the worship on Beal's day*.^{*} Here is still a pyramid of white stones.

Usneach is a mountain in West Meath, and Beal-tinne-glass where the southern states of Leinster celebrated the fire of Beal's mysteries, is the hill of Baltinglass, in the county of Wicklow, in the neighbourhood of which are several druidic altars.

It has been already stated that the Irish druids pretended to draw down fire from Heaven, by means of the Liath Meisieith, *magical stone of speculation*, a crystal, and that this fire they called the Logh Aesar, *essence or spiritual fire and presence of God*. It has been suggested that this was by means of cobalt ground up with oil, which would remain long enough for prayers and incantations before it burst into a flame. Whenever the composition failed to take effect, the Aesar was no doubt represented as displeased, and vengeance denounced on the state or person offering the oblation. Many such practices were adopted from the pagan into the Catholic rites, and it will be sufficient to instance the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, still practised at Rome. The use of this stone was strictly forbidden to the Jews by Moses, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Leviticus: "Ye shall make you no idols, or graven image, neither rear you up a standing image, neither shall ye suffer mascith to be within your dominions." In the highlands of Scotland large crystals of an oval form are kept by the oldest and most superstitious persons of the country, which are called *leice*, a word corrupted from liath-cith, *precious stone*. These the priests formerly carried about to work charms by, and water poured upon them is, at this day, given to cattle against diseases. They were afterwards fixed on the covers of religious books, and one of them so placed is engraved in the fourth volume of the "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis."

Tuathal is also said to have erected a palace at Tailtean, or Tailteaghan, i. e. *the place of anniversary worship*, where king Lughad, a Dannonian prince, is said to have instituted an assembly on the 1st of August, called Lughnasa, where games

^{*} Beauford's Topography of Ireland, in the Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. iii. p. 289.

were celebrated in honour of Tailte, a mythologic personage, but represented as the widow of the last Belgic monarch. The druids here sacrificed in honour of the *marriage* of the *sun* and *moon*, at which time the states assembled, and young people were given in marriage according to the custom of the eastern nations. *Tailte* is said to have been the daughter of *Magh-mor*, but *Tille Magh mor*, means *the revolution of the great divinity*. The games are said to have been instituted by Lughaid lam fadha rè, King Lughaid Lam fadha, but these words also imply *the time of puberty of the good planet the moon*, whence this festival was frequently denominated Lughaed naoistean, *the matrimonial assembly*,* from all which it may be inferred that its institution was coeval with the introduction of the Helio-arkite worship.

It has been supposed, however, that instead of Bladhma Siabh being the place of worship in the portion taken by Tuathal from Munster, Tlachgo, in East Meath, was the appointed station, but this could never have been part of Munster. Here the druids sacrificed on the tombs of their ancient heroes, to *the earth*, called Tlacht, from its rotatory motion, on the eve of November, termed in commemoration of this festival Oidche Samha. Deer and swine were the victims, and the celebration was likewise named Tlachgo, *to go round*, from the dances used in this solemnity in imitation of the earth's motion, by the votaries encircling the sanctuary with lighted torches, called Tlachga.†

Lighting these fires in towers instead of the tops of mountains, is said to have been an innovation brought about by Moght Nuadhat. This person is asserted by the Irish writers to have been the last king of the Belgians, who, in opposing the Tuatha Danans, lost his hand, which being supplied by the substitution of one of silver, he was surnamed Airgiod-lamh, or *the silver-handed*, the whole of which story is mythological. As in Britain so in Ireland, the real sovereigns took for names the titles of the deities; hence Cynvelin (Cunobelinus), Arthur, Uther Pendragon, &c. So in Irish histories we meet with another monarch, named Mogh Nuadhat, who lived about the year 170, that is, thirty years after Tuathal Teachtmair, and had been for nine years an exile in Spain. Whether we are to attribute to him the introduction of the round towers, or to his prototype, is not easy to determine, but the real name of this sovereign was

* Vallancey's Essay on the Celtic Language, pp. 18, 19, 136, and 142. The Britons also worshipped the sun, under the symbol of fire, whence in the Cadair Teyrn On, we have "the moving vehement fire, even he whom we adore above the earth."

† Beauford on the Topography of Ireland. Torches were also used in the British Helio-arkite mysteries. See Davies's Mythology of the Druids.

Eugene, honoured with the epithet "the Great," which Mogha Nuadhat, (which signifies *the Magus of the new law*,*) was an assumed title.

The more general name of these towers is Teach-dravi, *the druid's dwelling*; but they were also called Tor-barr-caol, *the tower of burning fire*; and the Aoi-Beil-toir, *community of the towers of Beil*, was a high dignitary of the pagan hierarchy, whose office it was to summon the people to the Naas-teighan, or Cureailte *meeting of the states*.

When Naas-Teighan had been anathematized by the Christian clergy, the states of Leinster assembled at Naas, the residence of their kings during the 6th, 7th, and 8th centuries. Carmon was the capital of the ancient Coulan, and the Naas-teighan was where the southern parts of Leinster met it. It was situated about five miles east of Athy. The character above mentioned was also called Cuill-ceach, *the annunciator of the festivals*, and he proclaimed the Cuill-greine, *sun's course*, from the round tower, thence called Cuill-ceach, or Cuill-kak.

The following round towers still standing in Ireland, derive their names from words expressive of their original application for the preservation of the sacred fire. Agha-gabhar, now called Aghagower, *the fire of fires*; Ballagh, i. e. Beil-agh, *the fire of Beil*; Cailltree, or Caill-tria, *the mount of fire*; Clondalkin, and Cloine, *a fire-tower*;† Don-agh-mor, *the great fire-tower*; Drom-agh, *the temple of fire*, in the county of Cork; Drum-cliabth, in the county of Clare, where there is a fire tower. Fert-agh, *the fire of the cemetery*; Glen-da-loch, *the vale of fire*, where two round towers remain; so Kill-dalloe church, near Coleraine, had its name from the same cause, Kill-ald, *the fire church*; Kill-daloo, now Kill-aloo, *the church of the two fires, or altars*, in honour of the aquatic deities, Dearg and Rhé,‡ from whom, as has been said, Lough Dearg and Lough Rhé received their names. Kill macduagh, *the church of the principal fire*; Losc, now called *Lusk fire*, near Dublin; Meleac or Melic, from agh, *fire*; Turlogh, i. e. Tullagh, *the fire steeple*. Round towers are also standing at Antrim, Ardfert, Ardmore, Cashell, Castledermot, Clondalkin, Clonmacnois, Devenish, Downpatrick, Drumboe, i. e. the temple of the cow, an animal sacrificed to the lunar goddess, and by its horns, which form a crescent, pecu-

* Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. vi.

† At Dalky, near Dublin, are the remains of many pagan altars. Dolichenus is thought by some to be the same as the sun, and may be derived from the Irish dalloc, *fire*; many altars have been found in Britain dedicated to him. At Brechin, i. e. Breochan, *the house fire*, in Scotland is a round tower: Drum-ionn, *the temple of the sun*, in the county of Limerick.

‡ This was the same as the Rhea of the ancients, who, Mr. Bryant says, was the ark of Noah personified. Analysis, vol. ii. p. 268.

liarly adapted to be her symbol; Drumlane, Dublin, Dysart, two at Ferbane, Kells, Kilcullen, Kildare, Kilkenny, Kilree, so called from Rhe the aquatic deity above mentioned; Mahera, Monasterboice, Newcastle, Oughterard, Ram-isle, Rattoo, Roscrea, Scattery, two at Sligo, Swords, Timahoe, Tulloherin, and West Carbury.

These towers, after the dissemination of Christianity, were used as belfries, and this will account for the modern names they frequently bear, of Clog-had, or Cloig-theac, *bell-house*. It is evident, however, that all the Cloghads have not been belfries. In many there are no marks of the wall having been broken, to admit of hanging a bell, nor are they always annexed to churches. There are many in fields, where no traces of the foundations of any other buildings can be discovered round them. Had the primitive Christians of Ireland possessed the art of building these towers with lime and mortar, it is reasonable to think they would have preferred building the churches of some durable materials; but we are positively told that Duleek, or Dam-liag church, was the first that was built with such materials, and that was so called from leac, *a stone*. There is some reason, however, to conjecture that it may have received its name from a large druidical monument, or leac, of an enormous size near it.*

Before the introduction of these round towers, it has been observed, the fires were kindled on the tops of the mountains. One of these, called Cal-ain, *the altar of the sun*, is in the county of Clare, and an altar is still to be seen on it, as is also an Ogham inscription. This mountain is likewise known by the name of Altoir na greine, *the altar of the sun*. A large cromlech yet remains in the townland of Ballylasson, in the county of Down, one mile north of Drombo, *temple of the cow*, and four from Belfast.† It is in the most perfect state, except that the altar has been thrown down. Its ancient name was Bealagh, *the fire or altar of Beal*, but it is now known by the name of the Giant's ring, the moderns mistaking Bealagh for Balac, which signifies a giant. It stands on a raised mound, about forty feet in perpendicular height, gradually sloping towards an intrenchment which surrounds it. The diameter, including the bank, is 579 feet. The bank rises forty-five feet, and is twelve broad at top. This appears to have been originally a simple arkite place of worship, and would contain 5000 people, allowing a square fathom to each person.‡ There is a hill in the

* Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. iii. p. 492.

† Properly Beul na fearsde, *the mouth of the lakes*, being pools of water in the sand at low ebb. See Shaw's *Gaelic Dictionary*.

‡ Vallancey's *Essay on the Primitive Inhabitants of Britain and Ireland*,

county of Cork, named Affadown, or Afaide dun, *the hill of Afaide*, the traveller's god, on which probably once was an altar, as it has now a round tower on it. There are also ruins of a round tower on Drum Iskin, in the county of Louth.

On the summit of Tory hill, called in Irish, Sleigh Grian, or *the place of adoration of the sun*, is a circular space covered with stones, the larger ones having been taken out and rolled down the hill, for the use of the country people. There is still one large one near the centre, and there is the appearance of smaller ones having stood in a circle at a little distance from the heap, which is above sixty-five yards in circumference; within which, on the eastern side, is a stone raised on two or three unequal ones, with an inscription facing the west, and being in the centre of the heap. The letters are deeply and well cut on a hard block of siliceous brescia; they are two inches high, there being between each a space of about one inch, and a distance of three inches between the words. In Roman letters, which they much resemble, they would be BELI DIUOSE, which signifies Bel di Uose, or Aose, *to Beli god of fire*.*

The sanctuary at New Grange having been already described, may receive further illustration by some account of the Mithratic cave, in the county of Armagh. On the glebe of Armagh-cloghmullen, in the parish of Killeary, stands a very large cairn of stones, about sixty feet in length, and above twelve in height. About twenty feet from one end, two stones appear considerably higher than the rest. This cairn was opened about twenty-three feet from where the two stones rose above the rest, and the labourers soon came to what afterwards proved to be the third chamber of a cave: there appearing evidently to be small low doors from this into other apartments, it was conjectured that the two tall stones might possibly indicate the entrance into the building. All the stones being cleared away that were in front of these pyramidal stones down to the base, to the surprise of all present, the building exhibited a regular front, with a low door of entrance. The whole was then found to consist of four apartments; the first, eight feet wide, and nine feet six inches long; the second, six feet six inches wide, and six feet long; the third, six feet two inches wide, and six feet eight inches long; the fourth, two feet wide, and six feet long. In the front is a loggia, or semicircular porch of rude stones, thirty-three feet in diameter; and at eight feet from the door of entrance are two pillars, or phalli, nine feet high, one on each side. The chambers are

p. 41. The area of Stonehenge is sufficient to contain 6,000, allowing a square yard to each.

* Tighe's Statistical Report of the County of Kilkenny. A print of it may be seen in the sixth vol. of the Collect. de Reb. Hib. and also in the Archæologia.

arched with dry corbelling stones, as at New Grange, covered at top with a flag-stone about three feet broad, the arch springing about three feet from the ground. The roof and door-cases in some places are destroyed. The cave does not extend to the centre of the cairn, and on the opposite side are two other phalli rising above the surrounding stones, so that if explored, these might lead to the entrance of another cave, which might meet the extremity of the first in the centre of the cairn, as some people imagine, or they might merely indicate the termination, as their fellows do the entrance, thus resembling the obelisks at the temples in Egypt. In the neighbourhood of this cairn stands an altar named *Leac-barkut*, *the sacred stone*, and not far distant another named *Cailec*, said to be the altar of a giantess that devoured all the children in the neighbourhood, so denominated undoubtedly from the lunar-arkite goddess being said to swallow up the aspirants to her mysteries.* General Vallancey makes the following remarks on the probable use of this cave: "It is probable the votary was first placed in the furthestmost cave, where he had just room to lie down, and was removed by degrees to the outward cave. Here, I suppose, like the Persians, he was obliged to undergo a fiery trial, by passing seven times through the sacred fire, and each time to plunge himself into cold water. Having undergone all these torturing trials with becoming patience and fortitude, he was declared a proper subject for *initiation*. He then went through two baptisms, which washed from his soul the stains he had contracted during the course of his life, prior to initiation, and having offered *bread and water*, with a certain form of prayer, a crown was presented to him on the point of a sword, on which he was taught to answer, 'Mithra, it is my crown.' He was then obliged to bind himself, by the most solemn oath, with horrible imprecations, never to divulge one single article of all that had been communicated to him in the course of his initiation. He was then brought out of the cave into the semicircular porch, and the *pyrrhic* dance, the *deasol*, i. e. 'dance in the shade of the grove,' began, so called by the Irish, the chorus of *Neamhasabasa*, i. e. the phallic 365 echoed through the skies; and the *Tailtean* ended in proclaiming the candidate a lion of the sun."†

The following beautiful Irish poem is in the *Leabhar breac*, *sacred book*, and said to be the composition of Dubhthacus O Lugair, in honour of the sun, termed *Nion Crios*.‡

* Compare Davies's Mythology with this. See views and plans of this cave in the fifteenth vol. of the *Archæologia*.

† Collect. de Reb. Hib. vol. vi. p. 465. The derivation of *pyrrhic*, from the Greek word for fire, does not seem to have suggested itself to the General.

‡ O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*.

Sen a Creas mo labhra ! a Coide sencht nimhe !
 Rombertli buaidh leri, a ri Greine gile !
 A gel Grian formosna ! riched cumeit noemi,
 A ri conic angliu, a Codui nan doine
 A Coidui nan doine a ri firian firmaih
 Con Amraib cach solad, ar molad dot rigraid,
 Do rigrad mo molar, ol is tu mo ruidhre
 Do ralus ar maire, geaschi oc do guide,
 Guidiu itge doib, romain arat ro-gbus.
 Cain popul culigdath, in rigrad imrordus,
 Im rordus imrigraid, imun rig uas nelaib
 Aill uas laithib ligoaib, aill nas dianaib deraib
 Domroibai domteti olam triam Aintrogda
 Jar timnaib inrigri ritroich inslogsa.

Auspiciate my lays, oh Sun ! thou mighty lord of the seven heavens !
 Who swayest the universe through the immensity of space and matter.
 Oh resplendent Sun ! Oh universal shining Sun ! thou mighty governor of
 the heavens,

Thou sovereign regulator of the connected whole, and only god of man,
 Oh thou universal god of mankind ! thou gracious, just, and supreme
 king,

My noblest and most happy inspiration is the praise of thy power !

Thy power I will praise, for thou art my sovereign lord,

Whose bright image continually forces itself

On my attentive eager thoughts ;

To whom heroes pray in the perils of war,

Nor are their supplications vain ; whether it be when thou brightenest

The eastern region with thy orient light when in thy meridian splendor,

Or when thou majestically descendest in the west. All the world praise
 and adore thee,

For thou art the only glorious and sovereign object of the universe.

The Irish worshipped the sun under forty different names. La Nollad Aois, *the birth of the sun*, was celebrated with festivity and rejoicing, and they then sacrificed Nargal, *the cock of Aurora*. For the sun was said to have begotten Arune, *the citron coloured morn*, called also *the youth of the east, the golden coloured morning*. Thus, Agus as geinithir Aruthne riason n'Greine ioin maiddin, *and he begat Arune, the forerunner of the sun*. On the eve of La Nollad Aois, or Mathair Oidche, *the mother night*, the ancient Irish began the new year, and then commenced January, or as it is still called Ceud mios Bliaghan, *the first month of the cycle of Beli*, or the sun's course ; each month beginning six days earlier than in the Julian reckoning. The 1st, 8th, 15th, and 23d days were the Saboide, or festival of Sab, *the sun*. On the contrary, La Taim Aois, *the sun's death*, which took place at the winter solstice, on the 22d of December, was a day of lamentation, the celebration of which, in the northern parts of Britain, is probably alluded to in the following lines :

Ni guorcosam nemheunawr henoid
 Mi telu nit gurmaur
 Mi amfranc dam an calaur
 Ni can ili ni guardam ni cusam henoid
 Cet iben med nouel
 Mi amfranc dam an patel
 Na mereit un nep leguenid henoid
 Is discinn mi coneidid
 Dou nam riceur imguetid.*

Spiritless (as I am) I will not study profit this night,
 My household are not valiant,
 I will put away the cauldron†
 The bard shall not sing, I will not laugh nor feast this night,
 Let men of renown drink mead together,
 I will put away the pan.‡
 Let no one meddle with mirth this night
 Till my supporter comes down,
 (When) my Lord comes we shall feast to the full."||

Wednesday in old Irish is called Dia Tait, or *Thoth's day*, and Cad Aoine, *the sacred fast*, on account of its having been instituted in honor of Budh, or Thoth. Friday, a fast introduced by the Christians, is named Dia-aoine and La-aoine, *the fast-day*, while Thursday is called La-eidir-dha-aoine, *the day between the two fasts*, a curious circumstance, as it tends to show that Budh's day was observed after the introduction of Christianity.§ The Irish still keep the pagan festival of All-hallow eve, by the title of Oidche Aoni, *the night of affliction*,¶ calling the month of November Mi du,** or dubh, *the month of mourning*, being the season appointed by the druids for the solemn inter-

* This is taken from Edward Llwyd's *Archæologia*, p. 221. He says, "it is the ancient language of the Britons in the north of the island. I found it in the first leaf of an old Latin book, on decayed vellum, written in a Gwyddelian hand, about one thousand years ago. By the writing, and by a few more words of the same language, I am certain that the book has come originally from Scotland, and I can also compute the age of the manuscript. I know not whether it be the language of the Strath Clyde Britons, or of the Picts, or old Caledonians. It is the oldest and strangest British I have seen." The Rev. E. Davies, from a knowledge of the Irish and Welsh languages, has been able to give the above translation.

† Used in preparing the mystic feast.

‡ Ibid.

|| Alluding to the return of the Sun and La Nollad Aois.

§ Friday was also called Dia Nain, *Dies Veneris*, Nain being the universal mother in Irish mythology. So in Maccabees, b. 11. c. i. v. 13. "For when the leader was come into Persia, and the army with him, that seemed invincible, they were slain in the temple of Nania, by the deceit of Nania's priests."

¶ Shrove Tuesday was called Oin-id, *the anniversary of affliction*, being the day of confession and affliction, as the Saxon word also imports.

** *Mis du* (Welsh), the *black or dark month*.

cession of the living for the souls of such as had departed this life within the space of the year. It was supposed that Baal Samhan, *Baal the Sun*, called also Bal-Sab,* *Lord of Death*, summoned the souls to judgment at this season, which according to their merits or demerits, in the life past, were to re-enter the bodies of the human or brute species.† But the punishment of the wicked, the druids taught, might be alleviated by charms and magic art, and by sacrifices made by their friends to Bal, and presents to the priests for their intercession. As the first day of November was dedicated to the Lunar-arkite goddess, in her character of presiding over fruits, seeds, &c., it was termed *La mas ubhal*,‡ *the day of apple fruit*, and apples are still eaten in Ireland and Wales at this festival. On the *Oidche Shamha*, *Vigil of the Sun*, the peasants of Ireland assemble with sticks (the emblems of laceration,) going from house to house collecting money, bread-cake, butter, cheese, eggs, &c., for the feast, repeating verses in honor of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Columba, desiring them to lay aside the fatted calf, and bring forth the black sheep. Sacrifices of black sheep used to be offered by the druids for the souls of the departed. The women in Ireland, on this eve, as well as those in Wales, are employed in making the griddle cake and candles. These last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the next day (the *Saman*), before which they are supposed to pray for the departed souls of the donor's relations. Apples and nuts are then devoured in abundance, the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold.

The inhabitants of Siant (one of the western islands of Scotland) had an ancient custom of sacrificing to a sea-god, called Shony (Shamhna) at All-hallow-tide, in the manner following. The people of the island went to the church|| of St. Mulvay, each man having his provision along with him. Every family furnished a peck of malt, and this was brewed into ale. One of their number was picked out to wade into the sea up to his middle, and, carrying a cup of ale in his hand, standing still in that posture, cried out with a loud voice, "Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you'll be so kind as to send up plenty of sea-ware, for enriching our ground the ensuing year;" and

* The Baal-Zebub of Scripture.

† Paradise was called *Dara neamh*, *the mansions of the blessed*.

‡ This being pronounced *Lamasool*, was corrupted by the English into *Lambswool*, a name they give to a composition, made on this eve, of roasted apples, sugar and ale.

|| The Catholic priesthood substituted a Christian church for a Pagan place of worship. See letter of the pope to St. Augustine, in *Summe's Britannia*.

then threw the cup of ale into the sea. This was performed at night-time. At his return to land they all went to church, where there was a candle burning on the altar; and, remaining silent for a little time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all went to the fields, where they spent the remainder of the night in dancing, singing, and drinking.* Here Shamhna is identified with the diluvian god, but as the deity presiding over waters, the Irish recognize him by the name of Ruad,† thence called Ill-breac Easa-ruid, *the ever blessed Ruad of torrents*, and the deluge was said to have been perfected by Ruad, whence he was styled Dile Ruaid‡. As the god of torrents, cataracts were dedicated to him; thus Easar Ruaid, *the cataract of Ruad*, was the name of the great fall of water at Ballyshannon. He was said also to preside over the winds, and then denominated Ruach. He was also called Phearamon, and then said to be the son of Budh, *the skilful one*. His name as the sun or Apollo, was Daghdæ, as before mentioned, and he is said to have been the brother of Ogmius, and to have been called also Crios. His disciples were styled Nion Crios, and Tochd Daghdæ, *the children of Crios, or Daghdæ*. His daughters were Be-rightit, *the goddess of rhetoric and science*, Be-leighas, *the goddess of medicine*, and Di-an-ceacht, *the goddess of grammar and letters*.|| The daughter of Ceacht was Etan-bè-cearde, *Etan goddess of arts*, and also *the goddess of Gabha, i. e. the Muses*, and Fath agus Aoirisi, *of verse and song*. Daghdæ was likewise called Ruad ro feasa, *the most wise governor*. We are told that the inscription over the altar at Teamor was Ainn-coin gnathæ in Daghdæ do greis, *Let the altar for ever blaze to Daghdæ*. He was also denominated Cearo, which is *the sun*. But Diarmut was a more frequent appellation of the Helio-arkite deity, whence Diarmut ruad go fios, *Diarmud the most wise preceptor*; As beo diarmut dreach io tnuth, *the immortal Diarmut with a fiery face*; and Diarmut ro fisiol di breag, *the most excellent Diarmut the illustrious god*. In many parts of Ireland the people shew a large flat stone, which they call Leaba Diarmut, *the bed of Diarmut*. He is also styled Aosar *the Supreme Being*, who overcomes Cise-al, *the evil spirit*. He is moreover named Seacha so craobt dearg, *the famous Seacha (ingenious) of the ruddy branch*, and here he seems identified with the Irish Ogam, the brother of Daghdæ, and under this title he is said to have presided over trees, shrubs, &c. and hence gave the names to letters after some tree. On this account the book of Ogum is styled by the Irish Uraiceacht na n' Ogus, and Uraiceacht na Gaois.

* Martin's Western Isles, p. 28.

† And Rhrain or Neptune.

‡ Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary.

|| See Uirai-ceacht, p. 18.

The ilex, or scarlet oak, was sacred to him, and therefore named Crann Aria, from Arc, *the sun*, on which account also the common oak is called Darc and Darac, and the acorn Darian. As the god of war he was called Boromh, an epithet assumed by Brien king of Munster. The Irish druids used to prepare for their chiefs consecrated standards, hence Dal-greine, *the standard of the sun*, the name of Fingal's (Finn mac cumhal) standard; so in the British poem, entitled Gwarchan Maelderw, we find a magic standard presented to the leader of the troops, on which his figure was delineated, together with that of the sun and the dragon.

Seaca's wife was called Trom *pregnant*, Agus Trom a bhean, and named also Bhebhinn, *beautiful woman*. As being pregnant, or full of seeds, she was called Lugh, *the goddess of corn*, and Lugh-nasa, *the anniversary of Lugh*, is to this day the name of the month of August.

The British mythological triads inform us that the Sabeian idolatry was professed alike by the Irish and the Coraniaid;* they also add that one of the mischievous blows of Britain was given to Branwen (the British Proserpine) the daughter of Bran (the raven, a symbol of the ark) by Math-olwch (form of worship) the Irishman, by which it seems that the substitution of the Helio-arkite worship for that of the simple arkite, was brought about by the Phœnicians, at the instigation of the Irish.

But it was reserved for St. Patrick to deliver Ireland from the serpents;† notwithstanding their Glaine obar, or glass houses, the amulets would not avail them, and Druidism was destined to sink into insignificance.

The ground, however, had been previously prepared for the exertions of the great Christian preacher, by the light of philosophy, which had dawned in Ireland, and by exposing the fallacy of many of the druidic superstitions, greatly tended to deprive their doctrine of that reverence and blind obedience it had formerly possessed. Coula, judge of Connaught, had opposed their mystical rites, as well as their extensive encroachments.‡ The monarch, Cormac O Cuinn, about the year 280, carried on the controversy in favor of Theism, and several Fileas emulating their reforming predecessors, proposed new schemes of truth. The druids and their followers, unable to justify their superstitions, lost ground, while the philosophers, adhering severally to some favorite hypothesis, could not gain in the inverse ratio. Freedom of debate being the cause of these dissensions, and wholly uncontrolled, soon produced domestic warfare; but the

* Davies's Mythology of the British Druids, p. 429.

† So the Irish as well as the British Druids were termed, and hence the origin of the story that poisonous animals will not live in that island.

‡ O'Flaherty's Ogygia Domest. c. 69, p. 340.

spirit of inquiry had a good effect,—it prepared men's minds for the reception of the Gospel, the only scheme of truth that could give repose to the agitations of the disputants.

When Christianity had been incorporated with the civil constitution of Ireland, under the admirable administration of Olliott Molt, in the year 470, the abettors of the druidic superstitions were not expelled from the protection of the legislature. Neither occasional nor local worship was regarded as a standard to determine how far men ought to enjoy or forfeit the civil rights of society. Perhaps the policy of the monarch induced him to encourage hopes of patronage from both parties, that by holding the balance, he might turn the scale on either side, and rest the more secure himself. It is to this secret support that the druidic mysteries continued so long after interwoven in the poetical subjects of the Irish, as well as Cambrian bards; to this hope of restoration to power we may assign the careful secretion of the Mithratic caves, and to this is to be attributed the customs which now remain, and evince their former connection with the Helio-arkite rites.

I have the honour to remain,

Gentlemen,

Most respectfully yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

*Goodrich Court ;
April 23, 1832.*

IDEAL GRIEF.*

'Rwyf beunydd yn rhoi sèn i'r Byd,
A gadu'r nwyd ynfydu:
A'r poen, a'i achos fal y saeth,
O'r hunan caeth yn tyfu.

Translation by the late EDWARD WILLIAMS, of Glamorgan.

This world I slander to my shame,
Nor strive my passions once to tame:
Sharp ills I feel, but all, I find,
Spring from my own unmanly mind.

* For the information of the English reader, it may be necessary to observe that Edward Williams, from whose poetry we occasionally extract, lived and died a poor Glamorganshire stone-cutter.

ADVENTURES OF A WELSH MEDICAL STUDENT.

No. II.

(Founded on fact.)

THE cessation of an awful storm, the escape from imminent peril, the *reality* of that which we deemed but the dream of mind, and romance of imagination, leaves a nervous excitation of the frame which quiet only, and contrasted repose of varied scenes, and placid events, can entirely dispel; and oh! the luxury of thus exchanging the turbulence of life's tempestuous ocean, for the verdant retreat of peace and solitude; to feel that after buffeting the briny billow, and almost sinking within its abyss, we have at last grasped the rock of safety, and laid the tremulent heart upon a spot where its throbs will be appeased, and its woes alleviated, far distant from the sphere of its misery and danger.

The impetuous attempt of human nature to struggle against the conflicting and volcanic effects of sudden events, and the endeavour to erase from the mind almost every trait of tragic incident, and to form anew the basis of reflection, so as to produce a contrast to the past, seems to be a leading feature in the history of the human affections and passions. The extraordinary occurrences of life possess such striking resemblances to each other, in some of their combinations, that we feel ourselves to be continually combating against a relapse of that feeling, which we know to be most fatal to our happiness, and most delusive to our prospects; but how mournful is the conviction amid all the natural causes of misery, either to fancy, or be assured that we have neglected to allay the tortures of others, by a disregard of their necessities, or even that we cannot recall a brief moment of existence, to whisper another thought of consolation, or convey some stronger expression of interest and friendship to them in their misfortunes and sorrows. Alas! to know that the closed eye hath shed its last tear, that the illumined beam hath become eclipsed by the impenetrable darkness of night, that the hand of friendship will never again be extended, and the coldness of the grave will grasp the once warm and vigorous frame of youth and elegance. In these sentiments, you, my readers will sympathise, but I should hope that you are not so unfortunate as to extend your sympathy to circumstances equally disastrous and awful with those I have related in my previous narrative. The drama of life seldom closes in so abrupt, or so tragic a manner, as in the instance alluded to. Age, with anxious decrepitude, youth and protracted suffering, are received within the portal of death's gloomy chamber, by nature's imperious dictates, but the broken and contrite heart, the victim of sudden remorse, arrested by

conscience, stricken and wounded, sinking beneath the weight of guilt, fully and sensibly alive to its irremediable state; at one moment convulsed with reflection, and at another receiving hope's last ray, and almost expiring with the ecstasy it afforded. To have witnessed the dissolution of the young, beautiful, and intellectual, when hope indulged in a long reign of enjoyment, and ambition presumed upon success in the daring schemes which the too fertile imagination of youth had depicted, and nourished; to see the bud, with the fresh and vigorous blush of nature apparently permanent on its leaf, and in a few brief succeeding hours to find it bereft of its charm, and broken by the tempest of misfortune, and prostrate with the earth. So chilling and discouraging are some of the lessons of experience,—so disheartening, but too often, is the issue of the fairest prospect, that one regards human nature, in its loveliest and most attractive forms, with repining, on account of the uncertainty of its future destiny; and man frequently shrinks from the fashionable circle of life, lest the over sensitiveness of his disposition for the distresses of others, should, by sympathy, excite a corresponding unhappy state of mind in himself. Who is there existing in the gay sunshine of popularity, the object of admiration, and perhaps even of adoration, without knowing that the idol which at one moment is extolled, at another lies broken, the victim of injustice, and perhaps of persecution.

These ideas were the simple and natural reflections of my mind upon contemplating the remains of my deceased friend; and the usual rites having been performed, I endeavoured again to rally my discomposed spirits, which the reader will perceive by the tenor of the foregoing observations, were neither adapted for the arduous duties of life, nor calculated, in the tone of their despondency, to render me, in the society of my fellow-students, what medical professors should always endeavour to be, the cheerful and rational companion and friend. I determined, therefore, on exchanging the close and humid atmosphere of the metropolis, for the invigorating breezes of my native Cambria, and the fond companionship of my beloved and betrothed Emily. The third morning after my resolution had been formed, I was seated on the then heavy Shrewsbury coach, and descried, on entering the vale of Shropshire, in the grey light of the dawn, the bold outline of the Welsh mountains.

How many and how varied had been my circumstances since I left this picturesque landscape! but how contrasted to them, and how glorious, and sublime, was the scene before me! The sun rose in grandeur and majesty, and the distant vallies reposed beneath its smiles; for it was that season of the year when the loveliness and warmth of summer was combined with the freshness and vigour of spring.

The lover of the picturesque feels disposed to complain of the modern alterations in roads; but, at this time, the Holyhead road not being in existence, my taste for the wild and romantic scenery through a route almost unknown to the tourist, was most fully indulged. I proceeded on foot from Shrewsbury, and saw, for the first time, the beauties of Myvod, and the adjacent upland vales, until I arrived at the depopulated village of Llanvihangel, and then crossed the Berwen range, which divides the Dee and tributary streams of the Severn. Upon this mountainous expanse, as many of my readers are well aware, Henry II. was defeated by the intrepid heroes of Cambria, and it possesses, in addition, many features of interest to the artist, the botanist, and the antiquary.

From the far-famed mountain of Cader Bronwyn rushes upon the view the legendary pool of Bala, and its grandeur, for the moment, paralyses the senses: the grave where fell of old the barons of iniquity, the eternal monument of Heaven's retribution; its dark and sullen waters were expressive of the tale of mystery, and of woe. The abrupt and sombre mountains of Arrenig swayed majestically the north-west barrier; the pyramidal and more graceful Arran lay upon the left; the peaks of the hills were seen in dim reflection on the surface of Llyn Tegid, and the sublimity of the scene, and the composition of this terrific landscape was such, as to entrance the mind, and to prepare my imagination for the events of the succeeding morn.

Upon inquiring my road at the small cottage of a shepherd farmer, I received a hospitable welcome to share the evening meal, and sojourn for the night, which I gladly accepted; and, before sunrise, and ere the plover had offered its first plaintive whistle in apparent thankfulness for the repose and protection it had received in its bed of fragrant heather, I had resumed my pilgrimage, which, in the grey twilight, was more solemn than interesting. The dew, spiced with the wild fragrance of the hills, swept by the fresh early breeze, the golden ray of the sun just peeping o'er the distant rocky Bridden, awoke my mind to a higher contemplation of the beauties of nature, and the grandeur of scenery, than I had experienced even on the preceding evening. What! thought I, was this spot, now so exalted in majestic scenery, and its soil so prolific in affording the combined sweets of the mountain thyme and heather, once polluted by the mingled gore of Saxon and Walian heroes, whose uncurbed spirits form in history so striking a contrast to the still and peaceful scene around me? Did the wind, now so pure and odorous, once bear afar upon its bosom, the death shrieks of the expiring brave, and the acclamations of the victors? Yes! tradition, well authenticated, has consigned to this scene the defeat of England's second Harry, and the triumph of Gwynedd's Owain over the southern king and his mail-clad warriors. I was absorbed in the

reflection which the events, connected with the local history afforded, when my ear suddenly caught the almost inarticulate wailing of some one in distress ; I listened more attentively, and felt assured that my conjecture was correct. I hurried to a spot of more extended view, and the unhappy object who attracted my notice, and who, even in her frenzy, appeared beautiful, was seated on the still dewy heath, wildly shrieking, and in desperation tearing her hair, which hung in disorder upon her uncovered neck. This was no moment for explanation, and, with the assistance of a neighbouring shepherd, we conveyed the unfortunate girl to her home, which was providentially not far distant. An interest in her untimely wretched fate having caused myself and some friends to procure for her a more comfortable asylum, in one of her lucid intervals she was induced to confide to me some particulars of her past romantic life, which I have wrought into a short story, and have entitled it

THE MANIAC NAID.

The light of reason has never been dispelled so entirely by my misfortunes, but that it returns dawning over my weakened senses, like the flickering of the grey morn, casting its shadows over that portion of my existence which might have been happy, and affording its light only where misery and despair have already much worn down my broken spirit, and distempered imagination. I was the only child of parents whose inheritance was the land which their forefathers had tilled for many past generations, the spot upon which they had lived, the tenure which they had cultivated, and the sacred yew-tree, beneath whose branches their remains had been laid, had been hallowed by the proud recollection of ancestral antiquity. Can I ever forget the fondness with which they regarded the gradual developement of my youthful attractions, and directed those accomplishments of mind, of which anxiety and wayward fortune have since almost deprived me. My village friends, who called me the flower of ———, * have many of them lived to see how little of the bloom hath remained ; but there was one once, who esteemed even the wild fragrance of the lowly cottage bud : he was a neighbour, and his life was given to the ocean. Our loves were pledged almost before we knew the tenderness and strength of the bond of affection ; he was a youth whom I hardly dare to recall to mind ; it excites my over-heated brain, and makes me too bitterly think of my blighted hopes. How little did he think,—his lightly bounding step, his fine hazel eye, subduing the rising im-

* Anxious to avoid unpleasant allusions to places and persons in connexion with this narrative, the writer has been induced to omit their names, and in some instances to misplace localities.

pulses of his disconsolate heart,—when upon the brow of yonder declivity I bade him adieu, that our parting was the last farewell to his home, and to his love. Alas! he bled and died in his country's cause, and, at the early age of sixteen, my young heart experienced the virgin bitterness of human anticipations. This youthful bereavement, added to others, proved too severe a blow to those feelings which have been but frail to withstand the shocks which the Almighty ordained that they should sustain; I silently pined under the affliction, but endeavoured to rally my sinking frame, on account of the responsibility of that duty which I owed my parents. My mother, who was most tenderly attached to me, noticed the change effected in the character of my mind, and perhaps this circumstance, added to a painful illness with which she was assailed, bore her to an early tomb. Let me not think or speak of these past circumstances, they are trivial in comparison to others with which my broken heart hath been assailed.

I have already said that our family possessed a small patrimonial estate, and that my father felt an equal pleasure with our progenitors in its careful cultivation; but the prosperity of the former times had ceased, and being unsuccessful in his plans, and unfortunate in his flocks, he was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of a rich proprietor, whose land closely adjoined our own, and who upon many occasions had, apparently with liberal designs, proffered his pecuniary aid to my unhappy father, who would have regarded with distrust the motives of our baronial neighbour, had he been more acquainted with the world, and the too frequent duplicity of those who appear to act from generous impulses.

An engagement having been entered into for the supply of means to relieve the immediate necessities of my parent, for another twelvemonth time swept on with steady course; and I felt once more relieved from the feeling, that the fortunes of my family, which for centuries had been so uniformly prosperous, were destined, within my short career, to receive the overwhelming tempest which female constitution and mind, are by nature so ill calculated to sustain. Alas! the clouds at this moment were gathering in the horizon; and I, who had anxiously and carefully watched over and supported my only remaining friend upon earth, perceived the growing and increasing trouble, and agitation, of my father's bosom. I could have wished to share his counsels, but he appeared to withhold all information from my perplexed mind; and the shock which we were destined to receive, was to me to be as sudden, as when it came ruinous and decisive in its results. One fair morning, when nature belies the sorrows of the heart, and tells one that joy and peace are basking in the sunshine of human life; when the sweet essence of its fruits

sport with the fancy, and delude the imagination; when the gaiety of scene, and serenity of air appear to banish the world's cares, and to make one feel, in joyous ecstasy, proof against all trouble; that dawn so treacherously lovely, was to me and to mine the last ray of earthly benignity. The same beauties are still, perhaps, displayed; the same mountain-lark carols over the fields, and the rivulet ripples to the stream; but the dark features of despair appear to me to overshadow all things. That morn, which I have described as one so beautiful, made my parent a beggar, myself an outcast, an orphan, and, I tremble to say the word, even perhaps a maniac. I watched day and night beside the couch of my broken-hearted father, who blessed me, and bid me never fear, but, that Heaven in its bounty, would befriend and protect me. He said, he should meet my sainted mother, and that in time the orphan would no longer be fatherless, but that the chills of fortune were Heaven's trials, to amend the heart, and fit me for eternity. I watched him in the last moment of dissolution, and an awful mystery came over me,—a dream, a fearful dream, that I am now a stranger in the land where I was once a native; that I am now a captive where I once was free to roam, in the blessings and the delight of glorious liberty. There is now a cloud upon the hills; a dark, gloomy, sullenness on the lakes; the flowers no longer bloom; the birds have ceased to sing; and what is this feeling? Oh God! it is the deprivation of the most precious of thy gifts, the aberration of that light which is the ray celestial to life's gloomy declivity.

I wandered, at the close of one day, to mark the spot where I would have me laid, when the expiring lamp should burn no more. I thought that there was an unwonted brightness in the small churchyard, and, as I entered it, it appeared to me that it was less sombre than it had ever been before. I looked about me, and many of the gravestones bore my name. Some were so obscure, that the epitaphs were almost illegible; there was our good ancestor, whom all our country knew, and beside him lay a favourite daughter, and he had caused an inscription to be written over her remains; it was from Hamlet,

“Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!”

I had not lived alone in misery. It appeared that many of my race had been afflicted, and I thought I could trace somewhat of their histories from the characters of the epitaphs; but, as I moved indifferently from one to the other, at this moment feelingly commenting to myself on the marvellous stories and feats connected with their former lives, and at the next struck with

dismay at untimely and early death, caused perhaps by that which bedims all the fairest of earth's gems, blighted affection as mine had been; my attention was arrested by one tomb, of which ruthless time had been careful, his sacrilegious wings having scarcely tainted it; my eye rested upon the inscription, a cold perspiration came over me, I sank upon the earth, that spot was the resting-place of those who had been more than the world to me, and without whom the world was as a blank space for me to roam upon, without hope or purpose, with nought save deep anguish, which increased as reflection and recollection again came across my unhappy mind.

I remember well, that this accident of so suddenly meeting with my parent's grave, when oblivion of all the circumstances regarding them, and their existence, had taken apparent possession of my mind, that I had a long and dangerous illness; and during this period, that I formed a most dreadful, and diabolical project, of murdering the individual who had caused all our misery, and had profited by our misfortunes. It appeared to me, in my starts of mental distress, that this would be a righteous act, and was enjoined by every tie that I deemed sacred; that I was to take every precaution for secretly carrying into sure effect the unhallowed project, and that every exertion should be used to procure the necessary instruments, and to obtain the needful information prior to the attempt being made. This was no very easy task, for I had an attendant who watched me, and the chamber where I was confined was highly situated from the ground below. It is said that cunning, and malice, form striking features, in the characters of insane persons, and those two qualities were almost the only features of mind left me, to work out my purpose. I found it was requisite, first, to ascertain whether the object of my revenge was at the baronial castle, and then, from other sources to discover, which of the sleeping chambers he was likely to occupy. In order fully to inform myself upon these points, some time must necessarily elapse, and in the meanwhile my imagination was madly dreaming, of the glory, of thus satiating my ire upon the whole family, who had so ruthlessly affected our fortunes. Of the persons who visited me, were some of the domestics of the castle, and from them I learned that the Lord of ——— intended for some days to take up his abode in the suite of apartments adjoining the small chapel of St. ———, which was at the south portion of the building, and in some degree detached from the more habited part of the residence. The measure of revenge now appeared full to the brim, and it was only necessary to use caution to carry this subtle and horrible plot into certain execution. I remember well the description of evening, as I gazed from my latticed window upon the wide country before me. The air was perfectly still; the

voice of no human being breathed ; a shade of deep gloom was upon the hills, that deep darkness pervaded, which has been appropriately represented as "darkness visible," and which usually precludes the mercurial moonlight, causing a mysterious solemnity peculiarly adapted for carrying into effect deeds which shun the glare of day, and may therefore be termed the tragic hour of night, and worthy of the poetic crayon of our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Hemans. I had bruised the field-poppy, and mixed its liquid in the evening potion of my attendant, and consequently she was deadly sleeping in an adjoining room. I drew from under the clothes of my bed a twisted line, made by the destruction of one of my blankets, and having fixed it firmly to a bar of the window, I slid gently and silently down to the garden below, and in a few minutes attained a narrow pathway which led in a direct line to the castle walls. The feeling of once more being at liberty did not cause me to lose sight of the object I had in view, in making my escape ; nor if, for one moment it had done so, would the dream have been dispelled, for every step I took, was an evidence of my wrongs : there was the mossy bank where I had so often laid me down in childhood ; there were the vallies where I had gathered the lovely violets and the early primrose ; but sadness and misery were now my portion upon the spot which had been my birthright. The flame within my feverish breast burned more fiercely instead of being subdued, and it prompted me and hurried me onwards to complete my purpose. I crossed a small rivulet in which my tiny fingers had formerly so playfully and happily sprinkled, and it now appeared to flow heavily forward, streaked with red gore, which wound its way sluggishly along, and my eyes gloated upon it with a wildness of feeling, which makes me now shudder to reflect upon. After resting my wearied frame, and having arrived at the ruins adjoining that part of the castle in which I had previously informed myself the Baron aboded, I crept up one of the crevices which I knew would lead me into the main part of the building, and, from being well acquainted with the localities, I could have no difficulty in tracing my way to the chamber where I supposed the object of my revenge would repose. I lighted a candle of rush-grass which I had brought purposely with me, and it was well that I had done so, for, in turning an angle of the foundation of the castle, I had nearly been precipitated into one of the dungeons below, the trap-door of which had been left open, and upon the brink of the aperture, I just caught a glimpse of my danger, in time to save myself from the dark abyss. I had nearly fainted ; but it was no moment for aught but the one purpose of slaughter, and I renewed my energies in the time for reflection which the incident afforded me. I sought first the hall wherein the armour and weapons of past days were deposited ; for it was an idea

greedily seized by my mind, that the instrument of destruction should be one of those which his ancestors had wielded. I searched for some minutes in vain for that which well suited me, and I then found a small dark ebony handled dirk, curiously carved and inlaid with gold; a gem studded the end of the gripe, and it was double edged, and from the condition of its appearance, it was evidently deemed a relic of much family value. I grasped it firmly, and held it before me in ecstasy, and almost with that reverence of feeling with which the soldier regards the relics of a campaign, or the blade that has served him in it; but mine was about to be serviceable, while the veteran's had been the tried and trusty servant of the purpose. I startled as the glare of the lamp fell upon the dark features of an old painting, which seemed to frown upon me as I passed on, and the armour shook at me as if it anticipated a fearful deed, but my soul's well-wrought determination was not to be thwarted with childish fancies. I gloried at the idea that another victim was about to be consigned to the family obsequies, and to add his relics to the heaps before me. As I gradually approached the chamber where my victim reposed, I had some consciousness of the desperate and bloody deed, for my footsteps at one time were faltering, and then again they were hurried, feeling, as I did,

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

I conquered the irresolution of the moment, and advanced to the door of the fatal chamber; a deep breathing caught my ear, I listened, all was well, my victim was in a sound repose. The flower and chivalry of ———, with its pomp, its unjust power, shall satiate the ire of the injured orphan, thought I. A hideous hysteric laugh was about to burst from me, but I subdued the inclination, and with stealthy steps approached the side of the couch. The light fell upon the pale features of my unconscious victim; his raven hair flowed loosely over the pillow, the neck and bosom lay partially bare, but an infant child in innocent sleep rested in his arms; its little head, clustered with auburn curls, reclining upon the father with its hand upon his breast. I muttered to myself, thou murderer of my parents, thou despoiler of the orphan's portion, dost thou fancy these walls are to you protection against guilt and injuries? do you think to close the gate, and bar the door against the right of the orphan with impunity? could the stony heart but know that eternity yawns but to receive his guilty soul, and that his child in all its loveliness might also be another expiation, and sacrificed for the wrongs inflicted on the powerless and friendless: what is now your dream? is it of ambition, the grandeur of your family, the power of your mind, or the splendour of your name and fame?

All these shall sink, and the film of your departing soul shall overshadow the delusion in the agony of your dissolution. The funeral knell is about to be tolled; the ties of this world are about to be dissolved, and they whom most you love shall shriek upon your mangled corpse, and all this for the orphan's wrong. I raised the weapon high above me, and looked upon the victim, and grinned with demoniacal delight. Now hath arrived the moment long desired and ardently petitioned for in my impious prayers to the Almighty. The parent dies with the child upon his bosom. Oh! this is deep, deadly, revenge! he dies with all he most loves, fondly, and in delusion safely grasped around him. The instrument of death was about to descend, the deed was on the eve of accomplishment, when the poor cherub, in its sympathy for its parent's safety, seemed to clasp him more firmly; it raised one of its little arms to the neck of its father, and drew an infant sigh. An infant's sigh! In that moment my arm was powerless; I was unnerved; I rushed from the room, burst into an overwhelming flood of tears, and the light of dawn found me wretched, weak, and almost paralysed in frame, on the margin of the lake of ———. I awoke as from a deep sleep, with the horrible recollection of the nightly incident as a dream, awfully impressed on my mind. My heart was bursting; my weak body was chilled by the night air, and I had no home, no one to love and to protect me with kindness, I had no friend in the wide world; those whom I formerly possessed have died or deserted me; my family, once honourable and numerous, are now no more, the ties that bound them are all dissolved, the glory of their deeds are now almost forgotten, I am the last of *those* who have been benefactors to their country; and what am I? Alas! to think that I am a poor maniac, subsisting upon the bounty of others, the slightest return of reason bringing with it the unhappy consciousness of misery, more dreadful than imagination can realize. I have yet much to learn, though experience hath bitterly taught me how futile are the aspirations of youth; but the dissolution of this world's charms may have been a gain to my soul, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

There is but one refuge left me whither I can flee: the mountain-roe seeketh not the glade; the wounded bird forsakes its mate; and the broken heart hath *but one resting place*.

* * * * *

Again, with the freshness and energetic spirit of youth, we shift the scene of life, to dissolve the forebodings of an anxious mind, and recall the bright characters of pleasure, which, as by the magic wand of an Ariel, are summoned by the elasticity of genius, or created by the delusive vision of hope. Think of love and beauty; of the union of gentleness and purity; of affection, rekindled by the memory of her whose every word imparts

delight, and whose expression beams as a star in the still hour of night; the world, the whole world excluded from the idea, in fondly contemplating the one object whose light is life. Let the kind reader participate in these my feelings, and he will perceive by what transition of mind the grave tenor of the foregoing pages so suddenly hath yielded to the gay impulses of the heart; by what power unseen, yet ever so predominant and prevailing in almost every action of life, by the exuberance of devotion, we are led on to joyous ecstasy. In thus expressing myself, I have, contrasted my own feelings with those of the reader of the "Maniac Maid," for I again possess the presence and society of her whom I have designated "my beloved Emily."

TRUE HAPPINESS.

By the late EDWARD WILLIAMS.

I.

The wrinkled miser loves to dwell
 With Av'rice in her murky cell,
 To Care consigns his narrow soul;
 Light-hearted youths, in merry vein,
 Assemble sportive o'er the plain,
 Whilst others quaff the mantling bowl;
 We mortals all, in varied scenes, employ
 The visionary thought in blind pursuit of joy.

II.

I seek nor wealth, nor youthful play,
 Nor sottish Mirth's unmeaning lay,
 But, on my native plains, alone,
 I walk along the silent mead,
 And tune in peace my rural reed,
 To all the busy world unknown;
 I quit the crowd, fly far from hateful noise,
 And feel my thoughtful muse the source of endless joys.

III.

Secluded thus, in calm content,
 On close pursuits of nature bent,
 I tuneful numbers lead along,
 Whilst warm enamour'd thoughts arise;
 Come, Virtue, from thy native skies!
 Be thou my theme of raptur'd song!
 We feel no joy, from sordid Earth refin'd,
 But where thy laws illume, and rule the willing mind.

WELSH MEMBERS DURING THE COMMONWEALTH.

GENTLEMEN,

As your valuable publication has already made known some of my communications, I shall feel obliged (should you think it worthy of a place,) by the publication of the accompanying list of the members who served in Parliament, for the Principality, during the early part of Cromwell's usurpation. It is copied from Oldfield's Representative History, and headed thus:

"Equal Representation of the People in the Time of the Commonwealth."

This Parliament appears to have begun at Westminster, September 3, 1654, and lasted until the 23d of January, 1655. The rotten boroughs were excluded from sending representatives; the two members sat for the county, excepting, as is now the case, (and I will venture to add, very improperly so,) Merionethshire only sends one. Why the maritime interests of that county, which has greatly increased and improved, is so left, is to me a political mystery.

I am in hopes that some of your numerous correspondents will furnish us with some anecdotes and pedigrees of the gentry so elected during that memorable period.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

*Chatham ;
March 1, 1832.*

D^D ROWLANDS.

Anglesea, . . .	1. George Twisleton, esq.
	2. William Foxwist, esq.
Brecknockshire, .	3. Henry Lord Herbert.
	4. Edmund Jones, esq.
Cardiganshire, .	5. James Phillips, esq.
	6. Jenkin Lloyd, esq.
Caermarthenshire,	7. John Cleypool, esq.
	8. Rowland Dawkins, esq.
Carnarvonshire, .	9. John Glynn, esq.
	10. Thomas Mostyn, esq.
Denbighshire, . .	11. Colonel Simon Thelwall.
	Colonel John Carter.
Flintshire, . . .	12. John Trevor, esq.
	Andrew Ellis, esq.
Glamorganshire, .	13. Philip Jones, esq., one of His High-
	ness's Council.
	14. Edmund Thomas, esq.
Cardiff, . . .	John Price, esq.

Merionethshire, .	15.	John Vaughan, esq.
Montgomeryshire, .	16.	Sir John Price, bart. Charles Lloyd, esq.
Pembrokeshire, .	17.	Sir Erasmus Phillips, bart.
	18.	Arthur Owen, esq.
Haverfordwest, .	19.	John Upton, esq.
Radnorshire, . .		George Gwynne, esq. Henry Williams, esq.

ANNOTATIONS.

1. Mr. Twisleton was a branch of the ancient family of Twisleton, of Barrow Hall, in the county of York. He was an active officer in the Parliament army, of which he was a colonel, and governor of Denbigh Castle. He was brought into Wales, by marrying the heiress of the Glynnnes of Lleuar, in the parish of Clynnog. There are memorials to the families of Glynnne and Twisleton in that venerable and beautiful edifice, Clynnog church.

2. William Foxwist, esq. There is scarcely an old deed relating to property at Carnarvon, in which the name of Foxwist does not appear. Their pedigree will be found, if I recollect rightly, in Harl. mss. 1794, and in Lewis Dwnn's Visitation of North Wales.

3. Henry Lord Herbert, eldest son of Edward, second Marquis of Worcester. After his father's death, he was created Duke of Beaufort; and the present illustrious Duke of that title is lineally descended from him.

4. Mr. Edmund Jones was of Buckland, in the county of Brecon: he was Recorder of the town, and His Highness's Attorney-General for South Wales. "Notwithstanding that" (according to Burton's Diary,) "a party in the House suspected him of loyalty, and preferred that as a charge against him, and he was expelled, it was moved and seconded that he be also sent to the Tower; whether that punishment was inflicted or not, the Diary does not furnish an account. He made a very good defence of himself, which availed not." Vol. iii. p. 241. He does not appear to have been a speaker on any particular subject: he was, on the restoration of Charles II., restored to his Recordership of Brecon, and also made Recorder of Caermarthen. An excellent good character: how he became once a republican is unknown.

5. Mr. James Phillips resided at the Priory at Cardigan. The then residence of this gentleman was a part of the ancient religious cell modernized: it has long since been pulled down, and a neat building erected thereon by the late John Bowen, esq., of Trocodyraur, in this county. Mr. Phillips was a great partisan of his day, one of the Conservators of the Peace for the counties of

Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan: his family nearly allied to those of Picton Castle, the first we know was Einon, the grandson of Sir Thomas Phillips of Picton. This family, doubtless, purchased the Priory estate in consequence of its political contingency, commanding, by its tenantry, the return of a member for the borough. Cromwell having excluded the boroughs from sending representatives, Mr. Phillips appears here as a county member. By this gentleman's pedigree, as given in Sir S. R. Meyricke's History of Cardiganshire, he appears to have married three wives, first, his near relation, Miss Francis Phillips, daughter of Sir Richard Phillips, bart., of Picton Castle, by whom he had no issue; secondly, to Catharine, daughter to John Fowler, of London, merchant. This lady excelled in poetry and learning, and was one of the most celebrated women of her day; she was well known to all the noble and learned authors, as appears by her Life, which was published a few years after her death, with a likeness. I was once possessed of a copy, which I gave to the late Admiral Sir Erasmus Gower, G. C. B., who was a connection of this family, by the marriage of Mr. Hector Phillips with the widow Stedman. Mrs. Catharine Phillips translated the plays of Corneille, and other works; and dedicated some of her poems to Mrs. Anne Owen, of Orielson, and Mrs. Meyricke, of Bodorgan, in Anglesea. Her poetic name was "Orinda," and often called the "Matchless Orinda." She died, I believe, at the age of thirty-two, of the small-pox, and left a daughter, who afterwards became the wife of Lewis Wogan, esq., of Whiston, in the county of Pembroke; she had more children, but they died young. Mr. Phillips's character is thus given, in a ms., entitled, "A true Character of the deportment, for these eighteen years last past, of the principal Gentry within the counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan, in South Wales," written about the year 1661.

"James Phillips, one that had the fortune to be in with all tymes, yet thrived by none; an argument, that covetousness (the root of evil) was not the motive for him to take employments. His genius is, to undertake publique affairs; regarding sometimes more the employment than the authority from whom received the same. He hath done much good, and is ill rewarded by those he deserved most of."

His third wife was a daughter of Sir Reece Rudd, baronet, of Aberglasney, in the county of Caermarthen, by whom he had no issue. In 1649, he was High Sheriff for the county of Cardigan, and called in the Roll "of Tregibby," a fine farm near the town, where there was a respectable residence for the eldest son of the Priory during the lifetime of his father, who was Hector Phillips, esq., who also had served the office of Sheriff, and had been m.p. for the borough. His mother

was a daughter of Sir William Wogan, of Whiston, knight. I believe these Phillips's of the Priory lie buried near the chancel in St. Mary's Church at Cardigan: there are no monuments erected to their memory.

6. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd was of Llanvair, Clydogau, in the county of Cardigan. He appears, by his pedigree in Dr. Meyricke's interesting History of Cardiganshire, p. 358, to have married a daughter of John Stedman, esq., of Strata, Florida, by whom he appears to have had issue. There is nothing particularly noticed of this gentleman, saving that not being re-elected, we may conjecture he was a royalist, as were his descendants, who appear to have paid fines: some of them represented the county and borough after him. This fine estate came to the possession of the late Colonel Johns's father by a marriage: the Colonel sold it afterwards.

7. Mr. Cleypool married one of Cromwell's daughters, and was afterwards called Lord Cleypool, and sat in the "*tother House*;" the Protector's influence, of course, was the means of his representing this county: he afterwards sat for Northamptonshire.

8. Mr. Rowland Dawkins came into Wales as a major in Cromwell's army: he afterwards became a colonel. He was one of those who participated with Colonel Horton in a share of the Slebech estate: both he and Mr. Cleypool often spoke in the House. He once had a contest for the borough with David Morgan, esq., and was returned; but Mr. Morgan, on petitioning, gained the seat. See Burton's Diary, vol. iv. p. 275. I believe he intermarried with some family in Caermarthenshire. Why Cromwell's friends and favourites should have a preference of being returned for Caermarthenshire, is a circumstance I cannot account for; had it been Glamorganshire, I could readily do it, for his ancestors were of that county.

9. Mr. John Glynn, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was born at Glynllivon, in Carnarvonshire, was a very learned lawyer, and a great political character; he was the youngest son of Sir William Glynn, by Jane, daughter of John Griffith, esq. of Carnarvon; he joined in the restoration of Charles II. He was a constant speaker in the House, was a King's Serjeant, and died in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and was buried with much splendour, in Westminster Abbey. His pedigree is given more at large in Noble's Memoirs of Cromwell, vol. i. p. 391.

10. Thomas Mostyn, the member for Carnarvon was, probably, the second and youngest brother of Sir Roger Mostyn, the first Baronet of that family.

11. Colonel Simon Thelwall, of Plas y Ward, near Ruthin.

His second wife was the Lady Margaret Sheffield, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Mulgrave. Their grand-daughter Jane, daughter and heiress of Edward Thelwall, of Plas y Ward, married Sir William Williams, of Llanvorda, bart. eldest son of the Speaker Williams, and to their descendant Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart. the Plas y Ward estate now belongs. Colonel Simon Thelwall died in 1655.

12. John Trevor, esq., of Brynkinalt, afterwards Master of the Rolls, and progenitor of the present Viscount Dungannon, and of the late Countess of Mornington, mother of His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

13. Colonel Philip Jones. He was of Pen-y-wain, in Langevelach parish, in the county of Glamorgan, an ancestor of the present Jones's of Fonmon castle, in that county. It appears in "Noble's Memoirs of the Protestant House," that Colonel Jones had no more than £20 a year, at the commencement of the Civil War, and he increased it to £4000, this must have included the offices he held.* Oliver Cromwell made him Comptroller of the Household, a Privy Counsellor, and Steward of the lands he held in Wales, and a Member of the House of Lords; he sat in Parliament for the counties of Brecon, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, in turn: he was, it appears by Mr. Jones's History of Breconshire, greatly assisted in obtaining the seat for the latter county, by a Colonel Jenkin Jones, a noted puritan.

There is an anecdote of Colonel Jenkin Jones, the friend of the m.p., inserted in Mr. Theophilus Jones's excellent and invaluable History of Brecknockshire, pp. 527, 528, that, when he was informed of the landing of Charles II., he mounted his horse and rode through the churchyard, exclaiming, as he discharged his pistol against one of the doors of the edifice, 'Ah, thou old whore of Babylon, thoult have it all thy own way now.' The mark of a pistol-ball perforating the door, certainly appears at this moment, and in some measure corroborates this story. Mr. Jones goes on and believes that this Colonel Jones afterwards fled to England, when he was taken and imprisoned, his estates were confiscated and sold: his son was the last sheriff of Brecknockshire during Cromwell's usurpation.

14. Mr. Edmund Thomas. This ancient and most respectable family were for many years seated at Wenvoe. The original name was Harpwaye, of Tresimont, in Herefordshire: they took the name of Thomas, in consequence of a marriage with Catherine,

* It is stated in Burton's Diary, page 331, vol. I. that Colonel Jones had as much as £7,000 a year, and that he had begun with only £8 or £10 a year. He appears to speak out boldly in his place in Parliament, whenever he addresses the House. I have no account of what became of him after the restoration. This is highly desirable to be known.

daughter and sole heir of Thomas ap Thomas, of Wenvoe Castle. This castle, with other estates, got into possession by marriage of the Cromwellian General Ludlow, from whence it returned again by a marriage of a Mr. Thomas, to the General's widow. This family are nearly allied to the Earl of Albermarle, and other distinguished families. I believe the latter baronet, John Thomas, sold this estate to Mr. Jenner, who now inhabits the castle.

15. Mr. Vaughan, was of Cefn bodig, near Bala, and a branch of the Vaughans of Glanllyn. His tomb is extant in the churchyard of Llanycil.

16. Sir John Pryce, bart. of Newtown Hall, near the town. The title of this highly ancient and respectable family is, I believe, extinct. There is hardly a pedigree of any respectable family in days of yore, where there is not an intermarriage with the Pryces of this Hall,—a portion of the once extensive property of these baronets, and the old mansion, is owned and occupied by the Rev. Mr. Evors, who proved himself an heir by the female line. He is a highly respectable clergyman, and has a benifice in the county of Pembroke, and is a magistrate in Montgomeryshire.

17. Sir Erasmus Phillips, bart., of Picton Castle, in this county, only son of Sir Richard Phillips, bart., of the same place. His mother was a daughter of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in the county of Northampton, bart. Sir Erasmus married two wives; the first was the Lady Cecily, daughter of Thomas Finch, earl of Winchelsea, by whom he had issue; secondly, to Catherine, daughter and coheir of the Honourable Edward Darcey, esq. by lady Elizabeth, daughter to Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, by whom he had issue. Of the public character of Sir Erasmus, neither history nor tradition will afford me any aid; both he and his ancestors, as well as descendants, have represented some parts of this county often in parliament, and when they could not be accommodated with seats, the borough of Plympton, in Devon, has been represented by them.

Sir Erasmus's father garrisoned Picton castle for King Charles I. in the civil wars, yet his near relation, a son-in-law, James Phillips, esq. M.P. for Cardigan, was a great favorite of Cromwell's, hence I conclude that it was by the latter's influence that Cromwell issued an order not to destroy any of the Picton castle property. Mr. Thomas Jones, solicitor, of Caermarthen, informed me that he had seen the original order.

18. Mr. Arthur Owen was the second son of Sir Hugh Owen, bart., by Catherine, daughter of Evan Lloyd, of Yale, in the county of Denbigh, esq., relict of John Lewis, of Prescodd, esq. He married two wives, his sister married William Scourfield, of the Mote, in the county of Pembroke, whose descendants

now possess Robertson hall. I am glad to find that the present Mr. Scourfield is rebuilding the ancient seat of his ancestors at Mote, where they have resided ever since the Conquest, I believe without any interruption of the name.

Of Mr. Arthur Owen, my small means of knowledge does not afford me any information of his political character. That of this family, generally speaking, have been ever since they were seated in Pembrokeshire, in the reign of Elizabeth, stanch royalists, and supporters of the Protestant religion, which has endeared them greatly to the freeholders of the county, which they have represented oftener, and for a longer period, than any other family residing therein. I find in Mr. George Moore's History of the Revolution of 1688-9, p. 193, that a Mr. Hugh Owen, of Wilton, went to Holland to carry despatches, hastening King William's arrival in this country. I have also heard that in Queen Anne's reign one of this family was the means of preserving the blessings of the protestant religion to this realm. Either he or his descendant was offered an earldom, which he declined.

19. Mr. John Upton appears to be a commissioner of customs. He represented Fowey in the long parliament, and Haverfordwest for four years. How he came there not even tradition will assist me, nor can I trace what part of England he came from, saving that an inference may be drawn, that a Mr. Arthur Upton represented Devonshire in the same parliament, which induces me to suppose that he was either from Devon or Cornwall.

JEU DE MOTS, or old Punning Englyn

Priddyn wyv o'r prudda-a'r Pryv,
A'r pryved a'm bysa,
Prudd yw meddwl mai pridd vydda,
O'r pridd yr wyv i'r pridd yr a.

INCERTI AUCTORIS.

Translation.

Of dust I am, or heavy clay,
And swiftly hasten to decay,
And sad to think—how soon I may
Be yet converted into clay.

PERIS.

THE DELIVERANCE OF RHYS. •

Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?—SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis Autumn—on Caermarddyn's woods
 A few wan leaves are ling'ring still—the last;
 And dismally the spoiled trees
 Are wailing in the evening breeze,
 As if they mourned their Summer glories past.
 Oh, sadd'ning season! thou dost bring
 Home thy trite moral to the weary heart:
 And some who slight thy lessons old,
 When first they see thy tinging gold,
 Learn their deep truth, ere thy last leaf depart.
 Night's shadows deepen fast around,
 But there is light in Dinevor's princely towers,
 And revelry, and minstrel string.
 Oh, conscience! can they blunt thy sting?
 Or doth it slumber in the festal hours?
 Not with the revel bides my lay;
 I seek a dungeon, desolate and chill,
 Where Dinevor's lord, with fetters bound,
 Lies helpless, stretched upon the ground,
 Only his haughty spirit chainless still.
 Calmly the warrior lies and listens
 To the swoln river's ceaseless wail;
 Or watches where a lonely moonbeam glistens
 On some foul reptile's loathsome trail.
 And still, at intervals, a far off tone
 Of festal music, in the distance dying,
 Blends with the stream's hoarse din, a sadder moan,
 Than e'en the night wind's hollow sighing.
 He looks and listens, till each anxious sense,
 O'er wearied, yields to fancy's vague dominion;
 Then, far away, his spirit strays
 To other scenes, and brighter days,
 On sleep's untiring pinion.
 The moon's pale gleam he sees no more;
 The daybeam gilds Morganwg's shore,
 Where, spreading wide, as eye may trace,
 Are helmet, shield, and glittering lance;
 And many an old familiar face
 Meets joyously his searching glance;
 And proudly, on a hillock near,
 He sees his own broad banner fly;
 The river's murmur, in his ear,
 Has deepened to a battle cry;

• Maelgwn, son of Rhys, Prince of South Wales, put out the eyes of his brother Howell, and, fearing his father's vengeance, made him a prisoner; but Rhys, by means of Howell, who was blind, escaped from Maelgwn's prison.

His hand is on his charger's mane—
He springs—alas! that galling chain
Has dragged him back to earth again.
Away the blissful dream has flown,
And, leaning on his couch of stone,
To lure it back he vainly tries,
While darker thoughts unbidden rise,
And into wild conjectures flow,
Of who may be the hidden foe
That holds him thus in ling'ring thrall,
And lords it in his father's hall.
Sudden he starts—Ho! is he dreaming still?
Or did a light touch on his eyelids thrill?
No; 'twas no dream; for now, distinct and near,
A gentle voice falls softly on his ear:
“Father, 'tis Howel calls, awake!
This file will soon thy fetters break.
'Tis done, and quickly must we flee,
Tread lightly, speak not, follow me.”
He is obeyed; the captive waits
No second bidding to be free;
Silent they pass the pond'rous gates,
Which yield before a master-key.
They tread, with cautious steps and slow,
A vaulted passage, long and low;
Then mount a steep and broken stair,
And breathe once more the upper air.

One moment's pause the chieftain made, to raise
His eyes to Heav'n, in meek, but fervent praise;
Breathed one brief blessing on that young bright head,
And onward through the forest depths they sped.
Silent awhile, as lost in anxious thought,
Until Prince Rhys, by varied questions, sought
From his bewildering doubts to break;
But still the youth unwillingly replied,
As if his mind were less on what he spake,
Than something that he fain would hide.
“'Twere tedious now,” he said, “to tell
How my captivity befell;
But never, through its dreary space,
Did I behold my keeper's face.
A bondsman, who of old was ours,
And still has dwelt in Dinevor's towers,
Grateful for ancient kindness, gave
Our freedom, though himself a slave.”
“Thou know'st not then our secret foe?
It matters not; for we shall know,
When soon we grapple in the strife,
Strong hand to hand, and life for life;
Then, Howell, at thy father's side,
Thou'lt boldly stem the battle's tide.”
“No, father, no; the battle's roar
Shall rouse this sinking heart no more;

No more my throbbing breast shall swell
 To see thy pennon proudly fly ;
 To count my beads in monkish cell,
 Were fitter doom for such as I.”
 “ For such as thou !—what ! fair and young,
 And from a tribe of heroes sprung ?
 Degenerate boy ! and thou wouldst dwell,
 Inglorious, in a convent cell ?
 I loved thee, that, of all my race
 Thou only wore thy mother’s face ;
 And now, it shames my age, to find
 Thou bear’st a woman’s feeble mind.”
 He paused, in wrath ; but no reply
 Was given, save one heart-broken sigh,
 That smote upon the father’s ear,
 As if some deep distress were near.
 “ Nay, nay, I felt thy trembling hand,
 And marked thy weak uncertain tread,
 And knew full well their iron band
 Had bound my darling’s youthful head ;
 But deemed not ought their hate could do,
 Might crush the daring spirit too.
 Yet, grieve not for my hasty word,
 Thou wert but now a caged bird,
 With drooping crest and ruffled wing,
 ’Tis all too soon to bid thee sing ;
 And thou wilt tell another tale,
 When peals our war-cry on the gale :
 But rest we here awhile,” he said :—
 They halted in a forest glade.

’Twas a fair scene ; the moonlight strayed
 Among the leafless branches round,
 And o’er the stripling’s ringlets played,
 And eyes, for ever bent upon the ground.
 Bright on the warrior’s silvered locks it fell,
 And poured a lustre, holy and sublime,
 On the dark brow, where care had mimicked well
 The deeply-graven characters of Time.
 “ My son, to me this wintry air
 Seems laden with the Spring’s perfume ;
 And yon bright moon shines doubly fair,
 In eyes long strained through prison gloom.”
 Young Howell sighed, and answered low,
 In broken accents, falt’ring slow,
 “ Dear father, while I hear thee speak,
 I seem to feel the moonlight ray
 Fall softly on my burning cheek,
 And chase its fever-flush away ;
 And I rejoice, that our unpitying foe
 Wreaked not his fiercest cruelty on thee :
 But look on these unlighted orbs, and know,
 Midnight and noon alike are dark for me.”

With firm clenched teeth, and stifled breath,
Cheek, lip, and brow, as marble pale,
And limbs, that stiffen as in death,
The chieftain hears that whispered tale.
And, at its close, with flashing eye,
Raises his strong arm to the sky,
As he would bid heav'n's vengeance speed
On him who wrought so foul a deed.
By some unerring instinct taught,
It seems, the sightless one hath caught
That unseen gesture's menace stern,
For, springing from his couch of fern,
Ere rage and hate can utterance find,
Around his sire his arms are twined.
Wildly he gasps, (while each deep tone,
Anguish and terror smother :)
"My father—curse him not—thine own—
Oh God ! he is my brother !"

Be hushed my song—chief of an ill-starred line,
Too weak the lay for griefs so dark as thine.

E.

BARM SUBSTITUTED FOR LEAVEN.

BARM is said to have been first used by the Celts, in the composition of bread. The word is Welsh; *burm*, which became *beorm* in the Anglo-Saxon, and *barm* in modern English. About the time of the entry of Agricola's army into Lancashire, a new sort of loaf had been introduced at Rome, which was formed only of water and flour, and much esteemed for its lightness. It was called the *parthian roll*, from the names of the original inventors, and the *water-cake*, from its lightness. But even this was not comparable to the British for its delicacy. The use of *cwrw*, and the knowledge of brewing, had made the ancient British acquainted with an ingredient for their bread, which was better calculated to render it light and palatable than the leaven, the eggs, the milk, or the wine and honey of other nations. This was the spume, or froth, which arose on the surface of their *cwrw*, during the process of fermentation.

The English word *brew* is derived from the Welsh *bwrw cwyn*, to foam; and *beer*, from *berwi*, to boil. So also the conversion of the initial *b*, in *bwrw*, into *c*, gives us *cwrw*, i. e. the foaming liquor.

THE HISTORY OF NORTHOP, FLINTSHIRE;

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, (CAERVALLWCH.)

(Continued from No. XIV. p. 204.)

PASSING through the townships of Sychtyn and Northop, we have a memento of our oppression under the Saxon yoke, the boundary dyke, raised by Offa, the eleventh king of Mercia. According to the authority of our Welsh chronicles, it would appear that Mr. Pennant is wrong in calling it Watt's dyke;⁶⁵ it is there stated that Offa made two dykes, one in 765, the other in 784. The studied insults and acts of tyranny heaped upon the Welsh, aroused them to retaliation. In conjunction with the kings of Northumberland and of the South Saxons, with whom they were then in alliance, they suddenly beset, in the night of St. Stephen's day, A.D. 776, and assisted by the country people, levelled the first dyke even with the ground.

It extended from the river Wye along the counties of Hereford, and Radnor, into Montgomery, and passes Bishop's Castle, Mellington hall, Brompton, Limor park, Nantcriba, Layton hall, Buttington, Llandysilio, Llanymynach, Trev y Clawdd, Cevn y Bwch, Ceiriog, Chirk castle, Cevn y Wern, Rhiwabon, Plas Madoc, Wrexham, Pentre Bychan, Adwy'r Clawdd, Brynbo Bryniorcyn, Coed Talwrn, Cae-dwn, a farm near Treyddin chapel, in the parish of Mold; beyond which no further traces can be discovered. Our ancient records state that this dyke extended from sea to sea; that is, from the mouth of the Wye, a little below the Bristol channel, to the river Dee, below Holywell, a distance of about 110 miles.

The second dyke Offa made nearer to him than the former, leaving the territory between the Severn and Wye, of which Elystan Glodrydd⁶⁶ became king, towards the close of the tenth century.

This barrier begins at Maesbury, near Oswestry, passes by Hen-ddinas Pentre'r Clawdd, Bryncinallt, Nant y Bela, Wynnstay, Erddig, Wrexham, Dolydd, Maesgwyn, Gwersyllt, Rhydin, Caerestyn, Hope, Molesdale, through this parish, by Nant y Flint, Cevn y Coed, and terminates in the sea, below Basingwerk, Holywell. Its length is about forty miles.

The intervening space between both dykes, which varies at unequal distances from five hundred yards to three miles, was neutral ground, where the Britons and Saxons might meet for commercial and other purposes; hence comes Maelawr, a place of traffic, districts so called in the marches of Wales.

Sometime after, Offa, still breathing revenge, marched with a formidable army into Wales, and was met by the Cambrians on Rhuddlan Marsh, where the latter were defeated, and Caradoc, their leader, and Meredydd, prince of Dyved, were slain in the action; and where, according to some historians, Offa was slain;* this affair happened in 794. The memorable event of this battle has been carried down to posterity by an ancient plaintive ballad, called "Morva Rhuddlan," or Rhuddlan's Marsh.

King Harold ordained a law, that all Welshmen, who should be found with arms on the English side of the rampart, should have their right hands cut off.

Not far from Llys, on the road leading to Halkin, stood formerly a chapel, of which not a stone now remains, tradition of which is very imperfect. It was erected probably in the twelfth century, when the monks were exempted, by the pope, from the authority of their sovereign; this, together with the remissness of the monastic discipline of that period, caused the parish-church to be transferred into other hands, and re-dedicated to St. Mary. The chapel, said to be dedicated to St. Peter, no doubt, was supplied from the monastery in the neighbourhood. The last remains of anything like ecclesiastical antiquity here, were four fine yew trees on the verge of the ground on which the chapel stood; they were cut down in 1799, and converted, by the Crews of Celyn, into household furniture.

In this place is a fine spring, called Fynnon pen y Capel, or the Well above the Chapel. This well of consecrated water, was considered, formerly, to possess peculiar virtues, and used to be visited by persons afflicted with various diseases; its copious limpid stream is conducted to a spout by the road side, where it still affords refreshment and delight to the weary traveller.

Among the various feelings of human nature, attachment to the scenes amidst which our infancy and boyhood have passed, is one of the most pleasing; and if there is one spot more calculated than another to leave impressions of delight on the memory of the writer, it is this, and its immediate neighbourhood, where the well-known haunts have witnessed the frolics and pastimes of that happy period of existence when life was new. The surrounding scenery is picturesque and beautiful: nature here sports in the richest display of her power and wealth.

Within half a mile south of Pen y Capel, is a farm-house, called Monachlog, or Monastery; some few years ago, part of the edifice was discernible; the walls were above a yard thick, and apparently very old. Formerly, monasteries were the resi-

* He is said to be buried at Leamington, near Warwick.

dence of subordinary clergy, under the bishops; but whether this was a suffrage to some episcopal authority, by whom, and at what period it was founded, are subjects of doubtful inquiry; we have neither the aid of legends nor traditions to glean any information. A descendant of the family of Jones, who occupied this place for the best part of two centuries, asserts that the house was formerly surrounded with wood; and the last monk that lived here, was a very aged man, wearing petticoats. Human bones have been found in a plot of ground behind the house called Yr Ardd ddu.

But that Eurgain's place of worship in this parish, was served by monks or teachers from somewhere about here, perhaps this very spot, is a fact which ought not to be doubted; it might be questioned, whether the old fabric does not owe its origin to the favor and liberality of that saint. It is possible Edgar, king of the Saxons, founded this place; for in the Welsh chronicles it is said that he built several monasteries in Wales, and made compensation to the churches for the evil he did them in his younger days. The Saxon chronicles state that, "while he lived, there passed not a year but he built either a monastery, a priory, or church, to the honour of God and the saints. And that he could not be reprov'd but in three things, viz. the Earl Elelwald, Duke Andeneræ, and the nun who, on account of her beauty, he stole from her recluse." Medicinal herbs, in great variety and abundance, are found near the house; and coins have been discovered in ploughing the adjacent fields.

In the township of *Caer Allwch*, between *Gwernymarl* and *Llwyn Huwcyn*, stood formerly a castle, no doubt to guard that pass. Tradition asserts, it was situated just above the wood; not a vestige of it is now visible. A small farm-house, close by, is to this day called *Y Castell*, or the Castle.

Not far from this place, to the right, is a farm-house, called *Y Groes*, or the Cross: from the fact of there being a monastery and a chapel in this district, it is probable a cross was erected at *Brynglas*, near this farm; the cross, perhaps, merely designed, in the simplicity of its first intention, to act as guide to the place of worship, when rural woods were devious and obscured by forests and woodland. In the days of *Ethelbert* and *Oswald*, A.D. 963, crosses were begun to be used, and considered as symbols of Christianity: even cross-roads were revered in a religious point of view; the writer well recollects the superstitious habit at funerals, of laying down the bier at a cross-road, where the parish clerk knelt, and repeated the Lord's prayer, the company being uncovered.

There were, formerly, many houses in the parish, called *Plasau*, or halls, the residence of their respective proprietors, now, for years past, only farm-houses. The most remarkable is *Nor-*

thop hall, about a mile east of the village; this was, formerly, the family seat of the Evans's; the last possessor of that name died about 1760.

I find one Thomas Evans, of Northop, sheriff for the county of Flint in 1624; and a person of the same name from Northop hall held a similar situation in 1681; if not the same individual, he was of the same family; and as there were several halls in this district erected about the former period, we have a probable date for the building of this house; the date of the family pew at church is 1651.

The house is an oblong form, composed of rough stone, covered with slates. The walls are nearly two yards thick at the base, tapering to one yard and a quarter at the top. At the height of about four yards is a strong arch of stone turned over the whole, over which are the dormitories, and to which there is a circular stone staircase formed in the wall. Under the south end, is what is now called a cellar, of about five yards square, with a well in it, and a circular stone staircase formed in the wall of the south-east corner, ascending to the top of the house. What were the purposes of the extraordinary thickness and strength of this building is only to be guessed at now. It seems to have strength enough to resist any engines of former days, and to have had no windows but in the dormitories; those in the lower floors are comparatively of recent times.

The chief houses now are Wepra hall, Celstryn, Top y Vron, Upper Sychtyn, Middle Sychtyn, Lower Sychtyn, and Highfield.

The old house of Wepra hall, in the township of Wepra, which formerly belonged to the Fitzherberts, and became the property of that family by the marriage of Miss Owen, heiress of Bishop David Owen of St. Asaph, was the retreat or hiding-place of Lord Petre, in Oliver Cromwell's time. Edward Jones, now dead, in building the present mansion, has preserved the old cellar, said to be the place of incognito. The house is pleasantly situated, on a gradual rise from the Dee, where the vessels, lightly floating on its briny surface, frequently enlivens the scene; from a spring in the neighbourhood, water, through leaden pipes, is conveyed to the house. The present proprietor and occupier is Major Jones, of the twenty-sixth regiment of foot, a magistrate, much beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Celstryn, in the township of that name, is situated near the sea shore; the building has an inelegant appearance, and is ill-calculated for the residence of a gentleman. It is occupied at present by the proprietor, Edward Bates, who has erected a large brewery in the neighbourhood, where ale and porter are brewed on a pretty large scale.

Top y Vron is a neat brick box, standing on a small eminence, which commands a beautiful view of the Dee and Cheshire; the grounds are prettily decorated with plantations. The place belongs to the occupier, a Mrs. Ocken, widow of the late Mr. Ocken, surgeon, of Chester.

Upper Sychtyn, in the township of Sychtyn, is a pretty brick house, rather of the modern cast; and the grounds are much of the same character. It is the property of a Mrs. Lloyd, who, for many years, has resided out of this parish; the present occupier is Mrs. Johnson, widow of an attorney of that name.

Middle Sychtyn, in the same township, is the noblest fabric in the parish; it was formerly the seat of John Wynne, late Bishop of St. Asaph, who left behind him a valuable library and some manuscripts, now lost. His lordship was born at Maes y Coed, in Caerwys parish, Flintshire; he received the early part of his education in Northop school, from whence he went to Ruthin, where he was instructed for some time; afterwards, he was removed to Jesus college, Oxford. He succeeded Bishop Fleetwood to the bishoprick of St. Asaph in 1714, and was translated to Bath and Wells Nov. 11, 1727, and died July 15, 1743. He was buried in Northop church, as we have already noticed. Bishop Wynne left two sons and two daughters; John, the eldest, inherited Sychtyn estate, which was purchased in 1732. The youngest, the Right Hon. Sir William Wynne, knight, doctor of laws, of the commons, official principal of the Arches court of Canterbury, master keeper, or commissary, of the prerogative court of Canterbury, commissary of the deanery of the Arches, and one of his Majesty's privy counsellors.

The approaches to the house are lined and flanked with rows of stately trees; and in front of it is a fine avenue of lofty timber, "waving their heads in the gale." The grounds are well laid out, and beautifully wooded. The remains of a very ancient oak, of great dimensions and spread, are to be seen in a field near the road leading to Lower Sychtyn. The present proprietor and occupier, William John Banks, M.P. has added a new wing to the building, and made several other alterations and improvements.

Lower Sychtyn, in the same township, is the property of John Conway Potter, for many years a magistrate of the parish. This gentleman, I believe, derives his descent from Gruffydd Goch, lord of Rhos and Rhyvoniog; in consequence of some property left him lately, he has assumed the name of the bequeather, and is now John Conway Conway. The house is an irregular structure, bearing marks of antiquity: on the premises is a fine well

of water, with a stone over it thus inscribed:

E	M	L
1710		

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The rivulets, or brooks, are six: 1. The Vechlas, 2. Eulo, 3. Northop, 4. Nant y Flint, 5. Wigle, 6. Conwy; besides two other rills.

The Vechlas runs into the river Alun, and is the boundary between Northop and Cilcain. Eulo brook rises about Aberllannerch, by Buckley mountain, and runs to Wepra, where it is called Wepra brook, dividing Northop from Hawarden. Northop brook is a collection of several streams of wells, which unite above the village, runs through it, and straight across the middle of the parish into the sea. Nant y Flint brook is a boundary for a short way between Northop and Holywell. Wyglais, which means a small rivulet, runs from Sychtyn mountain, down to Lower Sychtyn house, thence along the side of the Chester road and the valley, to Wepra gutter; it is often dry in summer. Conwy brook, as it is called, rises in Halkin parish, receives a few tributary streams, and passes by the Midlest* and the Wern farm-houses, skirts Llwyn Huwcyn, and runs at the foot of Coed Iolyn, where the hanging woods dip their leafy fingers in its stream, while it chatters its way to the deep.

There are four mills on this stream, called y Velin Uchav, or Upper Mill; y Velin Ganol, or Middle Mill; y Velin Isav, or Lowest Mill; and Melin y Nant, or Nant Mill; all in this parish: three are corn mills, the other is for clover. About 300 yards below the bridge thrown over the Conwy river, near Pen y Capel, was to be seen, some years ago, the remains of another mill, of which no tradition remains. It might have belonged to Edwin, for in general the prince had a palace, a chapel, and mills, in every cantrev or hundred. In the Conwy stream are trouts and eels, the latter, in the mill ponds, are found in great abundance. The largest pond in the parish is Pwll y Gaseg, or Mare's pool, on Sychtyn common, which contains a variety of fish.

Beds of excellent freestone are frequent here; the stone which composes the steeple was dug out of a quarry near a place called Farm. Coals in abundance are to be found in the lower parts of the parish, and are sold at the pits at about eight shillings a ton, of 112lbs. In the townships of Sychtyn and Northop, extensive works have been and are still carried on; and immense quantities of coals conveyed, by iron rail-roads, down to the sea-side, to be shipped for Chester, Liverpool, and Dublin. The place is called Cwna's quay, a handsome pier, jutting into the channel; it was built by the River Dee company, for the protection and convenience of shipping; and from the accommodation it affords in that respect, it is become a place of considerable importance and advantage.

* Dross of smelted ore has been discovered in the brook near the Wern, which shews that lead used to be smelted there formerly.

Lead ore, in small quantities, is found in the township of *Caer Allwch*.

According to an Act of Parliament, which fixed the boundaries of the several parishes of Flintshire and Cheshire adjoining the *Dee*, this parish claims all the sands, formerly marches, west of the channel of the river, from the line of the parish of *Hawarden* downwards, to the boundary line between *Northop* and *Holywell*.

RECTORS OF NORTHOP.

Collated

1404. *Hugh Holbeche*, dean of *St. Asaph* and rector of *Hope*, and custos of *Flint chapel*; he died 1417.

1637. *P. Fowler*.

1531. *Thomas Gethin*.

1562. *Nicholas Robinson*, bishop of *Bangor*, in commendam.

He was born at *Conwy*, and became fellow of *Queen's college, Cambridge*, and chaplain to *Archbishop Parker*, after he had suffered calamities for the Protestant cause, in the reign of *Queen Mary*; archdeacon of *Merionydd* 1562; Bishop of *Bangor*, Oct. 5, 1566, and held the archdeanery in commendam till 1573, when he resigned to his kinsman, *Humphrey Robinson*, in exchange for that of *Anglesea*, which he held to the time of his death, in 1584; and Rector of *Whitney, Oxfordshire*. He translated the troublesome life and famous acts of *Gruffydd ab Cynan*, compiled by a most ancient friar of *Wales*, found by the posterity of the said *Gruffydd* in the house of *Gwydir*, at the request of *Maurice Wynne, esq.* into Latin.

****. *Peter Conwy*, archdeacon of *St. Asaph*, in his will, dated Dec. 10, 1581, appointed twenty marks to be distributed to each of the churches of *Northop*, *Rhuddlan*, *Abergele*, and *Rhyd y Llyvnydd*.

1584. *George Smith, LL.B.* vicar of *Llan Gerniw*.

1608. *David Ellis, D.D.* vicar of *Caerwys*.

1624. *John Williams, A.M.* He died in 1662, and is supposed to be buried in *Llan Rhaiadr yn Mochnant*.

1661. *Humphrey Lloyd, D.D.* bishop of *Bangor*, on the 19th Dec. 1664. He resigned the sinecure.

1664. *William Stone, LL.B.* principal of *New Inn Hall, Oxford*. He gave the sinecure tithes to the vicar, for preaching some sermons in *Flint chapel*, as appears in the registry office, *St. Asaph*.

1685. *Edward Lloyd*, rector of *Llan Sanan*.

Collated

1687. Isaac Backhouse, A.M. rector of Llanarmon yn Ial. Mr. Backhouse was succeeded by Bishop Fleetwood, who contributed towards procuring the Act made in 1712, for taking away mortuaries, in lieu whereof was settled Northop sinecure, being of considerable augmentation, to the bishoprick. Since that period, the bishops of St. Asaph are the rectors of this parish.

VICARS OF NORTHOP.

1537. Thomas Woodward.
 1539. Thomas Brereton.
 1571. Hugh Evans, A.M. dean of St. Asaph; he died Dec. 17, 1587.
 1577. Gruffydd Davydd.
 1582. Hugh Holland.
 1590. William Evans, vicar of Nantglyn.
 1639. Archibald Spark, B.D. of Aberdeen university. He was buried, March 1669, in Northop church-yard, at the end of the chancel.
 1651. William Ball, A.M. vicar of Holywell.
 1672. William Williams.
 1677. David Lloyd, A.M. prebendary of Yeunol, was born in the parish of Trawsvynydd, in Meirion, on September 28, 1635. He taught the free school, and continued in Northop till towards his dissolution. He published several works; he was a very industrious and zealous person, charitable to the poor, and ready to do good in his neighbourhood; he commonly read the service every day in the church when he was home, and usually gave money to such poor children as would come to him to be catechised. He was buried in Trawsvynydd church, and the following inscription upon him, engraven upon a brass plate.

Perpetuæ Memoræ Doctissimi Viri eximia
 Pietate præditi Davidis Lloyd,
 Qui Northopiæ Pastor vigilantissimus fuit
 Ecclesiæque grande Decus,
 Humanitate fragili deposita Coelestem inivit Vitam
 Calend. Mart. 1691.
 Ætatisque suæ 56.
 Non citius vivere, quam concionari defuit
 Gratissimi amoris ergo Hoc Monumentum
 (Longe infra Meritum)
 Posuit Charissimus Frater Johannes Lloyd.

1717. Benjamin Conway, warden of Ruthin.
 1747. Robert Brereton, rector of Liverpool.

1784. Hugh Jones, A.M.

1825. Henry Jones, A.M. The present worthy vicar, whose hospitality and benevolence will be long remembered after he is gathered to his fathers.

**SHERIFFS FOR THE COUNTY OF FLINT, FROM
NORTHOP PARISH.**

1624. Thomas Evans, Northop.

1630. Edward Hughes, Galchog.

1636. Thomas Salusbury, Lead Brook.

1681. Thomas Evans, Northop hall.

1686. John Conway, Soughton.

1696. Josiah Jones, Oaken Holt.

1697. John Lloyd, Led Brook.

1716. Josiah Jones, Oaken Holt, who died before his year was expired.

1722. Thomas Hughes, Northop.

1779. John Wynne, Soughton.

1784,
or } John Edwards, Kelsterton.
1785. }

EXTRACTS FROM FAMILY PEDIGREES.

Catherine, daughter of Cyndrig ap Davydd, married Rondle ap Thomas ap Harri ap Gr. ap Davydd ap Ithel Vychan, of Northop.

Elis ap Hywel married Catherine, daughter of Thomas ap Morris, of Northop.

John ap Morris ap Ithel, married Margaret, daughter of John ap Thomas, of Northop.

Thomas ap Lewis ap Grufydd, married Elizabeth, daughter of Harri ap Davydd ap Grufydd, of Northop.

Margaret, daughter of Richard ap Thomas, married Thomas ap Iolyn ap Madoc ap Gr. of Northop.

Davydd ap Grufydd, married Margaret, daughter of Grufydd ap Ithel, of Northop.

Gwen, daughter of Ino. ap Richart, married Hugh ap Edwart ap Hugh ap Dio, (or Deio,) of Northop.

Angharad verch Ithel, married Hywell ap Maredydd ap Grufydd, of Northop.

Elis ap Elis, married Elizabeth verch Pierce ap Richard ap Morris, of Northop.

Margaret, verch Davydd Llwyd, married Ithel ap Davydd ap Ithel, of Northop.

Anne verch Ino. Humphreys, of Plas Belyn, married Elis Williams, of Northop.

Cathrine verch Hugh ap Hywel, married Lewis ap I. of Galchog.

Angharad verch Ioan ap Grono ap Hugh, married Richard Lewis, of Galchog.

Thomas ap Howel, married Elizabeth verch Davydd ap Ithel ap Cwna ap Ithel ap Cynric, of Wepra.

Hugh ap Hywel, married Agnes verch I. Lewis, of Sychtyn.

Anne verch Robert ap Edwart ap Ithel ap Sion o Vertyn Uwchlan, married Nicholas, of Sychtyn.

Elizabeth verch Howel ap Robert ap Ioan of Gwssaney,* married Ioan ap Ieuan, of Soughton.

Mary verch Edward Llwyd ap Davydd Llwydd, married Edward Conway, of Soughton.

John Jones ap Meredydd Llwyd, married Jane verch Edward Conway, of Soughton.

Gwenhwyver verch Davydd ap Cwna, married James Conway, of Soughton.

(Powel ap Hugh, married Elizabeth verch Cyndric ab Richard Lewis, of Vynachlog.)

Lewis ap Ieuan ap Davydd ap Madoc, married Elizabeth verch James Conway, of Soughton.

Richard ap Edward ap John, married Douze verch John ap Edward, of Caerallwch.

Elizabeth verch Davydd ap Ithel ap Cwna, married Thomas ap Hywel ap Ithel, Caervallwch.

Edward ap Elis ap Elis, married Elizabeth verch Harri Jones, Caervallwch.

Anne verch John Hughes, of Chitford, married Thomas Parri, Caervallwch.

Mary verch Thomas Jones, of Halkin, married Cynric Williams, of Golptyn.

Gwraig Richard ap Lewys Margret verch ai aeres Huw ap Cynvrig ap Davydd ap *Ithel Vychan* or *Plas yn Northop*."

Gwraig Briod Edwyn ap Grono, Gwerydd verch Bleddyn.

Grufydd ab Ithel ap Grufydd ap Ddd. ap Madog vychan o *Wepra*, ap Madog Wyddel ap Madog ap Ririd ap Ierwth. ap Madog ap Meredydd ap Uchdryd ap *Edwin*.

* Gwisaney, Gosana, Gysane, Gwysaneu, in old mss.

Mam Grufudd o'r Rhudallt oedd wenllian verch *Ithel Vychan* ap Ithel Llwyd.

I *Ithel Vychan* ap Ithel Llwyd y bu saith mab nid atngen Cynvrig Sais, Davydd, Ithel berson, Bleddyn, Llewelyn, Ieuan, Tudor.

Ithel berson ap Ithel vychan a vu berson yn *Llan Eurgain*, a Davydd i vrawd ev a vu berson Ynghilken, a Llewelyn y trydydd brawd a vu Berson yn chwitfordd; a saith merch oedd i Ithel vychan, un oedd wraig Iorwerth ap Davydd *Wepra* yr eil oedd Adles gwraig Ieuan ap Hwva, or drydedd wraig vorgan ap Davydd o Vaelor, ar bedwaredd wraig Wrgeneu Maestran o Benllyn, y bumed oedd wraig Rotpert ap Iorwerth ap Ririd o Degaingl, y chweched oedd wraig Meredydd ddu o Von, ar seithved oedd wraig yr hen Dudur ap Grono ap Ednyved vychan o Von.

Mam Davydd ap *Ithel vychan* oedd Angharad verch ac aeres Robin ap Davydd, &c.

Siankyn ap Syr Davydd Hanmer a briodes Marred verch ac etiveddes Davydd ap Bleddyn, &c. Ac oddiwrth y Varred hono y cad y *Llwyn Derw* Yntregaingl i'r Hanmeriaid, &c.

Plant madoc ap Llewelyn vychan oedd Wiliam, Lewys, a Davydd yn *Nolstyn* (golftyn) yn emyl *Weppra*.

Plant Davydd ap Madoc Ivan, Edwd. a Luws gwraig Harri conwy o Sychdyn.

Mam Owen ap Edwin oedd Gwerydd verch Cynvin ap Gwerystan ap Gwaithoved.

Howel Gwynedd ap Davydd ap Bleddyn ap *Ithel Vychan* o degaingl hwnnw a Forffetiodd ei dir yn amser Owain Glyndwfr a'r hen Saxon ai cavas.

N.B. Surnames began to be used among the nobility about the year 1200.

MISCELLANY.

"Noverint, &c. Tho. ap Holt ap Ieuan of Celsterton com. flynt gent.; Hugh ap Holt ap Ieuan de soughton gent.; Tho. Iohnes alias ap Rich. de Northop gent. et Rees ap Rich ap Morris de leprog vaur in com. Flynt, gent. teneri, &c. John Younge in 20 marcis, &c. dat. 28 Aprell, 1 Q. E.

No condition but the money to be payd by a day; sealed &c. in pres. of Lewys ap Iev ap dd. ap Madoc: Giff. ap Rees.

Ieuan ap Ie.

Edwd. ap dd ap Griff ap Gwyn.

David ap Rees ap Iev.

Rees ap dd ap Griff ap Gwyn."

Rob ap Holt ap Holt.

Harl. mss. 2099, fo. 389.

"Sciant, &c. Ricus Hurleston de picton in com̃ cestr gent. dedi, &c. Tho. Browne unun mess̃, &c. in Eulow in ocupatione Tho.

Browne et Ricus Browne pater pdf Tho. Habend, &c. attornatus
Io Banister et Ricum Ledsham Iun deliband possessioem dctor
Tho. &c. dat 14 March, 1 Q. E.

Sigillat in psens	Possession given in presence of
Wm. Croffton, &c. cestr gent.	Hen. Conway de Soughton, gent.
Io. Banister.	Robt. Conway fil dect Ed. Hen.
Tho. Johnson de Avanley Tayler.	Willm. Ihone de Ashlo.
	Rich. Ledsham de Eulow.
	Ievan ap Benett of Soughton.
	David ap Ieuan of Soughton.
	Petro Ledsham."

Harl. mss. 2099, fo. 279.

"Noverint &c. Tho. Lloyd ap Lewys Lloyd de Northop, gen. et
Tudor Lloyd ap Llewys Lloyd de Alltgwynydd in com denbigh
gen tenderi, &c. Kendric ap Tho ap dd in 40 marcis, &c. dat 17
marcy 26 Q. E.: sealed and delivered in psens of Griff ap Rees
ap Tho Rees ap Griff ap Rees ap Tho. Edw. ap Madoc.
Lewys ap Io ap H.
Elysabeth vrch Willm. ap Ithel."

Harl. mss. 2099, fo. 280.

"An indenture 7 March, 26 Q. E. bet. Kend. ap Tho. ap dd of
Northop com. Flynt, gent. &c. Tho. Lloyd ap Llewys Lloyd of
same town, wherein Tho. Lloyd by his deed of fee simple bearing
date herewith, hath sould to Kend the tent wherein Edwd. ap
Madoc ap dd now dweleth, beinge in Hope Mydoghned, to have
and to hould &c. unless within 8 years, Tho. Lloyd or his heyres
pay in Northop Church £13 6 8, dat as above.

Sealed and delivd. in psens of

Griff ap Rees ap Tho.	Edw. ap Madoc.
Rees ap Griff ap Rees.	Llewys ap Io ap Holt.
Tudyr ap Llewys Lloyd.	Elisabeth vch Willm. ap Ithel."

Harl. mss. 2099, fo. 348.

"Be it known, &c. I Willm. Evans of Northop in com Flynt,
Clerke for divers causes, &c. have released to Rose Ravencroft
of Bolles,* esq. all sutes, accctions, &c. from the beginning of the
world to the last of July last; in witness, &c. dat 20 Augt. 1 K.
James 1603.

Sealed and delivd. in presens of

Thos. Evans.	Io. Evans.	
Thos. Evans.	Evan Lloyd.	(Signed) Willm. Evans."
Io. Pyerce.		

Harl. mss. 2099, fo. 387.

In former times, North Wales exhibited scenes of the utmost
calamity; and this parish in particular is noticed by one of our

* Quere: Plas yn Balls, near Flint Mountain.

ancient bards as having participated in the disaster of war: he says, (to translate the passage,) "the fine steeds were languid with the toil of the day, when the hosts wallowed in gore and were thrown into confusion. The bow was fully bent towards its victim: the shaft aimed at the breast in the regions of Northop. The army at Offa's Dyke panted for glory; the troops of North Wales and the men of London were as the alternate motion of the waves on the sea-shore; when the sea-mew screams, our happiness was great in the defeat of the Normans."

Einion ab Gwgan, abt. 1244.

The following fragment is from another Welsh bard. "Conflicting with the English for the lands of Flintshire: the bloody hand uplifted, blood gushing, ardent efforts, bright swords unsheathed, spears toiling with the keen blades, the blades in hand slaying the chieftains, the hand grasping the blade, the blade on the Norman host; violent struggles against the appearance of death, the gore running from violence, human flesh deposited for birds of prey; the scent of wounds arising, the ravens exulting in blood, the dead riding on a thousand crows.

Cynddelw, abt. the middle
of the 12th century.

NOTES.

(¹) In *Doomsday-book* Halkin is called *Alchene*; and states, that there was a church, a presbyter and three boors: a mill of 5s. annual value, and a wood half a league long, and 40 perches broad, the whole valued at 10s. Probably *Alchene* is a corruption of *Alcuin*, a monk and zealous teacher of Christianity. He was descended from an illustrious family, and was born at York: was educated under Archbishop Egbert. He inherited the Monastery of St. Mary, near the mouth of the Humber. He was a deep divine, a great scholar, and an excellent poet. *Alcuin* was selected to be the bearer of proposals of marriage between Charles, a foreign prince, and a daughter of Offa. He died about the year 810. The Welsh name of Halkin is Llan Lugan, from Lugan a British saint, not to be found among our genealogies. There is another church in Merionyddshire dedicated to him. B. Willis states that it is called Lugain, from the abundance of helyg (willows,) growing hereabouts; this definition is certainly absurd. *Helygen* is a willow only.

(²) After the Saxons had taken the crown and sceptre of London from the Britons, the lords of Wales assembled at Chester and made choice of Maelgwn for their king. He had a superiority and sovereignty over all the princes of Wales: and as he was bound to pay a tribute for Wales to the king of London, they were to pay the like unto him according to Hywel Dda's

ancient laws. In the British Chronicle he is the 60th in the list of kings. He married a daughter of *Sawyl Benuchel*, and sister of *Asav*, a celebrated teacher of Christianity and bishop of *Llanelwy*, from whom the see afterwards obtained the name of *St. Asav*, or *Asaph*. Maelgwn bestowed on the see several lands, and contributed largely to build the cathedral and palace, which he was induced to do in reverence to the bishop's eminent sanctity, and to the miracle said to be wrought through his prayers. The legend is, the queen had a favorite ring, which, as she was walking on the rocks of *Dyganwg*, near the royal residence, unfortunately dropped from her finger, and rolled into the sea. Sorry for the loss, and fearful lest the king might entertain any injurious suspicions, the queen sent to her brother, requesting he would disclose the matter to her consort. *St. Asav*, therefore, invited their majesties to his palace, when he took the opportunity of informing the king of the circumstance, which excited his displeasure and jealousy so much as to alarm the venerable prelate, who retired and prayed to God that he would be pleased to calm the king's passion, reveal the truth, and dispose him to believe it. Soon after this a fisherman brought a present to the bishop of a salmon, (which was ordered to be dressed,) in whose belly the identical ring was found. This gave instant satisfaction, and the ring was preserved at *St. Asaph*, for several centuries, among the *sacralii*, an object of much devotion. Maelgwn reigned over North Wales from 517 till about the year 560, when he died of the *yellow plague*. We read that "he was a fine, handsome, generous man, and the subduer of many cruel kings; valient and mighty in battle," but, if we may credit *Gildas*, he was addicted to much vice, "and therefore hated of God." *Taliesin* the chief bard of that period prophesied of his death in the following figurative language.

E ddaw pryv rhyvedd
O vorva Rhianedd
I ddiel enwired
Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd
Ei vlew ei ddanedd
Ei lygaid yn eured
A hwn a wna ddiedd
Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd.

Some strange reptile will come
From Rhianedd Marsh*
To avenge the iniquity
Of Maelgwn Gwynedd.
Its hair, its teeth,
Its eyes of golden hue,
This will make an end
Of Maelgwn Gwynedd.

In the year 552, he built the castles of *Shrewsbury*, *Harlech*, and *Abercynwy*; and about the same time, struck perhaps with remorse for the crimes of his past life, devoted himself to religion; and built *Penmon Priory*, *Caergybi Cloister*, improved the town of *Bangor*, and endowed the See with lands and franchises. It is said that he expired in *Rhos Church*, near *Diganwy* in *Arvan*; and was buried in *Skerries Island*, against *Anglesea*.

* *Rhianedd Marsh* in *Arvon* was inundated in 1097. A.W. fo. 532.

(³) "*Caswallon Law Hir*, or Caswallon with the *Long Hand*, succeeded to the sovereignty of North Wales in 443, and died in 517." When King *Arthur* made a royal feast at *Caerllion* on the *Usk*, in Monmouthshire, Caswallon was one of four who had the honour of bearing a drawn sword before him when going to Church. His residence was near Llan Elian in Anglesea. The few records we have concerning him, delineate the great man and the hero. He slew Serigi, king of the Irish Picts, at Cerrig y Gwyddyl, near Holyhead Church, when he invaded Anglesea.

(⁴) *Einawn Urth*, who was sovereign of North Wales, from 389 to 443.

(⁵) *Cynedda*, whose name is enrolled among the Welsh saints, was nephew to *Helen*, daughter of *Coel Godebog*. The triads record him as the first who granted land and privileges to the church in this island. His patrimonial territory was in Cumberland, and began to reign A.D. 320, and he died in 389. His wife was *Tegwedd*, daughter of *Teged*: there is a church dedicated to her in Gwent, where she was killed by the Pagan Saxons. *Meirion*, *Arwystli*, *Caredigion*, *Edeyrnion*, *Caer Einiawn*, *Rhuvoniawg*, &c. are places named after the sons of Cynedda who obtained inheritance in Wales.

(⁶) *Edeyrn*, married *Gwawl*, the daughter of Coel Godebog. He lived about the beginning of the 4th century.

(⁷) *Beli*, son of Manogan, the sixty-fourth king of Britain.

(⁸) Asav, son of Sawyl Benuchel, a celebrated saint and teacher of Christianity, from the middle to the end of the 6th century. He was a disciple to Cyndeyrn, who came into Wales, and had permission to found a college at Llan Elwy, in 543, over which Asav presided, and which was raised to a bishopric, and called after the name of Asav, or Asaph. In the time of Asa, the number of monks were nine hundred and sixty-five; of these, three hundred were labourers in the fields, three hundred servants about the monastery, and the rest were religious. Asa died about the year 596, and was interred in the cathedral.

(⁹) Rhun, upon the death of his father, Maelgwn, succeeded to the government of North Wales. He was distinguished under the appellation of one of the three golden-banded sovereigns of Britain. It is said that he was an illegitimate, begotten upon Gwalltwn, the daughter of Avalwch, Maelgwn's paramour; and on that account, in no great estimation with the princes of Britain. "*Mam Run ab Maelgwn, Wallwen v. Avallach.*"* His residence was at Caer Rhun, in Caernarvonshire; he died about the year 586. This prince had a long and bloody war with the Saxons of Northumberland, who appear to have at-

tacked the possessions of his brother-in-law, Elidir Mwynvawr, and to have driven him to Wales, where he died. On the return of Rhun into Wales, he granted fourteen privileges to the men of Arvon, as a compensation for detaining them so long from their families on that expedition. But it appears among our records that chastity was not the favorite virtue of their wives in their absence.

(¹⁰) Dyvnwal reigned about the beginning of the fifth century, and was son of Ednyved ab Maxen Wledig.

(¹¹) Taliesin, the most celebrated of the ancient Welsh bards, received a finished education in the school of the celebrated Catwg, at Llanveithin, in Glamorgan. It is clear, from his writings, that if he was not a Druid himself, he was well versed in the mysteries of that system. He flourished from about A.D. 520 to 573.

(¹²) Clydno Eiddyn, a northern chief, often mentioned in the Triads; he lived about the close of the fifth century.

(¹³) Nudd, the liberal, a chieftain who lived in the beginning of the sixth century; his herds, 20,000 in number, were kept by Llawrodedd, who assassinated Avaon, the son of Taliesin.

(¹⁴) Senyllt, the son of Cedig ab Dyvnwal Hen, a chieftain who lived in the close of the fifth century. He was the father of Nudd the Generous.

(¹⁵) Mordav the Generous, a chieftain who lived about the close of the fifth century.

(¹⁶) Rhydderch the Liberal, a king of the Straclyde Britons, who signalized himself in the beginning of the sixth century, in the wars with Gwenddolau, and with Aeddan, the son of Gavran.

(¹⁷) Flint castle, it would appear, was built by Edward I. son of Henry III., for in a memorial sent by the men of Tegeingl, addressed to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, it is said, article 6, "The noble and best of the country be injured, for that the king builded the castle of Flynt upon their ground; and the king commanded the justices to give the men as much and as good ground, or the price. But they are spoiled of their lands, and have neither other lands nor money." In 2099 of the Harl. mss. is a Latin copy of the charter to make Flint a borough.

(¹⁸) Domesday Book is the most venerable record in Great Britain; it consists of two volumes; the first, a large folio, written in 382 double pages of vellum, in a small but plain character, each page having a double column. Some of the capital letters and principal passages are touched with red ink, and some have strokes of red ink run across, as if scratched out. This

volume contains the description of thirty-one counties; towards the beginning of each, there is a catalogue of the capital lords or great landholders, beginning with the king, and then naming the great lords, according to their rank and dignity. The other volume is a quarto, written upon 450 double pages of vellum, but in a single column, and on a large and in a fair character. It contains the counties of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, part of the county of Rutland, included in that of Northampton, and part of Lincolnshire, in the counties of York and Chester.

Besides the above, there are a third and a fourth volumes, kept in the Exchequer, but they are only abridgments of the two former. Until lately, all four have been kept under three different locks and keys; one is in the custody of the treasurer, and the others in the custody of the two chamberlains of the Exchequer. They are now deposited in the Chapter house, Westminster, where they may be consulted, on paying a fee of six shillings and eight pence for a search, and four pence a line for a transcript. Only extracts from these ancient monuments have been published; they contain many curious particulars of the ancient state of this country. But, after all, the survey, though carried on with great rigour for six years, was very incomplete. The monks of Croyland, in Lincolnshire, evaded giving any accurate account; many towns and cities then in existence were altogether omitted, and there was a general reluctance on the part of the people to give information, considering the inquiry only preparatory to some new impost. Its name, Domesday book, is said to have been derived from its definitive authority, from which there could be no repeal. This work, according to the Red book in the Exchequer, was begun by order of William the Conqueror, in 1080, and completed in 1087. For the execution of this survey, commissions were appointed for every county, and juries summoned in each hundred, out of all orders of freemen, from barons down to the lowest farmers; who were, upon oath, to inform the commissioners, the name of each manor, and that of its owner; also of whom it was held in the time of Edward the Confessor; the number of hides,* the quantity of wood, pasture, and meadow land; how many ploughs were in the demesnes, how many mills, fish ponds, or fisheries, belonging to it; with the value of the whole together, in the time of King Edward. They were directed to return the tenants of every degree, the quantity of lands now and formerly, by each of them; and what was the number of villains or slaves, and also the number of kinds of cattle. At the time the survey was made, it alarmed the people, who were apprehensive that it was intended for the foundation of new impositions.

* A hide of land, according to Gervaise, is one hundred acres.

(¹⁹) Bleddyn ab Cynvin ab Caradawg ab Lles Llawdiawg ab Ednyved ab Gwinawg varv sych ab Ceido ab Corv ab Cynawg ab Tegonwy ab Teon ab Gwineu Deuvreuddwyd. He had a title to Powis, in female succession, from his great grandmother, Angharad, the granddaughter and heiress of Mervyn, to whom his third portion had been gavelled by his father, Rodri the Great. Edward the Confessor granted the Principality of North Wales to Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, his brother, for which they did homage. After a reign of thirteen years, he fell by the hands of Rhys ab Owain ab Edwin, and the chieftains of Ystrad Tywi, in 1073, according to the archaiology of Wales. Bleddyn was liberal and merciful, and loved justice and equity in all his reign. "His children were, first, Meredydd, by Haer, daughter to Gylhyn; Llywarch and Cadwgan, by another woman, Madoc and Rhiryd, by a third, and Jorwerth, by a fourth."

(²⁰) Grufydd ab Cynan was married to Angharad, the daughter of Owen ap Edwin, of Llys, in this parish. He was of the stock of one of the five royal tribes, and a distinguished patron of the poets and the musicians of Wales. He was born and educated in Ireland, where his father had sought refuge during the storm of civil commotions which then raged in his own country. On attaining the age of manhood, he raised an auxiliary army of the Irish, and landed in Wales A.D. 1075, with a view of joining his partisans, but was defeated by Trahaiarn ab Caradog, and obliged to return. In 1082, he lands a second time in Wales; and in the bloody battle of Carno Trahaiarn is slain, after which, Grufydd obtains possession of the throne. In 1096, he and Cadwgan, prince of Powis, seek refuge in Ireland, to avoid the power of Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester; but they return again in 1098, after various vicissitudes, which discovered a great energy of character. Grufydd died in 1136, aged eighty-two, universally lamented by his countrymen; his elegy is pathetically sung by Meilyr, which piece is preserved in the Welsh Archaiology.

(²¹) Owain Glandwr was the son of Grufydd Vychan ab Grufydd o Ruddallt ab Madog Vychan ab Madog Glof ab Grufydd Varwn Gwyn ab Grufydd Arglwydd Dinas Bran ab Madog ab Grufydd Maelor ab Madog ab Meredydd ab Bleddyn ab Cynvin, prince of Powis. Owain was born on May 28, 1348: he was brought up a barrister; then he became esquire of the body to King Richard II., and therefore no friend of Henry IV. In 1400, through the treachery and false representation of Lord Grey, of Ruthyn, to Henry, that monarch confiscated the lands of Owain, and gave them to Lord Grey, which was the source of much trouble between England and Wales. For, on the night of the 20th of September following, Owain burnt the town of Rhuthyn, and slew all the

men he found there; and in the year following, he took the lord Grey prisoner, in a hard-fought battle, on the banks of the Ewyrnwy; and after confining him for a long time, agreed to ransom him for 10,000 marks. The next act of Owain's was to destroy the power of Henry's friends among his own countrymen, particularly Hywel Sele, of Nannau, and Grifri ab Gwyn, of Ardudwy. After this, in 1402, he defeated Edmund Mortimer, in Radnorshire, and took him prisoner. From thence the victor marched into Glamorgan, where the people generally submitted to him as their prince. In August the same year, Henry marched a large army towards Wales, but returned unsuccessful. At the close of the year, Owain summoned a parliament at Machynllaith, wherein he was formally inaugurated sovereign of Wales. On July 12, 1403, the memorable battle of Shrewsbury took place, when Percy was defeated and slain, before the forces of Owain and Mortimer had time to join him. After this time, the fortune of Owain began to be unpropitious, and after many unsuccessful skirmishes with his enemies, on the 21st September, 1415, he closed his eventful course.

(²²) Owain ab Hywel, a prince who succeeded to the government of Ceredigion, in 948; he died in 980, when a great dearth and famine occurred.

(²³) Hywel Dda, the celebrated legislator of Wales, became prince of Deheubarth, on the death of his father, in 907; on the death of Anarod, prince of Gwynedd, in 913, he became lord paramount of Wales; and in 940, on the death of Idwal Voel, he became king of all Wales, until his death, in 948. We are informed by Caradog that, "in the year of Christ 926, Hywel the Good, son of Cadell, king of all Wales, went to Rome, and with him three bishops: Martin, bishop of Mynyw, Mordav, bishop of Bangor, and Marchlwys, bishop of Teilo; the latter took with him Blegwryd ab Owain, chancellor of Llandav, the brother of Morgan, king of Morganwg. The object of their going there was to advise with wise men, as to the means of improving the laws of the realm of Wales; and to obtain a knowledge of the laws of other kingdoms and cities; and the laws that the Roman emperors put in force in the island of Britain during their sovereignty. After they had obtained information respecting those things, and the advice of wise men, they returned to Wales. Thereupon Hywel summoned to him all the heads of tribes of the country, with their family representatives, and all the wise and learned men of the clergy and laity, at a conventional high court at the White house on Tav, in Dyved. After a careful research, respecting every country and city, the laws of Dyvnwal Moelmud were found superior to the whole; therefore, through the learning and instructive exertion of Blegwryd, those were systemised, and were presented for the

judgment of the convention, so as to obtain every possible illustration, improvement, and amplification of them. After they had past the judgment and national vote of the convention, the laws were put in force, and they were constitutionally established over all the territories of Wales. This being accomplished, Hywel went to Rome a second time, in 930, to procure the sentiment of wise men there, and to be certified that those laws were in concurrence with the law of God, and the laws of the various countries and states of Christendom. Then he returned to Wales, and he laid the laws before the judgment of the hundreds, and the communes, and upon the voice of the nation; and thereupon they became of effect in all the dominions of Wales, and in the court of every lord and tribe, so that there was not found an obstacle against them, and there were no other institutes in the court of the country, or of the sovereign, in Wales; and on account of the excellency of the laws, he is called Hywel the Good.

(²⁴) Cadell began to reign in South Wales A.D. 876, and dispossessed his brother Mervyn, of Powys, in 877. In 892, his brother Anarod laid waste Cardiganshire, the property of Cadell, and burnt all the corn and houses in Dyved and Ystrad Tywi. Cadell died in 900.

(²⁵) Rhodri Mawr, or Rhodri the Great, sovereign of the Isle of Man, of Gwynedd and Powys, and of South Wales in 843. But agreeably to the constitution of Wales, he was only the lord paramount, to whom as usual the three principalities did homage distinctly. He fixed the seat of government for Gwynedd, at Aber Fraw, in Anglesea, which formerly used to be at Dyganwy, but latterly had been at Caer Seiant, in Arvon. In 872, two desperate battles were fought, one at Bangolau, and the other at Manegid, in the Isle of Mona, in which Rhodri overcame the Pagan Saxons. He was much annoyed by them, and had many fierce engagements with them during his reign, the last of which was fought on a Sunday, in 875, when Rhodri was defeated and slain. At his death he divided the Principality between his three sons; to Cadell he gave South Wales, containing twenty-five cantreds; to Anarawd, North Wales, of fifteen cantreds; and to Mervyn, Powys, of fourteen cantreds. Rhodri's wife was Angharad, the daughter of Meyric ab Dunwal ab Arthur.

(²⁶) Mervyn, at the death of his father, in 875, obtained the sovereignty of Powys; was dispossessed by his brother Cadell in 877; and was killed by his own men in 892.

(²⁷) Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated poet, who, according to the Triads, rejected royalty, and devoted himself to bardism. Twelve poems under his name have descended to the present

day, and of these five have an historical character. His patrimony was in the north of England; tradition states that Carlarverock castle, near Dumfries, was founded, in the sixth century, by Llywach Og, son of Llywarch Hen, and that its name is corrupted from *Caer Llywarch Og*, which, in the Gaelic language, signifies the city or fortress of Ogg,* or son of Llywarch. About A.D. 520 to 630, Llywarch bore a distinguished part in defending his country against the Saxons; and he survived to lament the loss of twenty-four sons who fell in the same cause. According to ancient record, he died at the extreme age of about 150 years, in a solitary cell in the parish of Llanvor, near Bala. "Pabell Llywarch Hen yn Llanvor yn Mhenllyn, yn agos i'r eglwys y mae." The Triads record him as a free guest, and one of the counselling knights of the court of Arthur.

(²⁸) Elidyr, a chieftain among the Cambrian Britons in the middle of the fifth century; he married Gwawr, daughter of Brychan.

(²⁹) Meirchion, a chieftain of the Britons of Cumbria, who lived about the beginning of the fifth century; he was grandfather of Urien Rheged.

(³⁰) Coel the seventy-fifth king of Britain, lived about the middle of the third century, and reigned twenty-seven years. His daughter, Helen, the wife of Constantius, and mother of Constantine the Great, was celebrated for finding the cross of Christ, which was hid in the earth by the Jews at Jerusalem.

(³¹) Lludd, the eldest brother of the celebrated Caswallon; in his time, the Corani obtained a settlement in Britain, about the river Humber, and were on that account called one of the three intruders.

(³²) Beli, the sixty-fourth king of Britain; he is distinguished for having exterminated one of the three molestations of the island, which was a civil war that broke out in his time.

(³³) Manogan, a sovereign of the Britons, who died about 100 years before the Christian era.

(³⁴) Sawyl Benisel, the sixtieth king of Britain.

(³⁵) Rhydderch, the fifty-ninth.

(³⁶) Eidiol, the fifty-seventh.

(³⁷) Athvael, the fifty-sixth.

(³⁸) Sitsyllt, the fifty-fourth.

(³⁹) Owain, the fifty-third.

(⁴⁰) Caf, the fifty-second.

* Hence comes *ogyn*, *hogen*.

(⁴¹) Bleiddy, the fifty-first king of Britain.

(⁴²) Meirion, the fiftieth.

(⁴³) Gwrwst, the forty-ninth.

(⁴⁴) Clydno, the forty-eighth.

(⁴⁵) Clydog, the forty-seventh.

(⁴⁶) Urien, the forty-sixth.

(⁴⁷) Andryw, the forty-fifth.

(⁴⁸) Ceraint, the forty-second.

(⁴⁹) Coel, the fortieth.

(⁵⁰) Cadellán, the thirty-ninth.

(⁵¹) Geraint, the thirty-eighth.

(⁵²) Elidyr, the thirty-second.

(⁵³) Morvydd, the twenty-ninth.

(⁵⁴) Dan, the twenty-eighth.

(⁵⁵) Seisyllt, the twenty-sixth.

(⁵⁶) Cuhelyn, the twenty-fourth.

(⁵⁷) Gwrgant, the twenty-third.

(⁵⁸) Beli, the twenty-second.

(⁵⁹) Dyvnwal, the celebrated legislator of the Ancient Britons, who is supposed to have lived about 400 years before Christ. It was he who first combined the laws, maxims, and customs into a regular code, founded upon a national constitution traced out by Prydain, the son of Aedd; and which code was revised and altered in the tenth century by Hywel Dda.

(⁶⁰) Prydain, one of the most distinguished characters in our records: the Triads represent that, in honour of the services he rendered to his country, in the suppression of anarchy and depredation, and because he first brought the Cymry under a common government and law, the island was called after his name, Ynys Prydain, the island abounding with beauty, or Fair Isle, which is the import of that name.

(⁶¹) Aedd the Great, a prince among the first colony of Britons, but of whom there is no memorial to shew why an epithet so honourable was bestowed upon him.

(⁶²) Rhuddlan, now an insignificant village, was formerly a place of considerable magnitude and importance. Edward I. held a parliament here in 1283, and appears to have himself resided for awhile in the castle. In 1399, Richard II. dined here in company with the Earl of Northumberland, in his way to Flint.

(⁶³) Einion ab Cadwgan, a prince of a part of Powys; in 1113 he, in conjunction with others, demolished Cymer castle, in Merionyddshire, the property of his brother-in-law Uchtryd ab Edwin, of Llys, in this parish. He died in 1121, and left his possessions to Maredydd, his brother.

(⁶⁴) “Meredydd ab Bleddyn, (see fol. 137, Powell,) prince of Powys, who was imprisoned by his brother Iorwerth, in the year 1101. After a confinement of four years he escaped, and regained possession of Powys. In 1108 he was dispossessed by Madog ab Rhiryd, but, at the expiration of two years, he took Madog prisoner, and obtained his dominions again. He died in A.D. 1129.”

(⁶⁵) Probably the error of calling Clawdd Offa, Watt’s Dyke, arose from the circumstance of “one Colonel Wat, in Cromwell’s time, being governor of Chirk Castle, when he forced the country about to pay their contributions beforehand, and delivered the castle, well furnished with bread and beer, &c. into the hands of Sir Thomas Myddleton’s daughter, for her father’s use.” Offa’s dyke passes through the neighbourhood of Chirk Castle.

(⁶⁶) Elystan, was the son of Cuhelyn ab Iarddur ab Severws ab Cadwaladyr Wenwynwyn ab Idnerth ab Iorwerth Hirvlawd, of the line of Teganwy. His mother was Rhieingar, the daughter of Goronw ab Tudyr Trevor. Elystan had the earldom of Hereford, in right of his mother; he married Gwenlliant, the daughter of Einion ab Hywel Da, by whom he had issue only one son, called Cadwgan. He is distinguished in the Triads, as one of the three band-wearing princes; which insignia was assumed instead of crowns. He was the godson of king Athelstan.

(⁶⁷) The source of the Dee is among the hills of Merionyddshire, runs through Penllyn and Bala Lake, down to Corwen and Llangollen, between Chirkland and Bromfield, where it boweth northward towards Bangor, flows to Holt, to Chester, and from thence to the sea. It would appear by the poets that the Dee was held in peculiar veneration in times of yore, and probably on that account it is called Dwyv, which signifies I am, or Self-existent. We have it recorded that when the confederated princes of Wales had joined their forces to oppose Edelfred, or Ethelred, king of Northumberland, from penetrating into Wales at Bangor Iscoed, they called religion to their aid. Before the battle begun, Dynawd, or Dunawd, the abbot, made an oration to the army, and ordered the soldiers to kiss the ground in commemoration of the communion of the body of Christ, and to take up water into their hands out of the river Dee, and drink it in remembrance of his sacred blood, which was shed for them.

Since the former part of the History was printed, Sir S. R. Meyrick has most obligingly furnished the compiler of this article with the following information, in reference to the effigy of Edwin ab Grono.

“I do not say that the effigy might not have been intended for Edwin ab Grono, yet it most certainly was not sculptured till two hundred years later, being of the close of the reign of Edward I. The conical helmet is not indeed decisive of this point, but accompanied by the elbow piece, enables me to fix the period. The figure is in a haubergeon and chausses, but without surcoat, and holds a lance and sword, the weapons of a knight, though the former has the upper part broken off. (Signed,)

S. R. MEYRICK.”

APOSTROPHE TO DEATH.

“O amiable, lovely death !
 Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself !
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
 And buss thee as my wife ! misery's love,
 O, come to me !”——

Translation.

O anheu argu ! Ti
 Aroglus ddrewdod ! pydredd iach ! o lwth
 Parhaol nos ymddangos, tydi cas
 A dychryn llwydd, a mi dy esgyrn hull
 Cusanav ; dodav yn dy aeliau crwm,
 Vy llygaid ; torchav ag dy gynron ty,
 Y bysedd hyn : a llanwaw agen chwyth
 A fiaidd lwch : a byddav vel dyhun
 Yn vurgun erch ! dysgyrnia arnav, gwna.
 A thybiav hyny wen, ac val vy ngwraig
 Monwesav di ! car Govid—ataw—oh,
 Prysura !

CAERVALLWCH.

HYWEL AND URSELA;

A BORDER FRAGMENT.

THE recollections of our youth are allowed to be much stronger than the impressions received by the mind in afterlife; and I revert to that period when in the little town of Montgomery I went to school, with feelings which, although allied to pleasure, were frequently subject to regret: all my juvenile peccadillos, the formidable spelling-book, the hours of play, marbles, top, prison-bass, and our then favorite Welsh games of fives and football, the holydays, and alas! black Monday, are now recalled to mind with rapture. Time has pursued his course steadily forward, and what does there remain now of many of my "castles built on air?" the reminiscence alone starts up like the phantom of a dream. I naturally reflect, Where are many of my early associates? those whom I loved, and who loved me, with all the sincerity of the affections of youth; many whom I have fought, with my young heart bursting with anger: alas! they are gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." With them how often, attentively and motionless, have I listened to the traditionary story of some venerable patriarch, resting on his staff; or spectacled mother, spinning before her cottage at the decline of the summer's evening; and it was on one of these occasions that I gleaned the little tale which I shall communicate in the following pages, reserving to myself a right to vary the narration with such alteration of names and localities as may appear to be desirable.

The feuds existing between the borderers of England and Wales, at the end of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries, were lamentably prolonged by the combatants of either party; public feeling became brutalised, and society retrograded in the scale of civilization: so strong did the spirit of retaliation exist, that contiguous dwellers, and even kinsmen, entertained towards each other an unnatural animosity.

The calamities necessarily arising from such a state of things were horrible to contemplate: murders and conflagrations perpetually occurred; ill-fated Powis shared deeply of the misery: then might the poet well exclaim,

"Oh, land of ancient heroes, dark indeed
That age when thy fierce chieftains, like a mist
Bred in dank marshes, or the mildew'd air,
Poured o'er thy vales and poison'd all their sweets;
When kindred perished, slain by kindred hands,
In vain imploring mercy!"

The boundaries of Shropshire and Upper Powis, in the district from whence I take my story, are between the town of Montgomery and the village of Chirbury, in Salop, a distance of three miles; and, singular as it may appear, that in the days I

write of, so intense was the spirit of animosity existing between the rival nations, that the destruction of a Shropshire man would inevitably follow the discovery of a pollution of the Cambrian soil, by placing his foot beyond the boundary, and no quarter was ever granted to the Cymro by a Saxon foe.

In the midst of these damning prejudices, the young persons whose names are affixed to my story, formed an ardent attachment for each other, but Hywel, being a Saxon, whose father had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Welsh, was unfortunately denied the felicity of visiting the object of his love, otherwise than clandestinely, and the penalty of such a discovery I have already stated; and Ursela too was alike excluded the company of Hywel, she being of Cambrian blood. It was, indeed, impossible entirely to prevent communication between the lovers, and Hywel had incurred repeated risks in visiting his adored maiden. These secret meetings, it appears, became known to the father of Ursela, who planned many stratagems to intercept the lovers, but for some time without effect; until, maddened at the unsuccessful result, the parent of Ursela determined at once to gratify his revenge, exulting in the idea of mortifying Hywel, even at the cost of rendering his own child for ever miserable.

The humble remonstrances of the dutiful girl had no effect upon the unfeeling father; her tears and lamentations touched not the icy feelings of his heart, and the youthful Ursela was consigned to the care of an ancient relative in Montgomery Castle, who had passed the generally gay morning of life in the dreary nunnery of St. Paul de Leon, in Brittany, and Ursela became lost to the world. The solitude of the lofty turret, deficiency of exercise and air, the morose deportment of the gloomy fanatic, and more than all, the recollection of her Hywel, soon wrought a fearful change upon the interesting recluse: her sensitive mind worked upon the fair outward form, and a few months reduced the hapless Ursela from a blooming beauty to a melancholy shadow, consumed by hopeless despondency.

But the purposes of tyranny are often defeated, and purity and innocence urged by unjust severity to the commission of clandestine acts, which, though not justifiable, are certainly in some degree palliated by the cruelties of the oppressor; and so it here proved, for even the thick walls and grated windows of this unfortunate girl's prison could not prevent a communication from Hywel, and he ultimately succeeded in cheering the mind of his attached Ursela. Exactly how this was accomplished is not known; time has partially destroyed the story, and I have been obliged to embody by figurative romance the disjointed atoms of the tale: yet still some interesting recollections are preserved. I have been assured that in olden time, a subterranean archway

existed throughout the distance between the dungeons of Montgomery castle, under the many intervening banks and streams, to a frightfully deep cellar beneath the monastery of Chirbury. Of the probability of such a communication I venture no opinion, it is sufficient for me to adopt the legend, and to acknowledge the circumstance.

At the still hour of darkness when the heavens,

“ Studded with stars, or night’s paler planet,
Resumed their wondrous course unerring,
Through the vast trackless void of space,
Changing the mind contemplative from doubt
To silent adoration and mute awe,”—

would the adventurous Hywel seek the private entrance to a flight of stairs in the monastery of Chirbury, and slowly grope his way through the suffocating damp, his torch of birch-wood flittered by the bat, or its faint ray reflected from the diamond eye of the loathsome toad. Then would he pause awhile, but the gloom could produce no alarm in his mind, and to procure an interview with his love he would have encountered any obstacle.

Having reached the extremity of the passage, by some secret but well understood sign, would Ursela descend the rock-stairs of Montgomery Castle, down to the deepest dungeon that ever clanked with fetters, or echoed to the sighs of the hapless captive, and there would the lovers meet, bewailing the cruel fate which rendered the prospect of conjugal felicity hopeless. Then would the weeping broken-hearted Ursela and the half-mad Hywel pledge their mutual vows; and not till lingering together at the latest moment possible, to avoid detection, would the frenzied youth retrace his steps to the convent, and Ursela resume her hard pallet in the cell.

How long these midnight meetings continued is uncertain, or in what manner a discovery of them took place, tradition saith not, but well-planned measures were adopted for watching the unhappy lovers; their detection followed, and retributive severity in those dreadful times on the border, was at least as horrible as the cruelties practised by the most uncivilised of savage nations.

The severest discipline was enforced in the punishment of these unfortunates. Hywel was literally hacked alive by the knife of the executioner.* The youthful, beauteous, Ursela, experienced a more lingering death; she was enclosed in a vault deep—deep below the foundations of the castle, with a taper, a crucifix, a cake of bread, and a cup of water. The communication to the dungeon was then bricked up. * * *

* The circumstance mentioned hardly needs the corroborative proof of history. The death of Sir Walter Blount in England, and the monstrous atrocities so often read of in Cambrian story, will instantly suggest themselves to the intelligent reader.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

As the investigation of local antiquity very laudably occupies a considerable share of your attention, I have transmitted to you the following particulars, with the idea that they will form a suitable article for your interesting and valuable publication.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c. &c.

W.

ON THE SUPPOSED

EXISTING TRACES OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH ROAD

From the Isle of Anglesey to the Isle of Wight.

PERHAPS the best criterion by which to judge of the progress made by any people in the useful arts, and in general civilization, may be deduced from the number and quality of their roads. For her superiority in the construction of these channels of communication, Great Britain certainly stands, at the present day, pre-eminently distinguished among the nations of modern Europe. It has been said, however, that of all the people in the world, ancient or modern, the Romans took the most pains in forming their roads, and the labour and expense they were at in rendering them spacious, firm, straight, and smooth, are almost incredible. We have good reasons, however, for presuming, from the names of many places in England, that several of the roads attributed to the Romans, were, in reality, the work of the ancient Britons. To enter into a discussion of the origin and history of all these highways, would require a longer dissertation than the limits of our paper will admit. We shall therefore single out one instance only, which may serve to fix the rest, and this shall be an ancient road leading from the isle of Anglesey to the isle of Wight, hitherto unknown in the whole line of its extent, as connecting these two extreme points, although some detached parts of it have been noticed by several antiquaries as Roman works, taking a different course and direction from that which we pretend to have discovered.

If we succeed in tracing out the vestiges of this road as existing anterior to the invasion of the Romans, we shall have vindicated the claims of the ancient British to a higher degree of civilization than is generally accorded them.

We commence then by observing that we learn from Diodorus Siculus, as well as from other ancient writers, that the Britons were accustomed to carry their tin, silver, lead, copper, iron, and other minerals, the produce of their mines, by land to a certain island, in order to be from thence shipped for Gaul, through

which country it was again conveyed by land to the coast of the Mediterranean, at one of the ports of which it was re-shipped, by the Greeks and Phœnicians, for Greece, Tyre, and other places of consignment. Now, as no island, from its situation, will answer this description but the isle of Wight, and as its name in English, *weight*, signifies the weighing-place, in Latin *vecta*, or the carrying-place, and in the ancient British, or Welsh, *gwaith*, or the place of the works, there certainly seems to be every probability that it was the island designated by *Diodorus Siculus* as the shipping port of the British seas, &c.

Now, if this first point be conceded, it necessarily follows that a place where so much trade was carried on, must have had good roads to it, at least from the different mining parts of the kingdom, such as Wales and Cornwall. It now therefore only remains for us to trace out the course of the road we have indicated as leading from Anglesey, and this may easily be done, as its direction seems very distinctly marked and ascertained, by the names of the several places upon the line along which it ran.

But we must premise by stating that the ancient Celtic, and modern Welsh word for a road, is *ford*, or *fodd*, though in modern English, it only means a way or passage through a river, or some other piece of water. Hence this term, whenever it occurs in the names of ancient places, always denotes a road or highway. Now, not only is this word found in the names of places situate all along the direct line from Anglesey to the Isle of Wight, but it is also further accompanied by some other term or particle, prefixed or affixed, expressive of what road it was. We will begin at *Milford*, on the Hampshire coast, from whence probably at low water, there was a dry passage to the Isle of Wight, over a British *sarn*, or causeway. *Milford*, or *Malford*, from *m-al-fodd*, signifies the great high road. From thence it passed on by *Tadiford* to *Fordingbridge*, or the bridge of the high-road; then to *Charford*, or the carriage-road, at which place it left Hampshire, and entered into the county of Wilts, at *Langford*, or the place of the great road. From *Lle-eng-fodd*, it proceeded on to *Burtford*, *Birtford*, or the British road, thence continuing its course on to another *Malford*, and to *Stratford*, or the Street road; this highway at length passes through Old Sarum, the name of which was corrupted by the Romans into *Sorbiodunum*, from the British *Caerbodun*, the residing city, the fate of which has been so completely changed in the course of time, that, instead of being the city of residences, it is now a city in which no human being resides. From thence the British road went by *Dernford* and *Wilford*, to *Ambresbury*, which signifies the country or neighbourhood of the Umbri, or Cumbri, and is called by Matthew of Westminster, *Pagus Umbri*. The English name, *Stonehenge*, signifying only the great stones,

throws no light whatever on the history of this place, but the best accounts of it now extant are those of Inigo Jones, and Dr. Stukeley. The road we are tracing thence continued through *Enford*, *Hen-fordd*, or the old road to the Devizes, or the divided streets, or divided roads, where it divided itself into three different branches; one of these led westward, another towards South Wales, and the third to North Wales.

Here it may be right to observe, before we proceed further, that the ancient Cumbri or Cymri, for the sake of water and other necessaries of life, and to avoid mountains, fixed their roads, as well as their habitations, in vales and bottoms, as appears from the names of ancient places both in Gaul and Britain; and, whenever they had to traverse a deep river, and there were no materials to be had on the spot for erecting bridges, they extended the water by widening the channel, and laid therein pebbles and gravel, which made the bed still shallower, and afforded them a good firm passage, as appears by many such fords, which, as well as their ancient names, have remained to this day. When they came to a morass, they constructed a *Sarn*, or causeway of timber, brushwood, earth, and gravel.

To continue this road further towards Anglesey, we take it up again near Calne, at a place called *Cumerford*, or the Cumbri road, situate on the Avon, or river which runs by Bath to Bristol. It continues its course with this river by a third *Malford*, to Malmsbury, near which it entered Gloucestershire, and went on to *Dursley*, or the low or little water. After crossing the Severn, it ran along another smaller river, through the forest of Dean to Welsh *Birkford*, (Welsh Bicknor,) on the Wye, and so along the Wye by *Walford*, or Wales' road, Ross, Rhôs, or the morass, and Hew-Caple to *Mordeford*, *Mawrfordd*, or the great road, where it crossed the Wye, and continued its course on to Hereford, *Hir-fordd*, the long road, or, as it is still called in Welsh, *Henfordd*, the old road; running thence through the middle of Herefordshire, it followed the course of the Wye by Monington, or the mining-town *Byford*, *Winforton*, or *Minforton*, the town on the road side, and Rhaiadr Gwy, the *Wye-fords*, in Radnorshire, to its source at the hill of Plynlimon, in Montgomeryshire, probably a place of worship of the Môn Druids. This being a great mining country, the road seems to be divided here into several branches, as over *Sarn Halen*, or the salt-causeway, at Llanbadarn Odyn, in Cardiganshire; another, by Dinas Mywthy, in Merionethshire, through Rhyd'r Halen, or the salt-ford over Sarn, or *Fordd'r Halen*, or the salt road or causeway at Michneant, by Festiniog to Aberglaslyn, in Caernarvonshire. It afterwards followed the river Glaslyn by Kemeys to its source on Snowdon mountain, from whence it passed along the river Segont to Caersegont, since called Caer-

narvon, and so over the Menai, or narrow water, by a ferry into Anglesey, until it terminated at Aberfro, or the town or harbour upon or in the neighbourhood of water, which in ancient times was the capital of Anglesey, and the royal residence of the kings or princes of Gwynedd.

By following with the eye on the map the course we have traced out, the names of places along the road serve us, as so many directing-posts for our guidance, in this long and sometimes circuitous route, from the Isle of Wight to the palace of Aberfro. Indeed, in some parts of its course, it was so crooked and circuitous, that, in Merionethshire, it obtained the name of the crooked salt road, or *Fordd Gam r' Halen*.

If any further proof were wanting to establish our facts and inductions, we might add, as the French term it, *au surplus*, that they are corroborated by the curious circumstance, that this road appears to have been called *Fordd Halen*, or the salt road, in the Welsh part of its course, because the inhabitants of Wales brought salt back along it from Hampshire, whilst, in England, it was called the mine-road, because it served for the conveyance of minerals from Wales to the Isle of Wight.

W.

Sonnet from the Welsh by the late EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Love is a wild confusion of the soul,
 To brave its pow'r enfeebled reason fails;
 The despot reigns with absolute controul,
 With strong attachment ev'ry thought assails:
 Where genial sensibility prevails,
 Unguarded passions catch its ardent fire,
 And, fever'd high by hope's alluring tales,
 Inflame the wilder'd mind with strange desires;
 It leaves in joyless calms th' unfavour'd breast,
 Where sordid self locks up the callous heart,
 But in the tender feeling lives confest
 In visions bright that thrilling joys impart;
 Song strives to paint it, efforts vainly shewn,
 The worldless heart must feel, or love can ne'er be known.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE WHITE MOLE.

AMONG the many resources man possesses for mental relaxation or instruction, there is not one which appears to us more abundant than natural history. It is true, that astronomy has been affirmed to be the noblest of sciences, and that which has been pursued by the greatest philosophers; but, to our mind, astronomy is not so well calculated, at last, to amuse the greater part of mankind. Those not gifted with the eagle-thought of a Bacon, or a Newton, or a La Place, we maintain, cannot obtain so perfect an acquaintance with astronomy, as with our favorite study; for to man's ordinary perfection, though he may see the "sun, and the moon, and the stars," and contemplate the majesty and power of their incomprehensible Architect, yet these, "his handy works," are beyond the grasp of other than the most gigantic minds. The rest of us cannot examine their immensity, much less can we comprehend their wondrous construction; and as far as our knowledge of them is attained, we are chiefly indebted to the labours of others. But it must be otherwise with that portion of creation which constitutes animated nature, and which, though the common-place observer sees therein nothing worthy of remark, will be proud to contain wonders of the vastness and variety, which are indeed astonishing. Of the more extraordinary of these, the obtaining a specimen is the first and only difficulty; when that is effected, the *personal* examination is proceeded with, according to the inclination of the student.

We are astonished that so little is known of some specimens of Welsh natural history. There are animals in Wales not to be met with, as far as we know, in any other part of Britain. We have been fortunate enough to discover a few; and those who have talent and inclination might, doubtless, add largely to the catalogue; the more especially, as the faculties for travelling in our beautiful Principality are now nearly equal to those of other parts of the kingdom.

Premising thus much, as an incitement to others who may have more time or ability than ourselves to pursue a most interesting study, we here lay before them a short account of the white mole of North Wales. That it might have been done far better by others, we are fully aware; but to rely on others, we have often found, is fallacious: besides, by entering on the examination, however slight, we may possibly awaken some latent spark for investigation in the bosom of a naturalist, who would not be unworthy of being associated with his countryman, and eminent precursor, *Thomas Pennant*; a circumstance which we, in common with every friend to national enlightenment, must hail with delight. But to proceed to our text.

In a hilly seclusion, forming part of the western division of Montgomeryshire, stands the little parish of Llanllugan. Its retired situation, combined with its uninviting scenery, neither partaking of the romantic interest of more rugged districts, or of the richness of the valleys in Wales, renders it a place almost unknown to the tourist. Yet, in this apparently uninteresting district, is to be found an animal exceeding rare in any country; but, as far as we have heard, not to be met with elsewhere in our own.

The white mole of Llanllugan is not so scarce as to be a mere *lusus naturæ*, but is frequently destroyed in numbers; and, in some parts of the parish, the mole-catchers seldom entrap the common black animal, well known in the rest of the island.

The specimen in our possession was much injured in its carriage to London, but it is sufficiently perfect to invite inspection. In bodily proportions, it is similar to the common mole; the fur is of a creamy-white, possessing a beautiful gloss, and soft as down to the touch. Under the stomach, running from the chin to the tail, is a broad stripe of deep yellow or burnt sienna tinge. The nose and lips are of a beautiful pink colour; and the bare feet present a very curious shriveled appearance, something similar to the hands of persons much accustomed to washing linen; the claws are particularly white. A mole is sometimes found, resembling the description we have given, in various parts of England, but their discovery is very scarce, and they are looked upon as freaks of nature, (as a white rook, or *white* blackbird, are regarded, and preserved as curiosities,) while, as we have before stated, the parish of Llanllugan produces them in abundance.

We cannot, on this occasion, neglect the opportunity of contradicting the misstatements of some naturalists regarding the habits of the mole. They have asserted, that it seldom stirs out of its hole, unless disturbed by violent rains. With deference, we beg to assert, that the animal frequently, at the close of evening, and during the night, leaves his subterranean dwelling, and a fearful enemy he is to various kinds of reptiles. For the sake of illustration, we subjoin the account of a gentleman in Wales, who was eyewitness to a very singular conflict between a mole and a frog.

“ I was returning home one sultry evening, when my attention was called to a very unusual cry of distress, which proceeded from the ditch-bank of the road. My curiosity was excited, and I alighted from my horse. When I got to the ditch-bank, I was astonished by seeing a mole grasping a yellow frog by the leg, and drawing him towards the hedge. The captive uttered loud

cries, nor would the mole, until compelled by myself, quit his hold."

There cannot be a doubt as to the intention of the mole to devour the frog; and an inspection of the teeth will convince any person that they are formed for carnivorous mastication, and that they eat other food besides earth-worms, roots, or insects. Like the hog, their dentile formation points them out as belonging to that class of animals, which cannot be properly referred either to the rapacious or the peaceful kind, and which yet partake, in some degree, of the nature of both; and the above incident seems to substantiate the fact.

Whether the white mole of Llanllugan is the same animal as the Polish white mole, and that of the northern nations, we are incompetent to determine; but there are considerations which naturally suggest themselves to us, and which we venture to communicate. It is certain, that white moles are very uncommon in the adjacent parts of Montgomeryshire; and why they confine themselves to Llanllugan hills and their immediate vicinity, we cannot form a conjecture. The inquiry is a curious one; but a more important question remains for discussion, namely, the value in a commercial point of view, which we think may be attached to the animal. The Leming of Scandinavia, the Isatis of the Frozen Ocean, and the Ermine and the Sable of Siberia, are all sources of wealth to their respective countries; and we do not see why the white mole of Wales may not be made productive to ourselves. The common hare and rabbit skins of the northern Principality are esteemed by the furriers superior to any others of British growth; and the beautiful texture and gloss of the white mole skin appears to us to have been hitherto unnoticed, only because they have been unknown.

As we have before stated, the animal confines itself *voluntarily* to one vicinity; for that the mole sometimes becomes dissatisfied with its habitation, and changes it, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, has been noticed; and there is so curious a record of the fact in the third volume of the Linnæan Transactions, that we make no apology for introducing it here.

"In visiting the Loch of Clunie," says Mr. Bruce, "I observed in it a small island, at the distance of 180 yards from the land. Upon this island, Lord Airley, the proprietor, has a castle and small shrubbery. I observed frequently the appearance of fresh mole-hills, but, for some time, took it for the water-mouse, and one day asked the gardener if it was so. He replied, that it was the mole, and that he had caught one or two lately; but that five or six years ago he had caught two in traps, and for two years after this he had observed none. But, about four years

since, coming ashore one summer's evening in 'the dusk, he and Lord Airley's butler saw, at a small distance upon the smooth water, an animal paddling to, and not far distant from the island. They soon closed with this feeble passenger, and found it to be our common mole, led by an astonishing instinct from the nearest point of the land (the castle hill) to take possession of this island. It was at this time, for about the space of two years, quite free from the visits of any subterraneous inhabitant; but the mole has, for more than a year past, made its appearance again."

In the above imperfect sketch, we have remained satisfied with having confined ourselves to plain fact, in preference to any conjectural opinions of our own, which might mislead our readers. We anxiously look forward to the further examination and description of this rare animal, by Cambrians of scientific capabilities, several of whom we know reside within a reasonable distance of Llanllugan.

Lines composed by the late REV. SNEYD DAVIES, on viewing the Tomb of ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS, in Llandegai Church.

Envied ambition ! what are all thy schemes,
But waking misery or pleasing dreams ?
Sliding and tottering on the heights of state,
The subject of this verse declares thy *fate*.
Great as he was you see how small the gain,
A burial so obscure, a muse so mean.

*Translated Fragment from the Welsh, by the late
EDWARD WILLIAMS.*

Let wealth, let fame, those dazzling gifts of fate,
Bless all the wayward sons of pomp and state ;
Be mine the riches of a soul refin'd,
The heart benevolent, the spotless mind,
To Heav'ns unerring will, in humble hope resign'd.

NUGÆ CAMBRO-BRITANNICÆ.

No. III.

Welsh Hebraisms.

Antiquam exquirite matrem.—VIRG.

ACCORDING to the Mosaic History, all the different parts of the habitable globe must have been first peopled from the east. The author of the Celtic Researches refers to the tenth chapter of Genesis, to prove that the *Cymry*, or *Kimmerii*, are the same as the *Gomerii*, or sons of *Gomer*, one of those patriarchs among whose descendants *the Isles of the Gentiles* are said, in the fifth verse, to have been divided.

There are still many traces left among the Welsh of this their Asiatic origin.

In the *Triads*, as given in the Welsh Archæology, vol. ii. p. 78, after an account of the different tribes of Wales, we are told, "*ac or Asia pan hanoeddynt*," — "and they originally came from Asia." The Rev Theophilus Evans, in his "*Drych y prif Oessodd*," or "Mirror of Ancient Times," has deduced the history of Wales from the destruction of the tower of Babel.

But the best proof of the eastern descent of the ancient Britons, is the close resemblance and connection existing between the Welsh and the Hebrew languages, even at this day. As a proof of this, we have extracted the following vocabulary of words in both tongues, so closely resembling each other in sound and sense as to leave no doubt whatever on the subject. Many of these words, it will be found, have been transmitted from the Welsh, through the Anglo-Saxon, into our modern English. It would be easy to swell their number to an extent that would form a considerable volume.

<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Anafu	To wound, to cut	Anaf
Aeth	{ He went, he is gone; hence <i>death</i> , he is departed }	Athah
Aml	Plentiful, ample	Hamale
Ydom	The earth	Adamah
Annos	To drive	Anas
Annog	To incite	Anac
Achles	Succour	Achales
Anwn	An abyss	Annan
Alaf	Treasure	Aluph

<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Awyr	Air, sky	Auor
All	Other, another	Aul
Awydd	Earnest desire	Anuath
Afange	The beaver	Aphang
Bara	Bread	Barah
Bu	It came to pass	Bou
Boten or Potten	} Belly	Betten
Bedd	{ The grave, quasi, Our last bed	Beth
Brawd, and, in the plural, Broder	} Brother	Berith
Brêg	Breaking	Berek
Bér or Ysbér	} A spear	Beriach
Bwth	Booth	Buth
Brith	Bright	Barudh
Camel	A camel	Gamel
Carr	A car	Caron, in the Chaldee
Ceisio	To seek ; to catch	Kashah
Cás	Hatred	Caas
Catt	A little bit	Kat
Cêg	The throat	Chec
Cel lach	{ A funeral feast An old man doubled by age	Celach, extreme old age
Cell	A cellar	Cele, a prison
Coler	A collar	Kolar
Coron	A crown	Keren
Cwta	Curtail	Kutain, a tail
Chronicl	Chronicle	Dicron, in the Chaldee
Chwyno	To accuse, quære whine?	Kun
Cyhoeddi	To publish	Hodhiang
Cusannu	To kiss	{ Nashak, (reversing the letters)
Dagr	A dagger	Daker
Dawn	A gift	Tanah
Dinas	A town	Medinah
Dafnu	To drop, or distil by drops	Nataph, Heb. Taph, Chald.
Diffygio	To be tired	Phug
Dalen	A leaf	Dalith, a branch
Darfod	To finish	Avod, to perish.

But it is not in single isolated words only that this resemblance strikes us, the conformity is equally remarkable in the idiomatic phrases of both languages, and in the formation of entire sentences, as will be seen by the following examples we are about to adduce.

A Welsh writer, of the 16th century, *Charles Edwards*, was so much struck with this similarity, when he first commenced the study of Hebrew at the University of Oxford, that in the exuberance of his devout exultation at finding the vernacular language of his country approach so near to that of Holy writ, he declares he should have considered it as impious on his part not to have withdrawn the veil of silence and concealment from this, what he styles, miraculous conformity. Accordingly at the conclusion of his "*Hanes y Fydd*," printed in 1675, under the *Imprimatur* of the Vice-chancellor, he has published a number of Cambro-Britannic Hebraisms, from which we have made the following selection. But as his address to the gentlemen of Wales on this subject is not long, as it contains some curious observations, and as the work itself is now become scarce, we shall take the liberty of transcribing it entire.

"Honorandis Antiquæ Britannicæ Gentis Primoribus,
Aliisquæ ei Benignis Mæcenatibus ΕΥΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΑ.

"En conspectui vestro, Viri Honorati, humiliter exhibeo opusculum, tenue quidem, sed hactenus desideratum. Constrictum exiguumque hic vobis dedico manipulum, primitiarum tamen, eoque nomine spero, non ingratum fore ingenuis delibandum propone, ut si placuerit massis sit semen uberioris. Cum Hebraicis studiis aliquantisper incumberem, Patriarchas priscos, et Prophetas sanctos Cambro-Britannicè loquentes et nostro idiomate magnalia Dei patefacientes, mihi visus sum audire. Huic miraculo silentii velamen obducere haud pium judicavi præsertim cum tantæ sancti sermonis reliquiæ penes gentem toto orbe divisam, et dim bellicosus calamitatibus diutinè depressam, et tunc temporis literaturâ parum cultam, tam perspicuum sacræ scripturæ testimonium dant de primitivâ unitate humani generis linguæ, et parentelæ. Immo nonnihil solaminis patriæ me allaturum existimavi, notificando præter quorundam doctorum opinionem, et contra omnium ferè mortalium incredulitatem primævæ linguæ eam tantum retinuisse.

"Plus equidem, ut opinor, ipsamet hâc in parte sibi pôtest vendicare, quam aliquæ aliæ gentes, licet eruditissimæ. Aliquantulum etiam ad pietatem colendam sit nostris incitamenti, ut linguæ sacra divinis, et sibi idoneis serviat negotiis, ut Deus Opt. Max. cœlestibus, vos et patriam, ditet beneficiis ex animo optat, et quotidie precatur.

Felicitatis vestræ studiosus,
CAROLUS EDWARDS.

Londl. ; Decemb. 24, 1675.

HEBRAISMORUM CAMBRO-BRITANNICORUM SPECIMEN.

<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Gâl bêdd Gen. xxxi. 47	Galeed, i. e. the heap of testimony	Cumulus testi- monii	Galehedh
Bagad Gen. xxx. 11	A troop cometh	Exercitus venit	Bagad
Maer in addaw 1 Cor. xvi. 21	Maran-Atha, when our Lord comes	Dominus noster venit	Maran atha
Anudon Yni all sy dda Gen. xvii. 1	Without God I the Almighty God	Sine Deo Ego Deus Omni- potens	Aen adon Ani ael saddai
Hyd Uwyn Mre	Unto the <i>plain</i> of Moreh	Usquead <i>quercum</i> Moreh	Had elouse Moreh
Yngan Iahacob waredd fi Gen. xxxi. 31	Jacob answered, I was afraid	Respondit Jaha- cob, Timui	Jangan Jahacob iarethi
Llai iachu, yng- wydd achau ni Gen. xxxi. 32	Let him not live before our bre- thren	Non vivat, coram fratribus nostris	Loa iicheieh, en- gedd acheinu
Ochoreu balloddi hoedena? Gen. xviii. 12	After I am waxed old, shall I have pleasure?	Postquam senui voluptas?	Acharei belothi hedenah?
Bebroch fo am be- neu ach ef, dy- feth Deborah mam ianceth (iencid) Ribe- cah Gen. xxxv. 7, 8	When he fled from the face of his brother. But De- borah, Rebecca's nurse died	Fugiendo ipso à facie fratris sui mortua est De- bora nutrix Ri- becah	Beborechvo im- penci achiu : ta- math Deborah em ienceth Ri- becah
Yngan Job, yscoli yscoli cynghaws i Job, vi. 1, 2	Job answered, Oh that my grief were thoroughly weigh- ed	Respondit Jioh, appendendo ap- penderetur ira mea	Iangan Iioh ascol iascel cangeni
Amelhau bytheu chwi, a bythau holl ufyddau chwi Exod. x. 6.	And they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants	Replebuntur do- mus tuæ, et do- mus omnium servorum tuorum	Amelau bathecha u bathei chol habhecha
Angheni a gô-wan Ps. lxxxviii. 16	Thy terrors have cut me off, &c. Thy wrathful dis- pleasure, &c.	Afflictus et mori- bundus	Angini eu gouan
Iachadd ni Ps. xxx. 2	Thou hast healed me	Vivificasti me	Ichiiathni
Nesa awyr peneu chwi Ps. iv. 6	Lift thou up the light of thy coun- tenance	Eleva lucem faci- erum tuarum	Nesah auor panei- cha
Ysgoefon agwirion Deut. xxviii. 28	Madness and blindness	Amentia Cœcitas	Isgoahvon u gi- waron
Gaenen oer fo Job, xxxvii. 12	Rain, &c.	Pluira sua	Gaenen Ourvo

<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
An Annos Est. i. 8	None did compel	Non cogens	Aen aones
As Chwimwth Prov. xxii. 24	An angry man	Vir excandescen- tiarum	Aischemouth
Awydd i Hosea, x. 10	In my desire	Desiderium meum	Au-uathi
Be heulo, leuferfo Job, xxix. 3	When his candle shined upon his head, and by his light, &c.	In faciendo splen- dore ad lumen ejus	Be hilo leavorvo
Bwgythieu in gwarchaeni Job, vi. 4.	The terrors of God set themselves in array against me	Terrores ordinave- runt se contra me	Bigenthei iangar- chuni
I fâr Numb. xxii. 6	Shall be cursed	Maledictus erit	Ivar
Am gerydd fo Job, xxvi. 11	At his reproof	Ab increpatione ejus	Im gaharathvo

These few specimens are sufficient to prove the extraordinary affinity between the Hebrew and the Welsh, and the consequent utility which a knowledge of the ancient British must necessarily prove to all those who study the Oriental languages. It is not unworthy of remark that the most accomplished Orientalist of modern times, Sir William Jones, was a native of the Principality. His countryman and namesake, Sir Harford Jones, now Sir Harford Jones Brydges, has also distinguished himself for his knowledge of the Eastern tongues during his residence at Bagdad, and his other diplomatic missions. Nor should we here omit to mention the name of Major Price, a native of Breconshire, whose History of the Mahometan Religion has fully evinced his proficiency in Asiatic literature, and his thorough acquaintance with those sources from whence the Arabian writers have drawn their information. This illustrious trio of Cambro-British Orientalists well warrant us in our inference, that the study of the Welsh must tend to facilitate the acquisition of the languages of the East. Indeed, the Rev. Archdeacon Pryse, in his Latin Hexameters, prefixed to Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, expressly mentions this great advantage of a knowledge of the Welsh to the Hebrew student.

*"Hic docet et Cambros, distinct è Grammaticèque,
Verba loqui, linguæ veteris radice repertâ
Hebræam ut citius valeamus discere linguam."*

Translation by the late Rev. JOHN WALTERS, of Cowbridge.

*"He gladly deigns his countrymen to teach,
By well-weigh'd rules, the rudiments of speech;
That when the roots first of our own we gain,
The Hebrew tongue we thence may soon attain."*

Dr. Davies himself tells us, that almost every page of the Welsh translation of the Bible is replete with Hebraisms, in the time, sense, and spirit of the original. In the preface to his Latin-Welsh Dictionary, he affirms that the ancient British tongue retains a manifest agreement and affinity with the Oriental languages, in its words, phrases, composition, or texture of speech and pronunciation; and he thus continues,—“nec tamen hic Hebraismos dat à operâ venamur, aut affectat à diligentia cudimus, sed quos adducimus meri sunt *Britannismi, lippis atque tonsoribus, idiotis, plebi, pueris, noti, vulgo usitate.*”—Vide Preface to Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar.

Mr. Charles Edwards, whose Dedication we have cited, further informs us that he was always much struck with the near resemblance between the Welsh symphonies, and the sacred music performed in the Jewish synagogues in London.

The Hebrew and the Welsh approach very near each other in almost all their monosyllabic roots.

Idris, or *Edris*, is well known to the Arabians. They regard him as the prophet *Enoch*, and say that he was a *Sabeian*, the first that wrote with a pen after *Enos*, the son of *Seth*. “*Oriental Collections*,” vol. ii. p. 112. We are further informed that *Idris* was no other than *Hermes*, or *Mercury*, the celebrated *Hermes Trismegistus* of the Egyptians; so that the name of *Cader Idris*, in North Wales, is demonstrated to be of Eastern origin.

General Vallancey* has proved the Irish, which (like the Welsh, the Gaelic, the Armoric, the Cornish, and the Waldensii, &c.) is a dialect of the Celtic, to have retained a certain degree of connection with the Chaldaic, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and Phœnician. He has ingeniously, and we think satisfactorily, deduced the emigration of the *Irish* from *India*, to the coasts of *Arabia*, *Egypt*, and *Phœnicia*; and from the latter country, by sea, through *Spain* to the British Islands.

In the 197th page of “*Davies's Celtic Researches*,” it is suggested that the “*Menw ab Teirgwaedd*,” or *Menw of the three Veds*, one of the masters of the mysterious and secret science amongst the *Cymry*, must be the same personage with *Menu*, author of the *Vedas*, in the mythology of the *Hindus*. But the most extraordinary proofs of an ancient intercourse between Britain and India, are adduced in Wilford's Dissertation on Egypt and the Nile, printed in the *Asiatic Researches*, vol. v. We are there told that the British Isles are described by the old Indian writers, as “*the sacred islands of the west*,” and that one of them in particular was called *Bretashtan*, or the seat and place of religious duty.

* See General Vallancey's Prospectus of an Irish Dictionary.

Dr. Borlase, in his History of Cornwall, demonstrates the close analogy between the Druids and the *Magi of Persia*, and Pliny* absolutely identifies them by the same name, in calling the Druids the *Magi* of the Gauls and the Britons.

The author of the *Indian Antiquities* points out the same affinity between the Druids and the Brahmins of India.

The recent foundation of a *Sanscrit* professorship at Oxford will probably lead to a further elucidation of the connection between ancient Britain and ancient India.

We reserve the Welsh Hellenisms, Arabicisms, and Gallicisms, for the subject of another paper.

GLÄS.

* Lib. xxx. c. 1.

Translation of TEGID'S Y LLEUAD to the Moon.

(See No. XIV. p. 167.)

Oh, silvery Moon ! fair in thy path so high,
How bright and graceful thou dost pace the sky ;—
Yet, Goddess ! though so fair thou dost remain,
We may perceive some spots thy bosom stain.
Thus into human nature if we pry,
Some faults, some blemishes we shall descry :
And, all must grant, perfection dwells alone
In the Almighty and Eternal one.

T. JENKINS.

OLION.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

I SUBMIT to your consideration the following notices, in reply to the inquiry of your correspondent *Trevnant*, as to the name of *CEVN DIGOLL*, a mountain on the eastern boundary of Montgomeryshire.

Where I find it first occurs is in the moral triplets called *Gorwynion*, written by Llywarch, the aged, about the beginning of the seventh century, and the original is as follows : *

Gorwyn blaen coll ger Digoll vre,
Diae le vydd pob foll :
Gweithred cadarn cadw arvoll.

The literal import of which is this :

Very white the hazel tops near DIGOLL mount ;
Every squabby one hath no ailing :
The act of the mighty is to keep a treaty.

The second triplet is from an elegy, by the same bard, upon Cadwallon, King of the Britons, who was slain in the battle called *Cad-is-gwal*, near Hexham, A. D. 634, and which is thus :

Lluest Cadwallon glodrydd
Yn ngwarthav Digoll vynydd,
Seith-mis, a seith-cad beunydd.†

That is :

The camp of Cadwallon the illustrious,
On the top of DIGOLL mountain,
It was for seven months, with seven skirmishes daily.

The third is the following passage, in an ode by Cynddelw, to Owen Cyveiliog, Prince of Powys, written about, A. D. 1170.‡

Gwirawd Ewain draw tra Digoll vynydd,
Môr vynydd ei harvoll ;
O win cyvrgain, nid cyvrgoll ;
O vedd o vuelin oll.

The import of this is as follows :

The wassail of Owen yonder beyond the DIGOLL mountain,
So frequently it is received ;
Of wine transcendently pure, not gone to waste ;
Of mead, all from the bugle-horn.

The foregoing authorities imply that *Cevn Digoll* was a post generally occupied in the warfare of the Britons ; so that the appellation was not for the first time applied to it, as being the place of assemblage for the forces of Richmond previously to the battle

* See "Heroic Elegies by Llywarch Hen," p. 16, edited by W. Owen, in 1792. Also, *Archaiology of Wales*, p. 121.

† Heroic Elegies, p. 110 ; and *Archaiology of Wales*, p. 122.

‡ See *Archaiology of Wales*, p. 234.

of Bosworth; but they most probably did assemble on that commanding eminence, as it afforded a full view of any movements of an enemy, and consequently it was a place of security against every surprise. This shows the propriety of its being called *CEVN DIGOLL*, or the *loss-less* summit, as the name literally implies; and it must have been imposed anterior to any historical allusions preserved respecting it, for the quotations given above have more of the character of a traditionary epithet than otherwise.

W. OWEN PUGH.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following corrections are requisite in that part of my paper on Irish Mythology, printed in your last: at p. 146, for *formed*, read *found*; at p. 148, for *Walter Davies*, read *Edward Davies*; and at p. 155, for *pyramidal plane*, read *pyramidal flame*. Such communications as "The History of Northop" add much to our stock of knowledge, and I hope to see the example often followed. I should like, however, to be informed by your correspondent, his *authority* for the positive assertion, that "monumental statues of kings and episcopal dignitaries were begun to be erected in Wales about the year 1073;" for I wish your Welsh correspondents to bear in mind that the antiquaries of the present day lay it down as a rule to take nothing for granted. Fifty years back, they justly incurred ridicule for the hypothetical data on which they proceeded; and which, I fear, is still too much the practice in the Principality. In England, no one now who pretends to explain subjects of antiquity can obtain credit, unless he adduces his proofs. I'll venture to defy the production of any monumental effigy before the following century. No sepulchral statue ever graced the tomb of an English monarch before that of Henry II., nor that of any ecclesiastic before the commencement of his reign. Previously, the grave, whether within or without the church, was covered either by a flat or a roof-like stone, on which was sculptured a cross, lance, sword, or banner, &c. according to the quality of the deceased. I have not myself seen any military effigy in Wales older than the time of Edward I., for of this period are the two mutilated remains at St. David's.

The object of this letter, however, is to introduce to your notice the indefatigable exertions of a Mr. Morris, residing at Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury, towards the acquisition of authentic Welsh pedigrees. He follows up his pursuit not only with ardour, but discrimination; and has consequently gleaned a vast deal of entertaining and useful information. From being a cor-

respondent of mine, he has become that of Edward Evans, esq. of Eyton Hall, in this county, and of the family of Treveilir in Anglesey. One of his letters which he directed should be shewn to me is the following, from which you will be able to judge of the value of his researches.

(COPY.)

Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury ; Aug. 13, 1831.

SIR,

IN April last, Mr. Madocks, on passing through Shrewsbury to London, left with me two of his three volumes, and has promised to bring me the third at another opportunity. Dr. Meyrick, in his letter to the Gentleman's Magazine, described the three volumes as the Visitations of Lewis Dwnn : that, however, is not the case, as I will explain. One of the two volumes sent me is the *original Visitation* of Caermarthenshire, Cardiganshire, and Pembrokeshire. In this volume are two loose memorandums, in the handwriting, I think, of Dr. Meyrick, from which I presume, he has seen or had in his possession the volume ; yet, I imagine, he has had it but for a short time, as I have found in this volume the information relative to Lewis Dwnn which Dr. Meyrick wished to obtain, and which I am about to narrate, trusting that you, sir, will pardon me for being tedious ; and that, if it will not be asking too much, you will, at your convenience, show it to Dr. Meyrick.

It appears then, from a detailed account of the Dwnn family, occupying several pages of this volume, and from a statement by Ieuan Brechfa, the bard, quoted therein, that David Dwnn, a younger son of Mredydd Dwnn, of Kidwelly, killed the mayor of Kidwelly, and in consequence fled from South Wales into Powysland. He settled in Montgomeryshire, and became steward to Edward Charlton, Baron Powys, and in that county his posterity continued ; and the father of Lewis Dwnn married a descendant of this David Dwnn, as will be seen by the annexed pedigree ; and their son Lewis assumed the surname of his mother's family.

Having thus ascertained the real descent of Lewis Dwnn, I am enabled to state from other evidences in my possession, that Lewis Dwnn was related to the celebrated Mr. Francis Thynne, the herald, who was of the ancient family of that name, seated at Cause Castle, (in this county, but close to the border of Montgomeryshire,) and so much distinguished in the courts of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and from the then representative, of which the present Marquis of Bath is lineally descended : and I think it very probable, that to his connection with his contemporary Francis Thynne, the herald, and the other more distinguished and courtly members of the Thynne family, Lewis Dwnn owed his appointment as deputy herald.

Mredydd Dwan, ab Henry Dwan, of Kidwelly.=					
1.	2.	3.	1.	2.	3.
Gruffydd Dwan.	Owain Dwan.	David Dwan, youngest son.=	Mabli.=Grufd. ab Nicholas, esq.	Gwladys.=Gwillm ab Fyflip, ab Sir Elidir ddu.	Alon, died unmarried.
<p>He slew the mayor of Kidwelly, fled into Powysland, and became steward to Edward Charlton, Lord Powys.</p>					
<p>Angharad daughter and coheir of Dackws Lloyd, of Cefn y Gwestyd, county of Montgomery, ("datkeiniad synfraith ar holl Gydwain,") ap David ab Ieuan vychan, ab Ieuan, ab Ieuan goch, ab Iorwerth, ab Tryhalarn, ab glwydd Garthmùl.</p>					
<p>David Dwan vachan.=Elen, daughter and heiress of David ab Ieuan vachan, ab Mredydd, ab Kawrud, of Aberhaverp.</p>					
<p>Ieuan Dwan, of Gwestyd, county=Annes, daughter and heiress of Ieuan goch ab Sten=Dackin Dwan. of Montgomery. vachan, of Newtown, from Elystan Glodrydd.</p>					
<p>Rhys goch Dwan, of Gwestyd, served=Gwenllian, coheir of Ieuan ab David, ab Kydwgan, at Tournay in France. ab Kriadog, of Coed, descended from Brockwal Yagrthrog.</p>					
1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
Ieuan Dwan, of Gwestydd, 1597.	Katrin, married John ab Llewelyn, ab Morys.	Marged, married Ieuan, ab Ieuan, ab Grufd., ab Trefeglwys.	Eion, married Richard Tudur.	Gwladys, married Grufd. ab Owen, ab Llewelyn, ab Owen.	Katrin=Rhys ab Owain, John ab Morus, ab Hywel goch, ab Mredydd, ab Ieuan, ab Madog.
<p>Lewis Dwan, only child,=Ala, daughter and coheir of Mredydd the deputy herald. ab David, ab John, ab Mredydd.</p>					
Sons and daughters; names not given.		A son; died without issue.		Jane. Margaret.	

The volume from which I have abstracted this pedigree, and which is the original Visitation of the three counties, before mentioned, I have copied; and I have also copied from Mr. Madock's other volume all the pedigrees it contains, that I did not before possess. This second volume is a *selection* only from the pedigrees taken by Lewis Dwnn in his Visitations of Radnorshire, Flintshire, Denbighshire, Carnarvonshire, Anglesey, and Merionethshire, with a collection of genealogical memoranda, (principally relating to Pembrokeshire families,) made by, or for George Owen, of Cemaes, esq. (York herald, temp. Eliz.) to whom this volume once belonged, and who, from a memorandum it contains in his own handwriting, appears to have had such an acquaintance with or control over Lewis Dwnn, as to enable him to obtain copies of whatever descents the latter registered in Wales, and to furnish transcripts of them to such gentlemen as he (Mr. Owen) chose to favour with these authenticated pedigrees of their families. Not having yet seen Mr. Madock's third volume, I can say nothing of its contents; but when I obtain the loan of it, I will, sir, give you some account of it, if there should be any thing in it that throws further light on the history of Lewis Dwnn.

I perceive, from his Visitation of Cardiganshire, &c. that these books of Lewis Dwnn were as little known to most of the best Welsh historians and genealogists as to the members of the Herald's College and other English genealogists, who have all denied that any regular visitation of Wales ever took place. The learned Mr. Theophilus Jones, who wrote the excellent history of Brecknockshire, makes in that work an especial complaint that none of the ancient Welsh bards or genealogists in their peregrinations, had recorded the descent of the family of Stedman, of Strata Florida, in Cardiganshire; and few men had examined so many genealogical and historical mss. relating to the Principality as he had; yet, in this Visitation of Lewis Dwnn, I find the pedigrees of the Stedmans regularly entered, duly certified by the head of the family, and further amplified by Lewis Dwnn at three or four subsequent visits in the course of his labours: so that it is clear Mr. Jones knew nothing of Lewis Dwnn's mss. Your own volume, sir, is an attested copy of Lewis Dwnn's Visitation of Anglesey, Caernarvonshire, and Merionethshire. Mr. Madock's has the original of Cardiganshire, Caermarthenshire, and Pembrokeshire; and, from references occasionally made in these, it is clear that Lewis Dwnn visited all the other six counties of the Principality, together with Monmouthshire, and the Marches. What has become of these latter portions of his Visitations is an inquiry of much interest, because the information therein contained is unique, and of its kind invaluable. I have a copy nearly (but not quite) perfect of his Visita-

tion of Montgomeryshire, transcribed from a copy made by his contemporary and friend, the celebrated Thomas Jones, of Tregaron, and now belonging to Mr. Corbet, of Ynysymaengwyn.

You ask me, sir, to state my views in collecting this description of information. I beg to assure you, sir, I have no selfish views on this subject, and such information as I obtain, I freely communicate to all inquirers. Should I be enabled eventually to arrange and continue my collections satisfactorily, I might make them more public. I have now the materials for the formation of authentic memorials of the descent of the families of several counties of the Principality, and, as I can, I collect documents for the further continuing them to the present period. It was with this view I was anxious to obtain the loan of Mr. Williams's *Taicroesion ms.* If he is so kind as to intend obliging me with it, I have not yet received any intimation to that effect; and, sir, if it would not be trespassing too much on your kindness, it would add greatly to the obligations you have already conferred upon me, if you could in any way, that would not be inconvenient to yourself, assist me in obtaining from Mr. Williams that favour. I have a promise of a *ms.* that will enable me to continue the line of many of the principal South Wales families.

The Hopton family, as to which you made inquiry was, at a period now very remote, one of the most distinguished in Shropshire; and was soon after, if not before the Norman conquest, seated at Hopton Castle, near Ludlow.

Walter de Hopton was of Hopton Castle, and Sheriff of Shropshire in 1268; and, in 1275, he was a Baron of the Exchequer.

Thomas Hopton, of Hopton Castle, Sheriff of Shropshire in 1430, was the lineal heir male of the said Walter Hopton.

Walter Hopton, of Hopton Castle, fought under the York interest at Ludford, on the 23d of September, 1459, against King Henry, for which, however, he escaped on payment of a fine.

Soon after this period, Elizabeth Hopton, the heiress of this principal branch of the family, carried their great estates to her husband, Sir Roger Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, knight.

The male line of the family was, however, continued in a younger branch. Thomas Hopton had married Anne, the sole heiress of Jeffrey Rockhill, of Rockhill, in the parish of Burford, and their junior branch became the head of the family.

Edward Hopton, of Rockhill, (descended from the above Thomas), at the dissolution of the monasteries, (temp. Hen. VIII.) purchased Chirbury Priory, which also became a possession of the family.

John Hopton, son of the said Edward, was of Rockhill and Chirbury Priory, and was sheriff of Shropshire in 1575.

William Hopton, son of John, married Dorothy, daughter of John Morgan, esq. He was of Rockhill and Chirbury Priory, and was sheriff of Shropshire in 1591. His eldest son, Edward, having married in a manner which he did not approve, (the daughter of John Pearch, gent., merchant of the staple,) he disinherited him; and, by deed, dated Nov. 28, 1599, settled all his estates upon his second son *Richard*, who was afterwards knighted, and seated at Canon Frome, county of Hereford. Edward, the elder brother, had an only son, Morgan Hopton, rector of St. Andrew's Holborn, whose son Edward, was of Gray's Inn, in 1661. From Sir Richard, the younger brother, I presume your friend Mr. Hopton, now of Canon Frome, is lineally descended.

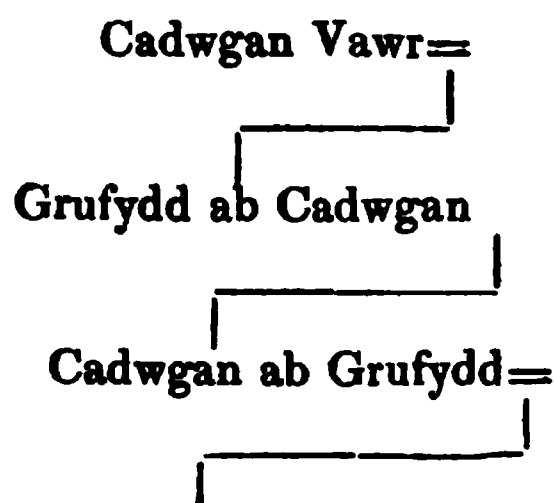
I am, Sir, with great respect,
Your much obliged, and most obedient servant,
JOSEPH MORRIS.

P. S. Mr. Lloyd's History of Wales will very soon be completed.

*To Edward Evans, esq.,
Eyton Hall, near Leominster.*

Mr. Madocks, to whom the books of pedigrees belong, is the highly respectable possessor of Fron-yw and Glanywern, in the county of Denbigh. Now, it is quite true, that I had but a very cursory inspection of these volumes, not exceeding half an hour, the greater part of which was occupied in copying out the first pedigree, in the presence of Windsor Herald, who attested the correctness of the copy, it being Gwehyleth Rolant Meurik Doctor o'r ddwy gyvraith, arglwydd o Barliament ag un o'r kynghoriaith o'r Marches. The first volume is entitled, "*Llyvr Lewis Dwnn prydydd o Sir Trevaldwyn o'r Betws ynghydhwain ar beryw yr hwnn yssyd Ddebyt Herawt at arms tros tair talaith Kymru mewn Marchys of Wals dann batent a selas Clarencieulx a Norey das vrenhinioedd yr arvan dann yssel farur dros South Work & North Work Gwynedd a Deheubarth. Duw a gadwo gras Brenhines Elsbeth yn jach, Amen floed : hwn 1580.*"

From a ms. of the celebrated antiquary, Edward Llwyd, entitled the British Genealogist, and compiled in the year 1693, a copy of which I possess, I am enabled to give the former and corresponding part of the pedigree of Lewis Dwnn.



Gruffydd Gethin alias Donne, married Anne daughter to Cadwgan ab Ievan ab Philip of Rhydodin, argent, a lion rampant, sable, head, paws, and the bush of his tail of the field.

Henry Donne, esq. married Janett, daughter of Ievan Llwyd Ychan, of Pwllidyvach, esq. Gules, on a bend, argent, inter three trefoyls, slipt, or, a lion passant, sable.

Meredydd Donne, esq. married Mallt, daughter to Griffith ab Cadwgan Ychan. Azure, a wolfe salt. argent; but as George Owen, az. a chevron, int. three cocks argent.

Griffith Donne, esq. married Jonet, daughter to Sir John Skidmore, of Kenchurch, Herefordshire. Gules, three stirrups, or, with leathers of the same.

Sir John Donne, knt. married daughter to Lord Hastings
Argent, a mattuch, sable.

Robert Donne, and his descendants, continued at Cydwely.

Sir Edward Donne, knt. married daughter to Verney.
Az. on a cross argent, five mullets, gules.

Elizabeth, daughter and heir, married Sir Thomas Johnes, of Abemarles, knight. Argent, a chevron, sable, int. three ravens, proper; border engrailed, gules, besante.

Since the date of the letter to Edward Evans, esq. Mr. Morris has written me word that "he has been obliged with the loan of Mr. Madocks's third volume, and in this has found a memorandum in the writing of George Owen, esq. of Kemes, which clearly shows this third volume to have been wholly written by him, and the pedigrees it contains chiefly relating to the districts of South Wales, known by the names of Gwent and Morganwg, are evidently compiled (being here severally arranged under the names of certain common ancestors) from the collections made previous to the year 1600, by Lewis Dwnn, and my former con-

jecture that George Owen, esq. then York herald, had a personal control over Lewis Dwnn; perhaps was a chief party in employing him to collect descents throughout the Principality—is thus greatly strengthened. And a question here arises; what has become of the *original* visitations of the counties of Montgomery, Flint, Denbigh, Brecon, Glamorgan, Radnor, and Monmouth, as taken by Lewis Dwnn, and where are they now deposited, if still in existence? for that these counties were officially visited by him, there is abundant proof in various memorandum-made by him personally as references on pedigrees, in the mss. of Mr. Madocks, and as also appears by Mr. Evans's attested copy of the Gloddaith ms. Indeed, I have a copy of nearly the whole of his visitation of Montgomeryshire, and of portions of his visitations of all the counties I have enumerated, but the mss. from which I have extracted these portions give no clue to the place or places where the original and complete visitations are at present to be found. Mr. Williams, of Beaumaris, was (on the recommendation of Mr. Evans) so kind as to favour me with the loan of the Taicroesion ms. which contains much that is of great value, and I am now engaged in examining and transcribing the Llangedwin copy of the extensive and valuable Salusbury collection of pedigrees, with the loan of which Sir Watkin Williams Wynn most handsomely favored me, through the kind interference of his brother, the Right. Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire. I find in this ms. the name of Lewis Dwnn occasionally referred to on pedigrees copied by Mr. J. Salusbury, from a ms. of Mr. H. Rogers, a Montgomeryshire gentleman; but it is quite clear that neither of the Messrs. Salusbury, nor Mr. Rogers, ever saw more than a few detached pedigrees taken by Lewis Dwnn, copies of which the deputy herald doubtless made for the families in whose keeping Mr. Rogers (who has in one place a reference to Llyfr côch Powys, by Lewis Dwnn) in all probability found them.

The same may be said with regard to Mr. John Ellis, the original compiler of the Taicroesion ms. for, though he, like the Messrs. Salusbury, appears to have been most careful and laborious in collecting his materials, yet the invaluable collections of Lewis Dwnn have evidently not fallen within his reach, excepting only an occasional pedigree, transcribed as I have before conjectured, by Lewis Dwnn, for the head of the family, in the custody of whose descendants such detached copies have been found.

The connexion of Lewis Dwnn with the family of Francis Thynne, the herald, arose from the intermarriages of their relatives on each side, with the family of Heynes, or Haynes, (in Welsh Einws) who at that period had estates at Bansley, &c. on the confines of Shropshire and Montgomeryshire.'

It did not show a very extensive acquaintance with the works of the Welsh genealogists, in Theophilus Jones to assert, that none of them had recorded the descent of the family of Stedman, of Strata-florida. I printed it two and twenty years ago in my History of Cardiganshire, from the before-mentioned ms. of Edward Llwyd. I will add to these observations, that the Harleian ms. marked 5058, in the British Museum, contains pedigrees copied in the year 1615, from the collections of Lewis Dwnn.

Any of your readers would much oblige me, if they could point out where the patent under seal, which Lewis Dwnn declares he received from Clarencieux and Norroy kings at arms, might be found, as the College of Arms refuse to consider his visitations as authority, without its production. Robert Cooke was the Clarencieux, and William Flower the Norroy, who granted it.

I have the honor to remain,

Gentlemen,

Most respectfully yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court ; April 18, 1832.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

THE highly respectful manner in which your correspondent Mr. E. Williams, of Radnorshire, is pleased to speak of me, demands my humble obeisance; while I trust to his due sense of good breeding not to attribute the language I may use in reviewing his arguments to any disrespect towards him.

It appears to me, that he so far coincides in my position in tacitly acknowledging that we have no earlier *authority* for the motto *Ich diene* than the will of the Black Prince; the peculiar policy, therefore, of conciliating the Welsh (which certainly did exist on the birth of Edward II., from the fact of his mother being expressly sent to Caernarvon castle,) has nothing to support it. I do not, then, see the "strong probability to warrant the presumption that the armorial device of a prince of Wales should be Welsh," any more than that the motto of the king of Holland, *Je maintiendrai*, should be Dutch, or that of the king of England, *Dieu et mon droit*, should be English. But if, "as a Welshman," Mr. Williams "can never be persuaded that these monosyllables were of German origin," or any other than Welsh, it would be fruitless to make the attempt, did I not write for the rest of your readers as well as him. Now the words as they stand are plain German, and if they are to be supposed Welsh they should also be taken as they stand, and not tortured into *Eich dyn*, *I' wch dien*, *Ych dien*, or *Di-hên*. Mr. Williams seems to be aware of

this, and therefore boldly asserts that "as the motto now literally stands, *Ich dien*," it is Welsh, which he translates "the shriek of destruction." Now I have no wish to defend the German origin, although I am a Teutonic knight, being as anxious for the honour of Cambria as this gentleman himself, and only desire to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." "The shriek of destruction," however, seems so very far-fetched, and so unlike any motto on record, that I cannot prefer it to the simple and more evident one "I serve." For the paraphrastic "Woe betide you, Death and howling Destruction await you," will not do, as instead of its being "to hurl defiance and destruction on the proud battalions of braggart* France," the Black Prince himself tells, it was to accompany his arms of peace; that is, it was not used in battle but at the tournament. On such authority, then, which cannot be called in question, we know it was used at the tournament *only*, whether in Hainault or elsewhere. So far from the "motto being emblazoned on the crest of the great captain of the age," I would observe again that the crest, in his days, was seldom used in battle, nor the helmet, but the basinet, on which was placed a moveable vizor. Now according to the directions of the will, the effigy on the monument represents the Black Prince's appearance in war, with the exception of this vizor, he himself choosing to have *le visage nue*. His head rests on the tournament helmet, on which is the crest, viz. a lion standing on a knight's cap; and the same would be on a war helmet. The feather was the badge of the Black Prince, placed in a small pipe, on which was a scroll inscribed *Ich diene*, and so it is painted on the tomb. Without that scroll it was equally the badge of his father and brothers.

Mr. Williams must pardon me for being surprised that he "as a Welshman," should conceive that the Picts were so called from the Latin word *picti*, as he imagines they painted their faces. The Maceatæ and Caledonians had done so three hundred years before, but the Picts or Gwyddel Fichti were far more civilized.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court;
April 16, 1832.

* Why "braggart?" How different the conduct of the English monarch to Sir Eustace de Ribemont, which did fair justice to the valour of France.

On Peat Iron.

Acutum

Reddere quæ ferrum valet.—HOR.

THE astonishing improvement of the Principality during the last half century, appears, to those who look back upon it, to be almost the effect of enchantment; yet the natural product of her mountains, *coal* and *iron*, have been the only magicians who have operated this wonderful transformation. We find that iron was made in Wales, in small quantities, from the very earliest periods of antiquity. At this day we frequently meet with the imperishable remains of charcoal on the summits of her highest hills, a convincing proof that they were formerly covered with forests, since the wood which we now find there thus carbonized, could never have been carried up these steep acclivities by any possible power of human machinery, and consequently must have grown on the spot.

Of late, such excessive quantities of iron made with pit-coal coked, have been continually manufactured, as to exceed the demand; and the price has been so depreciated, as not to leave a remunerating return to the iron-master; the consequence has been, the discharge of several thousands of workmen from the iron-works. But that superior quality of iron, called *Blooms*, and manufactured with wood-coal, does not appear to have suffered a similar depression, but still maintains its price, as the demand is fully equal to the supply.

In order to lessen the cost of charcoal for making *Blooms*, attempts have lately been made by a celebrated chemist, and with the most complete success, to extract the pyroligneous acid from the wood during its combustion, into chark. It is not perhaps generally known that peat, or *mawn* as it is called in Welsh, has been tried for this purpose, and has been found fully to answer the end proposed, as it gives a more intense heat, produces a quicker bloom, and manufactures better iron than charcoal, and at considerably less expense.

It is now more than a hundred years since a little tract appeared on this subject, written by a Staffordshire iron-master, consequently a practical man, Mr. Fallowfield, who maintains that a very superior iron, equal to the best Swedish, may be manufactured with a peat fire, at an expense of twenty-five per cent. less than charcoal *blooms*. The writer enumerates several other advantages, and he secured the invention to himself by a patent which of course must have expired nearly a century ago. It is particularly mentioned that peat iron produced the best tempered steel.

W.

[We have been obliged to curtail this article, contrary to our inclination, from want of space.—ED.]

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Observations addressed to the Wool Growers of Australia and Tasmania, respecting Improvements in the Breed of Sheep, preparing and assorting Wools, &c.; also, on the Introduction of other laniferous (lanigerous?) Animals suited to their Climate and Localities, and recommended for their Adoption. By Thomas Southey, Wool Broker, 2d edit. London: Redford and Robins, London Road, Southwark, 1831.

SHEEP'S wool has, for many centuries, been considered one of the principal staple commodities of this island, and is pre-eminently so of that portion of the kingdom which is comprised within the territory of Wales. Whatever relates, therefore, to the growth, the commerce, or the manipulation of the fleece, can never fail to excite an interest among the inhabitants of a country distinguished as is the Principality, for the number and quality of her flocks.

In the very earliest periods of history, we find that the ancients duly appreciated the value of this article of commerce. It may fairly be presumed, indeed, that the tale of Jason and the Golden Fleece is only a beautiful allegory, intended to convey a more lively idea of the high importance of this branch of commercial enterprise. This, at least, is certain, that merchant-vessels have been called *Argosies*, after the name of the ship *Argo*, on board of which those early commercial travellers, the *Argonauts*, embarked in this expedition, in search of the *raw material* depicted as the fleecy treasure.

“ Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your *Argosies*, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers, on the flood
Do overpeer the petty traffickers.”—SHAKESPEARE.

The Romans, we know, paid particular attention to their breed of sheep; and the flocks of Tarentum, Parma, and Altino, were celebrated for the superiority of their fleeces. Varro assures us, that they were accustomed sometimes to clothe their sheep with skins, in order to secure the wool from damage, and to make it of a finer quality. This we can easily conceive, as those horses which are kept constantly covered with horsecloths, acquire a sleeky silkiness of coat, which they lose again on any long continued exposure to the open air. On the first importation of the

Merinos into this country, they were clothed in somewhat a similar way, to protect them from the rigour of our northern climate. Yet we find that portion of the fleece of a sheep which grows during winter is considerably finer than that which is the produce of the summer exudations of that animal. But extreme heat, as well as extreme cold, are alike prejudicial to the quality of wool, which can only attain perfection in the temperate zone.

The word *wool* is evidently derived from the Welsh etymon, "*gwlân*," the Saxons having rejected the one initial, and the two final letters of this term. This excision has reduced it to *wl*, the *w* in Welsh sounding to the ear as double *o* in English, *ool*, or *wool*. And in further confirmation of this etymology, we may observe that *ool* is always pronounced short, *wööl*, and not long, *wöoll*, as in all other English words similarly spelled, as *cöoll*, *föoll*, *töoll*, *pöoll*, *stöoll*, &c. So, in the Anglo-Saxon, it was written and pronounced *wul*. It is singular, that the Saxons should have adopted that first part of this word which is pure, unmixed British, and rejected the latter portion, *lan*, which bears so near an affinity to the Latin expression for wool, *lana*, as to lead many to suppose the Welsh word to have been borrowed from the Latin, and to be formed of a mongrel mixture of *gwolo*, the old British word for *riches*, and the Latin *lana*, "*gwlân*," implying that her wool constituted the wealth of Wales. This, indeed, would only be a Cambrian version of the Golden Fleece. But we can never suppose that the Welsh had not a word in their own language for wool, long before the Roman invasion, more particularly when we recollect that two of our counties, two of our ancient territorial divisions, took their names from that of the lanigerous animal in which they were known to abound. Thus, Pembrokeshire is designated by the name of *Dyfed* in all the old Welsh manuscripts, "because," says Baxter, "it was a country fit for the pasture of sheep," *quasi regio ovibus pascendis apta*. So, also, Radnorshire is to this day called, *Maesyfaidd*, that is, *sheep-field*, from *maes*, a field, and *defaid*, sheep; *quasi*, *Maes-defaid*, or *maes y defaid*, afterwards contracted, (euphoniæ gratia,) into *Maesyfaidd*. We are aware that the derivation of this word has been attributed to the name of the Welsh prince *Hefaidd*, as meaning the field of Hefaidd; but ours seems the more probable, when we consider that this country has ever been particularly distinguished for its fleecy flocks, as, for instance, in these four Welsh lines:

" Nesaf y hon mae gwlad Vaesyfaidd
Lle mae llawer iawn o defaid,
O bont y Clâs, i Fwlch Bugeildy*
Yno mae'r gwlan y gorcu yng Cymru."

* *Buguil*, a shepherd, and *ty*, a house; *Bugnildy*, the shepherd's house.

Translation.

And next to this is Radnor's shire,
 Where thousand fleecy flocks appear,
 The finest wool that Wales can show,
 As soft as silk, and white as snow,
 Between Bygeildy's rocky ridge
 And the loved spot of Glasb'ry bridge.

Besides Wales, in the remotest periods of antiquity, has been so celebrated for her sheep that the word by which wealth, property, riches are represented, in the ancient British, is *defod**, thereby giving us to understand that her wealth and her sheep were synonymous terms. Again, *Etifedd* or *Edifedd*, means an heir; that is, he who inherits the *defaid*, i. e. the sheep; nor should we forget that it is from this *defod* that the Latin word for riches, *divitiæ*, is derived, the Welsh *f* being precisely the Roman *v*. After this, it will hardly be contended, that a word expressive of the produce of their flocks was wanting in the vocabulary of the ancient British. It seems to us, that the two invading nations, the Romans and the Saxons, have committed a successive spoliation of this word *gwlân*, and have divided these spoils between them; the Romans first dismembering it of the final portion *lan*, which, by giving it a Roman termination, they have latinized into *lana*; and the Saxons again, in their turn, seized upon the first part *gwl*, which, in the Anglo-Saxon, they spelled *wul*, and afterwards enriched the English language with it, by anglicising it into *wool*.

If any gentleman of either of our universities should object against the possibility of the Latin being derived from the Celtic, we would beg leave to refer him to Professor *Jükel's* Dissertation, in German, "On the Origin of the Latin Language and Roman People," and to the very learned and elaborate review of this work in the *Quarterly Review*, for January 1832.

The old Welsh standing toast, "*ar arad, a dafad, a llong*,"† places the sheep in very honourable juxta-position between the arts of agriculture and navigation.

Of all the mutations which our commercial institutions have recently undergone, those legislative provisions which regulate the trade in wool seem to be the most considerable, both in regard to the extent of the change operated, and the vast importance of the results.

Until a very late period, it had always been the policy of England, for many centuries, to prohibit the exportation of her

* See the Laws of Howel Da.

† To the plough, the sheep, and the ship.

wools in the raw material, and to visit the infraction of these prohibitions with the severest penalties. Notwithstanding this extreme rigour, however, it often happened that English wool found its way into the foreign market in despite of all the vigilance of our custom-house officers, for we find one of our poets lamenting, that

“Some English wool, *vered* in a Belgian loom,
Did into France, or colder Denmark roam,
To ruin with worse wear our *staple trade*.”—DRYDEN.

To counterpoise the severity of these laws against the exportation of British wool, the legislature seems to have exerted itself to the utmost, to force the home consumption of the manufactured article. Accordingly, among other parliamentary provisions enacted with this view, a statute was passed in the reign of Charles II.,* enjoining the burying in sheep's wool only, and enacting the affidavit of the executor, or of some person of the family of the deceased, to prove a strict compliance with the requisitions of this Act after every interment.

It is in reference to this law for burying in woollen, that Pope, in his satire on the ruling passion in woman, makes a fashionable lady of his day exclaim, in her last moments :

“Odious in woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke!
No,—let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,
Wrap these cold limbs, and shade this lifeless face !”

And it was, in allusion to this severe statute that, soon after the appearance of Dyer's poem of the Fleece, a critic, after having been told by Dodsley, the bookseller, that the work had been composed in the author's old age, rather sarcastically observed, “then he will be soon *buried in woollen*.” Having mentioned the name of this modern Cambrian bard, and on a subject connected with the question before us, we cannot refrain from observing, that Dr. Johnson, in his life of this poet, seems to have indulged in too great a severity of criticism, more particularly, when he makes the extraordinary assertion, that the Fleece is an unpoetical subject, and that the “wool-comber and the poet appeared to him of such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together was *to couple the serpent and the fowl*.” Now, to us the Fleece appears replete with poetic imagery; and had Johnson forgotten that Shakspeare himself was the son of a wool-comber, from whom Dyer was lineally descended? But the great lexicographer seems to have conceived some unaccountable aversion to our staple manufacture, since, either by accident or design, the words woolstapler, wool-comber,

* 30 C. ii. chap. 3.

and wool-sorter, have not found a place in his dictionary, although they are surely as much entitled to it as ironmonger, cheese-monger, fellmonger, flaxdresser, and a number of other compound words of the same description.

The more enlightened policy of the present day has discarded all the old restrictions and enforcing enactments, and left the wool trade and its consumption wholly free and unfettered. For the low duties on foreign wools, not exceeding a penny per pound, can scarcely be said to amount to any check on the importation of them, and our own are allowed to be freely exported without the least restraint.

Mr. Southey, therefore, could not have selected a more appropriate period for the publication of his little tract on wool than this, the commencement of a new era in this branch of commerce.

The writer has contrived to condense much valuable and practical information in a short pamphlet of a few pages : and though his hints are addressed to the colonists of New South Wales, they will be found well worth the attention of our wool-growers in old Wales, both North and South.

On the breed of sheep, he gives us the following curious and useful observations.

“It is only about sixty or seventy years ago, that the late king of Saxony received, as a present from the then king of Spain, fifty sheep of the most celebrated flocks of that country, to which were added, a few years afterwards, one hundred rams, and two hundred ewes. These were nourished with the utmost care and attention ; and from this small stock the whole Germanic empire has since been supplied with a race of sheep, producing wool of a finer fibre than any other class in Europe.”

Although Mr. Southey acquaints us, in p. 16 of his pamphlet, that the race of *Saxony* sheep which now produce the finest wool in Europe, sprung from a present of a certain number of Spanish ewes and rams, made, about seventy years ago, by the King of *Spain* to the then Elector of Saxony, yet he omits to inform us further, that this very breed of Spanish fine-wooled sheep came originally from Old England, being likewise a royal present sent from our King *Edward IV.* to the King of *Castille*.

This historical fact is recorded and deeply lamented by a writer of the reign of Charles I., now but little known, John Trussel, in his “Continuation of the History of England, &c.” fol. edit. 1641, p. 185, in the following terms :

“And to that end, King Edward entred into a league with John, King of Arragon, and Henry, King of Castille, to whom he sent for a present a score of *Cotswold* ewes and five rams, which, though they were but few in number, yet hath the losse that hath thereby redounded to England been too, too great, yet more than he could then well imagine, and greater than the

reader can *prima facie* apprehend. But great evils may grow out of small causes."

Our modern political economists, and sticklers for the doctrine of free trade, are not of old John Trussel's opinion.

"Persons who have paid attention to the effect of pasturage upon the wool of sheep, will have noticed the great difference in the nature and quality of those which have been reared on calcareous and chalky downs, compared with another part of the same flock, fed on rich luxuriant lands. The wool of the former will be found short and fine grown, although dry and harsh, nor will it work kindly; whilst the latter will be longer and softer, work better, and also produce softer cloth."

Hence, Mr. Southey takes occasion to recommend to those who have extensive sheepwalks on a limestone soil, as we believe is the case throughout a great portion of Wales, to provide themselves with a competent portion of meadow pasture, to afford them the means of occasionally turning their sheep into fresh herbage; "and this interchange will, in a great measure, counteract the effect of calcareous or down pasture."

"By strict attention to the health of his flock, and by *annually* crossing the ewes with a superior woolled ram, he may confidently expect, in a few years, to obtain an excellent flock of sheep; but this great change can only be effected by attending to the pasturage of his flock, *and the exclusion of all ewes found to produce inferior fleeces.*"

And again, in p. 24 of his pamphlet, this experienced wool-broker further informs us, that

"The farmer cannot reasonably expect all the lambs of this cross breed to produce fine wool. Some may have indifferent fleeces, or perhaps black or brown hairs may occasionally be interspersed through them. Such lambs should be rejected, as the wool is only suitable for medley cloths, whereas the white fleece can be applied to all purposes. It will, therefore, be seen that the farmer who consults his interest, *will annually inspect the fleeces of his flock, and retain only those lambs which produce wool of the best quality.*"

Now, this is precisely the point in which our British wool-growers seem to be most heedlessly inattentive. They bestow great pains, indeed, and are regardless of expense, in procuring rams of the highest price to cross their breed of sheep; but when this is done, as if they expected that by some sudden miracle, the whole of the woolly progeny were at once to resemble the sire, they never trouble themselves further with making the requisite segregation. And yet, it is upon this careful and constantly-continued extirpation of the coarser woolled animals, that the gradual amelioration of the flock is to be effected.

It sometimes, however, is by no means an easy task to get rid entirely of the discarded ewes. The hill sheep of Wales, like all mountaineers, display a considerable portion of *amor patriæ*, and local attachment. Instances have been known in the hundred of Built of several old grey-faced ewes having returned home, after

having been sold three times, from the rank feedings of Essex, back to their mountain pasture, alone, and without any other guide than instinct.

Mr. S. enters at some length into a discussion of the proper pasture for sheep; and on this point, as well as on their general treatment, he cites Dr. Richard Bright's Travels in Hungary in 1814. He particularly recommends dry food for them in wet weather, and the supplying them occasionally with salt, as materially conducive to their salubrity. He informs us, p. 15, that "sheep eat dry food in wet weather with great alacrity, although, in dry weather, they refuse it."

Mr. Southey is wholly silent on the diseases of sheep. We shall endeavour, therefore, in some sort, to supply the deficiency, by taking this opportunity of recording the following prescription of an old Welsh shepherd, for the prevention and cure of that most destructive of all diseases to our flocks, the *rot*. Nor will the circumstance of its consisting of a dietetic regimen, rather than in the exhibition of medical drugs, detract from its merit. It is simply this,—to sow a convenient spot of ground with the narrow-leaved parsley. The quantity of ground to be of course proportioned to the number of the flock, and to turn the sheep in to graze upon this pasture whenever the slightest indication of this disease makes its appearance, and this twice or thrice a week for two or three hours at a time. This should be done occasionally, even when they are in perfect health, as they will always greedily devour this herb. The warm aromatic qualities of the parsley operate as an antiseptic and corrective of the aqueous putrescency of that rank watery herbage which causes the rot, *Experto crede Roberto*. But hares and rabbits are so fond of parsley, that they will come from a great distance to feed upon it, and will destroy it if not very securely fenced.

The author, speaking from his experience as a wool-broker, recommends the growing of *long wool* in preference to any other, as likely to prove most profitable upon the whole to the sheep owner.

His remarks on the washing of sheep are extremely judicious; and, for this purpose, he gives a decided preference to the standing pool over the running stream. The great *desideratum*, he observes, is "to obtain water of the softest quality, or, in other words, such as is most divested of all particles of metallic salts."

We fear these matters are not generally adverted to with the attention they deserve; and yet we are all aware how much the desirable softness of flannel depends on the quality of the water employed in the fulling.

As Mr. S. expatiates so much on washing, on *skirting*, and on a due regard to cleanliness and neatness in folding up the fleeces

for market, we are surprised he has said nothing on the subject of *pitch-marks*: they are the very bane of wool. The farmer can scarcely imagine the deterioration and destruction occasioned by the use of pitch as a sheep-mark. The injury it occasions is so serious that, in this age of improvement, it is wonderful this barbarism still continues to be practised. If the ear-mark, and the ruddle-mark, are not deemed a sufficient security to identify property in sheep, Dr. Lewis, in his *Commercio-Philo-Technicon*, p. 361, recommends the following composition as being at once cheap, strong, and lasting, so as to bear the changes of the weather, without injuring the wool: take the requisite quantity of melted tallow, into which let as much charcoal, in fine powder, be stirred, as is sufficient to make it of a full black colour, and of a thick consistence. This mixture being applied hot, with a marking-iron, on pieces of flannel, quickly fixed or hardened, bore moderate rubbing, resisted the sun and rain, and yet could be washed out freely with a strong soap ley. In order to render it still more durable, and prevent its being rubbed off, with the tallow may be melted an eighth or sixth of its weight of tar, which will readily wash out along with it from the wool; but if possible, it were always better for the flock-master to content himself with the ear-mark, and to abstain from pitch and ruddle altogether. From the returns made to Parliament, it appears that, since the year 1819, the importation of wools from Australia and Tasmania has increased in the ratio of twenty to one. The quantity imported in 1830 amounted to 1,967,279 pounds.

"Those who reflect," says Mr. Southey, "on the great increase of wool furnished by countries almost in an incipient state, will be forcibly struck with the rapid progress already made in the cultivation of the sheep, from which such large supplies have been derived."

In speaking of the Spanish sheep, the Spanish sheep dog has not been forgotten.

"They are represented to us as the best breed of the canine race to assist a shepherd, and protect his flock. Some of them are black and white; others quite white, and the size of a large wolf. They have large heads, and are generally armed with collars, stuck with iron spikes. They are fed only with bread and milk; and this method of feeding causes them to become more subservient to the will of the shepherd than if fed on animal food."

The Welsh shepherd's dog may vie with that of Spain in fidelity and sagacity. As a proof of the latter quality, he will single out and catch any one particular sheep out of a flock of a thousand, at the bidding of his master, whose exquisite power of discernment in being able to distinguish each individual animal by the countenance, he is said to share.

The Welsh name for the shepherd's dog is *bugeilgi*, from *bugail*, a shepherd, and *ci*, a dog. From hence, the Saxons called their little hunting dogs "*beagles*," though Dr. Johnson has thought fit

to derive this word from the French *bigle*. But the French term cannot, like the Welsh, be resolved into any elementary principles indicative of its meaning. Dr. Wotton, in adopting this etymology of the word, informs us,

“Hi canes nomen forsan diderunt canibus nostris venaticis, *beagles* dictis. Nostri enim canes istos, apud Wallos magni habitos, videntes, et sensum vocis *bugail* ignorantes, canes suos sagaces *beagles* voritabant. Ci ultimâ syllabâ neglectâ.

So, also, from the Welsh appellative for a cur dog, *corgi*, we have the English word *cur*, “*corgi*” being composed of *corr*, a dwarf, and *ci*, a dog, *quasi*, the dwarf dog. This is a more probable origin than the Dutch derivation given in the English dictionary.

In recommending the *skirting* of fleeces, Mr. Southey has omitted to mention that even the skirtings, the very refuse of wool, may be converted to a useful purpose, by subjecting them to a chemical process which will reduce them to a saponaceous substance possessing all the detergent qualities of our alkaline soaps. We are indebted for this discovery to Chaptal, the most practically useful of all the French chemists. As wool is in itself a far more precious article than soap, it is obvious, that the sweepings of the warehouses only, or, as we have before termed it, the mere refuse, can be profitably applied to this purpose.

Mr. Southey's tract on wool concludes with some very curious notices of the *Alpaca*, and of the *Angoura*, and the *Thibet* goats, which he recommends to the attention of our Australian colonists. If the present spirited attempt to cultivate the Chinese tea-plant on the Breconshire hills shall prove successful, why may not some of these sickly-haired animals be *acclimated* to our mountains? In taking our leave of this, we believe the first practical treatise on wool published in this country, we cannot pay the writer a greater compliment, than by observing, that we can find no other fault with the work than its extreme brevity—a fault which we hope to see amended by his giving, to a third edition, at least a double volume and consistency. The subject is ample, and requires this expansion. Mr. Southey may glean many useful hints from the many French pamphlets on wool, preparatory to his next appearance before the public, more particularly from a little work under the title of “*Du Commerce, des Donanes, et du Systeme des Prohibitions, &c. par M. Billiet, de Lyon :*” Paris, 1825.

Whatever may be the boasted qualities of the Spanish, Saxon, Tasmanian, and Australian fleeces, the wool of Wales still remains unrivalled for the manufacture of that superior species of flannel which, light as gauze, and soft as silk, conveys to the skin of the wearer a peculiarly delicious, invigorating, exhilarating, indescribable sensation of comfort; and which, by exciting and

retaining a genial warmth, effectually prevents any sudden check of the sensible or insensible perspiration,—that primary cause of almost all our diseases. Indeed, if prevention be better than cure, Dr. Flannel must be allowed to be our best physician, both in hot and cold climates. Our Cambrian ancestors seem to have duly appreciated the medical qualities of flannel, for, like the ancient Romans, they always wore a fleecy *indusium* next the skin. This is strongly recommended in the only work now extant in the Welsh language on the healing art, the “*Llyfr meddigion Myddfai*,” the book of the far-famed Caermarthen-shire doctors of Mothvai, a village between Llandovery and Llangattock. The instances cited of the pernicious consequences of neglecting this advice are numerous.

In the year 1621, in the inventory of the wearing apparel of the Rev. Lewis Morgan, vicar of Brecknock, are mentioned, “*six pair of hand-cuffs*.” These hand-cuffs were linen sleeves, and wristbands, to be worn with flannel shirts. The longevity of our ancestors is, no doubt, to be ascribed in a great measure to this prudent use of flannel.

So late as the year 1764, we have it recorded, as an historical fact,* that the then High Sheriff of Breconshire, Thomas Bowen, esq. of *Tyle Crwn*, having been always in the habit of wearing a flannel shirt, and no other, according to the good old custom of his forefathers, suffered himself to be persuaded, in an evil hour, to exchange it for a *camisia* of fine linen, on the occasion of his arraying himself in his best apparel to go out at the head of a procession of his county, to receive their lordships the Judges of Assize, on their entrance into his bailiwick: but he soon bitterly repented this indiscretion, for he caught cold in consequence, and died before the expiration of his shrievalty.

Ye valetudinarian contemners of flannel, ponder this well, and pay more respect to physical infirmities, and more regard to the interests of *New Town*, or *Llanidloes*!

W.

Jones's Views in Wales. Nos. 11 to 23.

(Continued from vol. 3, p. 386.)

To remark the progression of art towards excellence produces something more than mere gratification: it establishes a chronologic accuracy in the observer's mind, and thereby ensures a strength of recollection in respect to places and events, which could not be well attained without such assistance. A perusal of these views supports the assumption, if the curious in the

* Jones's History of Brecknockshire, vol. ii. p. 564.

delightful art of engraving will refer to Speed's Theatre and History of Great Britain, to Powell, or Burton, to the illustrations in Pennant, drawn and engraved by the self-taught Moses Griffith, the mezzotintos in Broughton, the woodcuts in Mr. Hughes's Beauties of Cambria, and to other works of a similar nature, it will be immediately seen that each publication o'erstepped its immediate precursor in graphic precision and beauty. Having advanced so much, it becomes our bounden duty to add that no work delineating Welsh scenery has appeared so creditable to its compilers, as the one under notice, especially to Mr. Gastineau; for his unceasing perseverance, beautiful drawing, and generally correct judgment in the selection of his subjects, demand our praise; and to him do we chiefly attribute an unusually large sale of impressions, which the work really deserves, and on which we congratulate its spirited proprietors.

We formerly had occasion to differ from Mr. Gastineau in the choice of a few of his drawings; and, though from the very late receipt of the latter numbers, we have scarcely had time to examine their merits or defects, certainly not to introduce any allusions connected with their past history, which might have given a slight interest to the present review, we are glad to observe that he has recently devoted his attention to the really grand, to the towering mountain, the deep ravine, the expansive lake, and the rushing cataract: there are, however, in the numbers before us, exceptions, and of them we shall presently speak unreservedly.

The views in No. 11 are, Bangor, Iscoed, the entrance into Holt, Chirk Castle, and the Town of Corwen. The two first are very neat engravings of attractive landscapes. The view of Chirk Castle contains little more than the old fortress, but what there is, is done well, the light is uncommonly well thrown upon the sheep in the left foreground. Corwen is a faithful likeness of the town, which, with its romantic background, forms an interesting specimen of the scenery on the Holyhead road. Mr. T. Barber is the engraver of these views, Mr. J. C. Varrall of the others.

No. 12 contains Harlech Castle, seen from the Tremadoc road,—Ruins of Dyserth Castle, engraved by Mr. Varrall, and Ruthin and Harwarden Castle, by Mr. W. Radcliffe. Harlech and Dysarth are majestically grand, but there is a sweet solitude and repose in Harwarden, that renders it, in our opinion, the best specimen in the number.

No. 13. Conway Suspension Bridge, and Conway Castle, both exceedingly well done. Let the connoisseur observe the contrast between the roughness of the water in the one, its limpid softness in the other, he will then agree with us, that Mr. Gastineau and the engraver, Mr. S. Fisher, have acquitted themselves

very creditably. Llyn Ogwen, with its adjoining towering eminences, is beautiful, the lights and shadows very happily flung; but Gwrych, the castellated seat of D. Hesketh, esq. appears to us here much larger than it is in nature; as an engraving, we have no fault to find. Llyn Ogwen and Gwrych are engraved by Mr. H. Adlard.

No. 14 contains Rhuabon and Llantisillo Churches and scenery; both very well done, but the latter is our favorite; Mr. H. Adlard is the engraver.—Mold Town possesses no particular attraction, but the fourth engraving, Harlech Castle, from another point of view, is very grand. Mr. W. Wallis is the engraver.

No. 15. Penmon Mawr, a very beautiful marine view, as also is Criccieth Castle; engraved by Mr. G. Watkins. The others are Wynstay and Northop village: we could have wished a view of Wynstay embracing the Llangollen hills; though well drawn and engraved, it has here the appearance of a fine mansion, in uninteresting flat grounds, whereas Wynstay Park is not quite without picturesque undulation, though confessedly, the park is for the most part level, and the view would have been more interesting had it been backed by the hills to the north-west. The beautiful tower of Northop church is a valuable feature in the last engraving. Mr. Lacy is the artist.

No. 16. The two first engravings are *Caer gwrle*, in Flintshire, and *Pont y Pair* in Carnarvon, each very beautifully executed. The reflection of the sun's rays in the distance, and through the arches of the bridge, are admirably done, engraved by Mr. J. Starling. The next is *Plas Newydd*: to omit a passing word on this fairy-land were unpardonable; every one has heard of the retirement to *Plas Newydd* by Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. Can the observer imagine a place more calculated for seclusion, or breathing a sweeter spirit of contentment, and the recollection of the departed flings a sacred halo around. Mr. Gastineau has, with that accuracy which generally distinguishes him, drawn the escutcheon appearing over the middle window, sad emblem of mortality. *Basingwork* is well engraved by Mr. H. Jordan, and carries the mind back to olden time, but pass we on to

No. 17. *Bettws y Coed*, in Carnarvon, and *Tal y Llyn*, in Meirion, demand our unqualified approval; engraved by Mr. H. Adlard. The two other plates are, the Town-hall at Ruthin, and *Wrexham Town*: they do not, we think, possess much attraction, though creditable, as works of art. The continental traveller will perhaps recollect the entrance to *Mechlin*, which bears a striking likeness to this drawing of *Wrexham*. Mr. Wallis is the engraver. The plates in

No. 18, are Penrhyn Castle, and Llangollen Church. The Castle scene is uncommonly grand, but we do not see any thing in Llangollen church which entitles it to a place in the work; the two last are very well engraved by Mr. C. Mottram. Machynllaith Town and Llanberris Lake are the last plates; the former is accurately drawn, and the latter presents us with as much of the sublimity of the place as can be effected in so small a plate. Engraved by Mr. H. G. Watkins.

No. 19. The Town of Dolgelleu and Llanelltyd Church. The bridge, in the former plate, is *not* a true representation of the original: and in the second, that part of Cader Idris Mountain, called the Cyvrwy, does not appear high enough, for the peak of Pen y Gader is, at least, as far distant from this point of view as the Cyvrwy; and why the Pen is represented so much lower we know not. Very creditably engraved by Mr. T. Lacy. Views in Llangollen Vale, and of Chirk Aqueduct, are faithfully and beautifully done. Mr. T. Barker is the engraver.

No. 20 presents us with the Pass of Llanberis and Rhaiadry Wenol; they are each strikingly romantic. The engraving of the Pass, by Mr. H. Adlard, is very successful. The next are the Harbour at Holyhead and the South-Stack Lighthouse, near the same place. Mr. T. Higham has succeeded in giving us a night view of the Lighthouse, without producing the dark confused effect often apparent in moonlight views.

No. 21, contains, in the first page, Cader Idris and Llanfachreth Church, engraved by Mr. T. Barber; and the Fall of the Conway and View in Beddgelert Vale, by Mr. J. C. Varrall. The View of Cader Idris is very judiciously chosen, and an admirable specimen of Welsh scenery for the uninitiated Cockney to gaze on. The Conway, and View near Beddgelert, are beautiful: but we were greatly puzzled, on reading "*Llanfachreth Church, Isle of Anglesey*:" this is a most ridiculous mistake: this Llanfachreth is in Merioneddshire, and *not* in Anglesey. Such an error may pass current with the Jemmy Green's and Tommy Snooks's of Cockaigne, but what will the legend-loving men of Merionedd say in being so dealt with? Will they allow the beauties of Nannau, the interest of the Goblin Oak of Glendwr, and of Hywel Sele, to be transferred to Mona, by the worthy gentleman who jumps, with whole parishes in his pocket, from one county to another, as did Old Nick when he ran away with the Wrekin hill under his arm, and dropped it plump down in Salopia's beauteous plain? Seriously speaking, such errors are not only ridiculous, but very discreditable and injurious; for the reader cannot store his mind with correct information, if he is to be misled by the grossest violations of geographic truth. We trust we shall not have to notice a similar instance of inaccuracy: we are ever gratified in rendering just praise; and in our examinations of Jones's Views,

we have had occasion to speak often, not only in terms of common approval, but of rapturous delight. We really hope the hints now given will produce that attention which is necessary to accuracy in the forthcoming portion of the work.

No. 22. We congratulate our South Wales friends on the appearance of this Number; it seems to be the commencement of a series of Views in their division of the Principality; and though, generally speaking, the rugged wildness of the north has no parallel in the scenery of the south, still the latter is infinitely more rich in monastic ruins; and we are sure the drawings of these interesting relics cannot be in better hands than Mr. Gastineau's. The first views are Pembroke Town and Castle, and Pembroke looking west: they are very well done; the engraver is Mr. J. C. Varrall. The second page contains two delightful Views of the Devil's Bridge and its adjacent Cataract; but here we are again constrained to find fault: Mr. Gastineau has not drawn the bridge correctly, or rather he has omitted to give us the iron balustrades which surmount it. Those who have seen the Devil's Bridge within the last ten or twelve years, must remember its balustrades so ill conforming to the style of the masonry: they are discernible from the lowest part of the abyss; and however picturesque the bridge may appear without them, we have only to repeat the sentiment, that truth should never be sacrificed to effect, which has most assuredly been done in the instance before us.

No. 23, consists of St. David's College, Lampeter, and Havod House; the latter is uncommonly well done: it is a lovely retreat, worthy of the taste of Mr. Johns, its late proprietor, a gentleman whose high literary character and scientific acquirements require no encomium from us. The College is also well drawn; but it labours under a disadvantage in being placed by Havod, the pictorial beauty of which is not exceeded by that of any residence in Wales: Mr. J. Varrall is the engraver. Remains of Aberystwith Castle, and view in the Vale of Rhydiol, give a correct representation of an old fortification conspicuous in Cambrian History; and known, as it is, to the large companies of English fashionables who frequent the now important town of Aberystwith, it is unnecessary to give it further publicity. The view in Rhydiol Vale is pretty, though quite devoid of that rugged sublimity which characterises several of the other engravings.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Messrs. Parbury, Allen, and Co. have published, in 1 vol. 8vo., "The past and present State of the Tea Trade in England, and of the Continents of Europe and America; and a comparison between the consumption, price of, and revenue derived from, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wine, Tobacco, Spirits, &c."

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to collate the Rev. Thomas Thomas to the valuable rectory of Disserth, in the county of Radnor, with the chapelry of Bettws Disserth annexed, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Griffith, A.M.: and the Rev. Lewis Price Jones to the rectory of Llanbadarn Vawr, in the same county, void also by the decease of the said Rev. C. Griffith.

His lordship has also collated the Rev. S. W. Saunders to the vicarage of St. Ismael, and perpetual curacy of Dale. The living of St. Ismael's is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor, who was pleased to attend, in this presentation, to the recommendation of the Lord Bishop of the diocese. Dale is in the gift of Lloyd Phillips, esq. of Dale Castle, Pembrokeshire.

The Rev. John Frederick Churton, of Downing College, Cambridge, has been presented by the Lord Bishop of Chester to the perpetual curacy of Threapwood, Cheshire. The Lord Bishop of St. David's has collated the Rev. Richard Venables, D.D. to the Archdeaconry of Caermarthen, void by the death of the venerable Archdeacon Payne.

The Rev. Charles Watkin Wynne Eyton has been appointed to the living of Shocklach, in Cheshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Peter Ravenscroft; patron Sir Richard Puleston, bart.

ROYAL ANGLESEY MILITIA.

We perceive from the Gazette of Tuesday last, that William Barton Panton, esq. has been appointed Second Lieutenant, in the place of H. Jones, esq. promoted.

THE JUDGES.

<i>North Wales Circuit.</i>		<i>South Wales Circuit.</i>	
Before Chief Baron LYNDURST.		Before Mr. Justice ALDERSON.	
Pool.....	on Saturday 14 July.	Cardiff	on Saturday 7 July
Dolgelly ..	on Wednesday 18 —	Caermarthen ..	on Saturday 14 —
Carnarvon ..	on Saturday 21 —	Haverdwest on Saturday	21 —
Beaumaris ..	on Wednesday 25 —	Cardigan	on Wednesday 25 —
Ruthin	on Saturday 28 —	Brecon	on Saturday 28 —
Mold.....	on Wednesday 1 Aug.	Presteigne	on Wednesday 1 Aug.
		Chester	on Saturday 4 —

INFIRMARY AT BRECON.

It has been decided that the building of an Infirmary shall be commenced forthwith: the marquis Camden has very handsomely given sufficient ground for the purpose. Sir Charles Morgan also, with his usual liberality, made an offer of a very desirable spot for the building, but the situation was not considered so eligible as the former.—Upon a reference to the list of subscribers, it will be observed that George Price Watkins, esq. with a public spirit only to be equalled by his benevolent feelings, has given a splendid sum to an Institution, which has for its object medical and surgical relief for the indigent and distressed. It will be seen that the same feeling has actuated other gentlemen connected with the county, and we have no doubt that so good an example will be generally followed.

CAREDIGION NANT PADARD LLANBERIS.

The annual meeting of the members of this institution was held lately at their society-house, where the business of the day was gone through by the committee in the morning: at eleven o'clock the members went in procession to Llanberis church, where, after morning prayers, an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. M. Hughes, of St. Ann's: the members then returned to the society-house, where they dined.

Boundaries of the Welsh Boroughs, as settled by the Reform Bill.

[We delayed giving the following authenticated particulars of the Welsh boroughs, until the Reform Bill became a law of Great Britain.]

NORTH WALES.—BEAUMARIS DISTRICT.

Amlwch.—From the point on the north-east of the town, at which Rhyd Talog brook falls into the sea at Porth Aber Cawell, southward, along the boundary of the parish of Amlwch to the point called Croes Eilian; thence along the Plas Dulas road to the point called Penllaethdy Mawr; thence along the road leading to Pentre Felin, across the Llanerchymedd road, to the point called Pentre Felin Adda cross roads; thence along a road towards Pary's farm, to the point at which the same is met by the first by-road on the right leading to Bodgadfa farm; thence along the said by-road on the right leading to Bodgadfa farm, thence along the said by-road passing Bodgadfa farm, to the point at which the same by-road is crossed (between Bodgadfa farm and a cottage called Yr hen-Odyn) by the Lastre brook; thence along the Lastre brook, crossing the Holyhead road, to the point at which the same brook falls into the river called Afon Park Llechog; thence along the Afon Park Llechog to a ford in the Cemaes road, called Rhyd carreg cath; thence along the Cemaes road to the cottage called Bry-y-Cyll, at which the same road is met by the church pathway; thence along the church pathway to the stile over a brook which divides the land of the marquis of Anglesey from the Coed Helen and Llysduelas property, and which stile is close to a spring called Ffynnon Casyris; thence along the last-mentioned brook to the point at which the same is met by a boundary fence (a few yards north of a cottage called Cae-bach), running in the direction of Mona mill; thence along the said fence to a point at which the same cuts the Porth Llechog road; thence, towards Amlwch, along the Porth Llechog road to the point at which the same is met by the Ffynnon-y-Garreg fawr pathway; thence along the Ffynnon-y-Garreg fawr pathway to the spring called Ffynnon-y-Garreg-fawr, thence along the stream which proceeds from the said spring to the point at which the said stream falls into the sea; thence along the sea to the point first described.

Beaumaris. The old borough of Beaumaris.

Holyhead. From that point of the common called "the Towyn," on the south-east of the town, which is nearest to Holyhead common, along the road leading to Penrhos, which adjoins the Towyns (and is to the east of a cottage called "Pen Towyn," occupied by John Davies), to the point at which the said road to Penrhos is met by another road leading to a piece of waste land, called "the Cytir;" thence along the said road to the Cytir, to the point at which the same meets the road which leads across the Cytir; thence along the said road across the Cytir, to the point at which the same meets the old post road to Bangor; thence along the old post road to Bangor, to Pentraeth; thence along the road which leads from Pentraeth in a westerly direction, and south of the new brewery, to the point at which the same joins another road; thence, northward, along the road so joined, to the point at which the same meets the Penrhos-foila road; thence along the Penrhos-foila road, to the point at which the same meets the road which leads by the Ucheldre windmill to the South Stack; thence along the said road to the South Stack, to the westernmost point (near a cottage called "Cerrig y lloi,") at which the same is crossed by a stream running from the Holyhead mountain; thence along the said stream to the point at which the same falls into the sea; then along the sea-coast to that point thereof which is nearest to the point first described; thence in a straight line to the point first described.

Llangefni. From the point at which the boundary wall, between the property of Admiral Lloyd and the property of Owen Williams, esq. meets the old Bangor road east of a cottage called Min'fford, along the said boundary wall to the point at which the same reaches a spring, and a footpath called Llwybyr Tregarnedd bach; thence along a hedge, which, running from the said spring and footpath, forms a continuation of the line of the said boundary wall, and runs through the land of John Hampton Lewis, esq. to the point at which such hedge meets the river Cefni; thence, southward, along the river Cefni to the point at which the same is met by the boundary of the parish of Llangefni; thence, westward, along the boundary of the parish of Llangefni to the point at which the same meets the by-road called Llidiart-y-Pandy; thence along the said by-road Llidiart-y-Pandy to the spot called Croes-lon-pen-y-Nant; thence, southward, along the market road to the point at which the same joins the Rhos-y-meirch road; thence along the Rhos-y-meirch road to the first point at which the same is cut, beyond the road leading to Clai, by hedges running from each side of the road at right angles; thence along the hedge which runs from the last-mentioned point, towards Pencraig, to the point at which the same reaches an old quarry; thence along a hedge which proceeds from the said old quarry, and forms a continuation of the hedge last described, passing Ty'n-y-coed farm, to the point at which the same hedge cuts the Lladdyfnan road; thence along the Llanddyfnan road, towards Llanddyfnan, to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the Pencraig fawr farm; thence, southward, along the boundary of Pencraig fawr farm to the point at which the same meets the old Bangor road; thence along the old Bangor road to the point first described.

CARNARVON.

Bangor. From the point on the north-east of the town, at which the road from the park wall of Penrhyn castle to the Menai straits, joins the Menai straits at the high water mark, along the said road, to the point at which the same meets the said park wall; thence, westward, along the said park wall to the entrance gate to Lime grove; thence in a straight line across the road to the nearest point in the boundary wall immediately opposite, which bounds a field belonging to Lime grove; thence along the said boundary wall to the point at which the river Cegin enters the grounds of G. H. D. Pennant, esq.; thence along the river Cegin to the bridge across the Shrewsbury road; thence in a straight line to a square brick seat or monument, situate on a knoll, in a field called Cae Pant; thence in a straight line to the nearest point of the road to Felin Esgob; thence in a straight line to the nearest point of the road to Bryniau; thence in a straight line to the point at which the road from Bangor to the Menai bridge leaves the road from Bangor to Carnarvon; thence along the said road to the Menai bridge, in the direction of such bridge, to the gate on the right-hand side, which opens into an occupation road leading to Penrallt; thence in a straight line to the point at which the low water mark in the straits of Menai would be cut by a straight line to be drawn from the gate last described, to the windmill called Llandefgan mill, which is on the opposite side of the straits; thence along the said low water mark to the point thereof, which is nearest to the point first described; thence in a straight line to the point first described.

Carnarvon. The old borough of Carnarvon.

Conway. The old borough of Conway.

Criccieth. The old borough of Criccieth.

Nevin. The old borough of Nevin.

Pwllheli. From the south-western extremity of the boundary of the old

borough on the sea-coast, eastward, along the boundary of the old borough to the point at which the same is met by a small stream; thence along the said stream to the bridge called Pontsarn; thence along the southern branch of the said stream, to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the old borough; thence, northward, along the boundary of the old borough, to the point at which the same meets a road leading from Denio church to the Carnarvon road, thence leading along the said road from Denio church, to the point at which the same is cut by the fence of a field called Cae Fynnow, in the occupation of Hugh Williams, of Bryn Crin; thence along the last-mentioned fence to the point at which the same cuts an occupation road leading from Bryn Crin farmhouse into the Carnarvon road; thence along the said occupation road to the point at which the same joins the Carnarvon road; thence, northward, along the Carnarvon road, to the point at which the same is met by a road, on the right, leading to Aberirch; thence along the said road to Aberirch, to the point at which the same meets a road leading from Pwllheli to Tremadoc; thence in a straight line to the sea, at the nearest point; thence, westward, along the sea-coast to the point first described.

DENBIGH.

Denbigh. The old borough of Denbigh.

Holt. The old borough of Holt, and the township of Farndon.

Ruthin. The old borough of Ruthin.

Wrexham. The respective townships of Wrexham Abbot and Wrexham Regis; and also such part of the township of Esclusham below, as is surrounded by the townships of Wrexham Abbot and Wrexham Regis, or one of them.

FLINT.

St. Asaph. From the point, on the north-west of the town, at which the boundary of the township of Talar meets the river Elwy, westward, along the boundary of the township of Talar to the Green Gate Bridge over the brook Nant-y-franol; thence along the brook Nant-y-franol to the point at which the same meets the Holyhead road; thence, eastward, along the Holyhead road to the point at which the same is met by the boundary of the township of Talar; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the township of Talar to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the township of Bryn Polin; thence, southward, along the boundary of the township of Bryn Polin to the point at which the same meets the upper Denbigh road; thence, northward, along the upper Denbigh road to the point at which the same is met by a road or lane leading to Ysguborgoed; thence along such road or lane leading to Ysguborgoed to the point at which the same meets the river Clwyd; thence along the river Clwyd to the point at which the same is met by the southern boundary of the township of Cychynan; thence in a straight line to the point first described.

Caergwle. The old borough of Caergwle.

Caerwys. The old borough of Caerwys.

Flint. The old borough of Flint.

Holywell. From the boundary stone on the hill Pen-y-bryn and on the western side of the hedge (which is between the cottage occupied by William Williams and the south-eastern corner of the plantation of Richard Sankey, esq.,) in a straight line to the boundary stone of the township of Holywell, which is on the eastern side of the St. Asaph road; thence in a straight line to a bridge (in the lane leading to and past Greenfield Hall,) over a water course running into the river Dee; thence, eastward, along the said water-course, to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the township of Greenfield; thence, southward, along the boundary of the township of Greenfield to the point at which the same meets the boundary

of the township of Holywell; thence along the eastern and southern or exterior boundary of the township of Holywell to the boundary stone first described.

Mold. The township of Mold.

Overton. The old borough of Overton.

Rhuddlan. The old borough of Rhuddlan.

MONTGOMERY.

Llanfyllin. From the southern extremity, on the north-west of the town, of the private road which leads from the Llangynog turnpike-road to Bodfach Hall, along the said private road to the point at which the same is met by the boundary of the field Cae Evan Griffith; thence, northward, along the boundary of the field Cae Evan Griffith to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field Maes Ucha; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the field Maes Ucha, to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field called Cae-pella Bwlch-y-llan, to the point at which the same meets the Llangedwyn road; thence along the northern fences of the respective fields Cae Dû, Cae Main, and Cae Dû Mawr, and along the eastern fence of the field Cae Dû Mawr, to the point at which the last-mentioned fence reaches the Derwlwyn Wood; thence in a straight line across the Derwlwyn Wood to the northern extremity of the eastern fence of Glynie Isa tenement; thence along the eastern fence of Glynie Isa tenement to the point at which the same meets the Brynelldyn road; thence along the Brynelldyn road to the point at which the same reaches Green Hall Park; thence, southward, along the boundary of the field Caer Gwenithdir to the point at which the same meets the river Cain; thence along the river Cain to the bridge called Pont-y-Derwlwyn; thence along Pont-y-Derwlwyn lane to the point at which the same meets the Bachie road; thence along the Bachie road to the eastern corner of Garth Wood; thence along the south-western fences of the fields Caer Garth and Cyfie Ucha, and of the wood Coed Pen-y-Garth, and, westward, along the southern fence of the field Cae Gwenith to the point at which such southern fence cuts the occupation road to Pen-y-Garth Farm; thence in a straight line to the eastern extremity of the southern fence of the field Llwyn Bricks; thence, westward, along the boundary of the field Llwyn Bricks to the point at which the same meets the fence of the field Cae Bath; thence, westward, along the fence of the field Cae Bath to the point at which the same meets the brook Abel; thence along the brook Abel to the point at which the same is met by the western fence of the easternmost of the fields respectively called Lower Meadow; thence along the western fence of the last-mentioned field to the point at which the same cuts the lane to Tynewydd; thence, northward, along the boundary of the field Llwyn Hir to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field Cae Mawr; thence, northward, along the boundary of the field Cae Mawr to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field Cae Bach; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the field Cae Bach to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field Upper Coed Llan; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the field Upper Coed Llan to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the field Lower Coed Llan; thence, northward, along the boundary of the field Lower Coed Llan to the point at which the same meets the occupation road to Pen Coed Llan; thence in a straight line to the point first described.

Llanidloes. From the point on the south-east of the town, at which Cwm Jonathan rill crosses the Rhayader road, southward, along the Cwm Jonathan rill to the point at which the same is met by a hedge, on the right hand, which is nearest to the point at which Cwm Jonathan rill crosses the cart-lane from Ty-coch to Llanidloes; thence along the said hedge to the point

at which the same meets the Ty-coch stream; thence along the Ty-coch stream to the point at which the same reaches the Llangurig road; thence, northward, along the Llangurig road to the point at which the same is cut by the nearest hedge on the left hand; thence along the last-mentioned hedge to the point at which the same reaches a water-cut bank; thence, southward, along the said water-cut bank, to the point at which the same reaches a hedge running in the direction of the turnpike on the Pymlymon road; thence along the last-mentioned hedge to the point at which the same reaches the river Severn; thence along the river Severn to the point at which the same is cut by a line drawn in continuation of the direction of the hedge on the northern end of Pen-y-Green; thence along the last-mentioned line, and along the hedge in continuation whereof it is drawn, to the point at which such hedge reaches the edge of Mr. Price's wood; thence in a straight line to the point at which the stream called Cefn Cummere Dingle meets the Pen-y-Bank road; thence along the Cefn Cummere Dingle to the point at which the same joins Clywedog river; thence, westward, along the boundary of the township of Cilmachallt, to the point at which the same meets a small water-course, which runs along the western edge of Berth Lloyd Coppice; thence along the said water-course to the point at which the same reaches the lane from Llanidloes to Gorn; thence, westward, along the lane from Llanidloes to Gorn to the point at which the same reaches the hedge which runs along the eastern side of the Chapel House; thence along the last-mentioned hedge to the point at which the same reaches Lletty-coch-y-nant brook; thence, westward, along Lletty-coch-y-nant brook to the point at which the same is met, on the left hand, by a small stream; thence along the last-mentioned stream to the spring from which the same proceeds; thence in a straight line to the nearest point in the road from Llanidloes to the Barn Leasow; thence, westward, along the road from Llanidloes to the Barn Leasow to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the borough of Llanidloes; thence, southward, along the boundary of the borough of Llanidloes, to the point at which the same meets Cwm Jonathan rill; thence along Cwm Jonathan rill to the point first described.

Machynlleth. The township and liberties of Machynlleth; and also that detached part of the township of Isygarreg which adjoins the north-eastern boundary of the township and liberties of Machynlleth.

Montgomery. The old borough of Montgomery.

Newtown. The parish of Newtown, and the respective townships of Hendidley and Gwestydd.

Welsh Pool. From Leighton Ford, over the river Severn, along the river Severn to the point at which the same is met by the boundary of the Welsh town; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the Welsh town to the point at which the same reaches the road from the west end of Pool town to Garth; thence, northward, along the said Garth road to the point at which the same is met by Cefnspin brook; thence along Cefnspin brook to the point at which the same is met, in Cefnspin lane, by a small flash; thence in a straight line to the centre of Bronfield Pool; thence in a straight line to the centre of Cross Pool; thence along the water-course out of Cross Pool down the Cottage Dingle, to the point at which such water-course reaches the Llanfair road; thence, westward, along the Llanfair road to the point at which the same is joined by Cadw lane; thence along Cadw lane to the point at which the same is met by Black Mill lane; thence along Black Mill lane to the point at which the same is met by the brook called Cae-gleision Dingle; thence along Cae-gleision Dingle to the point at which the same reaches the palings of the Deer Park; thence, westward, along the palings of the Deer Park to the point at which the same meets the Carriage Drive from the Red Road to Powis Castle; thence along the said Carriage Drive to

the point at which the same joins the Red Road; thence along the Red Road to the point at which the same joins the Newtown Road; thence in a straight line to the western extremity of the fence which divides the Demesne from the Calcott Meadows; thence along the said fence to the point at which the same reaches the river Severn; thence along the river Severn to the point at which the same is met by the old course thereof, called the Horse Shoe; thence, westward, along the said old course to the point at which the same again joins the river Severn; thence along the river Severn to Leighton Ford.

[Want of space compels us to defer the districts of South Wales till next Quarter.]

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

March 16, at Grappenhall Lodge, Cheshire, the lady of James H. Leigh, esq. of a son.—March 12, at Amlwch, the lady of William Petters, esq. of a daughter.—Latter end of March, at Aberystwith, the lady of John Attwood, esq. solicitor, of a son.—April 15, at Mynydd Ednyfed, Carnarvon, Mrs. Jones of a stillborn son.—Sunday, April 22, in Portman square, London, the lady of C. G. Wynne, esq. M.P. of a son.—May 17, Mrs. Owen Ellis, Segontium terrace, Carnarvon, of a daughter, who lived only a few minutes after her birth.—May 10, Mrs. John Humphreys, Pwllheli, of a son.—May 22, the lady of the Rev. J. W. Trevor, of Cefnwendref, near Carnarvon, of a daughter.—May 22, in Chester, the lady of W. H. Roger Palmer, esq. of a son and heir.—May 21, in Dover street, London, the lady of Charles Tracy Leigh, esq. M.P. of a daughter.—June 2, the lady of R. A. Poole, esq. of Carnarvon, of a son.—June 8, the lady of T. B. Haslam, esq. of Carnarvon, of a daughter.—June 7, the lady of the Rev. H. Bayley Williams, of Pontafon, near Carnarvon, of a daughter.—June 2, at the Bishop's Palace, Chester, the lady of the Rev. William Gibson, of a daughter.—June 14, the lady of Lieutenant Caldecot, R. N. of a stillborn child.—Lately, at Aberystwith, the lady of R. O. Powell, esq. of a son and heir.

Marriages.

The latter end of March, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesey, by the Rev. David Gryffydd, John Lewis, esq. of Treddafydd, to Elizabeth, second daughter of John Williams, esq. of Pant Lodge.—April 3, at Conway, by the Rev. John Owen, vicar, Edward Leigh, esq. of Lewisham, in the county of Kent, to Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Owen, Rector of Llanlestyn, in the county of Carnarvon.—March 28, at Carmarthen, by the Rev. J. Owen, the Rev. Eliezer Jones, minister of the Independent connexion at Rodborough, Gloucestershire, to Anne, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Evans, Carmarthen.—April 4, at the parish-church of Darowen, Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Richard Price, esq. of Dolagwyn, in the parish of Towyn, to Jane, the eldest daughter of Rowland Gwynne, esq. of Gwastadgoed, in the former parish.—April 11, by the Rev. Ellis Roberts, Edward Jones, esq. of Craig, near Ruthin, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late D. Lloyd, esq. of Plas Llanynys.—May 2, John Jones, esq. jun. of Oswestry, to Miss Thomas, daughter of the late Mr. E. Thomas, of Wrexham.—May 3, at the New Church, Marylebone, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, Captain George Hill, Royal Horse Guards, eldest son of Sir Robert Hill, of Prees Hall, Shropshire, to Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Borough, esq. of Chetwynd Park, Shropshire.—May 18, at Llanbeblig, by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, Mr. Thomas Rogers, of Ruthin, to Ann, youngest daughter of William Williams, esq. of Fir Grove, near the latter place.—May 17, at Liverpool, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, M.A. Thomas Griffith, esq. of Bangor, to Miss Whittaker, of Cernioge mawr, Denbighshire.—May 22, at Halton Chapel, by special licence, by the Rev. G. Cunliffe, vicar of Wrexham, the Hon. Richard Bootle Wilbraham, eldest son of Lord Skelmersdale, to Jessy, third daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, bart. of Norton

Priory, Cheshire.—The marriage of J. Milnes Gaskell, esq. only son of Benjamin Gaskell, esq. of Thornes House, Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Williams Wynn, the second daughter of the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, took place at St. George's Church, Hanover square. His Grace the Archbishop of York performed the marriage ceremony, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. After the marriage the young couple set out for Fairsted, Archdeacon Lyall's rectory, and the rest of the company adjourned to the house of Sir W. Williams Wynn, in St. James's square, where they partook of a splendid breakfast. Amongst the guests were the Archbishop of York, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Williams Wynn, three Misses Wynn, Lord and Lady Delamere, Lady Carysfort and the Ladies Proby, Earl Fortescue and Lady Eleanor Fortescue, Lady Mary Hamlyn Williams, Mrs. and Miss Shipley, Mr. and Lady Anne Wilbraham, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Beilby Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Cunliffe, Mr. Thomas Grenville, Lord and Lady Nugent, Lady Emily Graham, Lady Lucy Vaughan, Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Brandreth, Viscount and Viscountess Sidmouth, Archdeacon Lyall, Viscount Morpeth, the Hon. William and Charles Howard, Lord Ernest Bruce, the Hon. Hugh Cholmondley, Lady and Miss Kinlock, Mr. A. Hallam, Mr. Gladstone, &c.—May 31, at Westfelton, by the Rev. T. Hunt, Robert Myddleton Biddulph, esq. M.P. of Chirk Castle, in the county of Denbigh, to Fanny, second daughter of William Mostyn Owen, esq. of Woodhouse, Shropshire.—June 4, at Holyhead, by the Rev. J. Jones, Capt. William Parry, to Sarah, third daughter of the late Capt. Richard Jones, of Holyhead.—June 4, by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, the Rev. W. Jones, of Frøme, and eldest son of Mr. Thomas Jones, of Cardigan, to Miss Brittain, second daughter of Mr. Brittain, of Vallis Way.—June 14, John G. Freeman, esq. of Rockfield, to Mary Ann, only child of the late Walter Watkins, esq. of Boatside, Radnorshire.—June 15, John Lewis, esq. of Nonaddu, to Miss Jones, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jones, vicar of Llandegley, Radnorshire.—Lately, at St. Michael's, Huntingdon, by the Rev. John Bagshaw, the Rev. H. L. Davies, (Welsh bard,) curate of Papworth, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Anne Spencer, third daughter of Mr. Edward Spencer, of Froomes Mill, near Huntingdon.—Lately, in London, Edward Williams, esq. of Denbigh, to Miss Lloyd, of Ruthin.

Deaths.

March 26, at Dolgelley, William Williams, esq. solicitor, and one of the coroners for the county of Merioneth.—At Oswestry, Mrs. Owen, of Llanfair, Montgomeryshire, daughter of the late Rev. Humphrey Tamberlin, of Llangyrnwy, in that county.—March 22, at Stansty Lodge, near Wrexham, Capt. S. Nicholls, of the Royal Denbigh Militia.—March 27, in Bryanston square, London, Frances Amelia, the only child of G. F. Barlow, esq. of Treborth, near Bangor, and niece of the late viscount Clermont.—March 26, at Llanerchymedd, after three weeks' illness, the Rev. John Richards, aged 75.—March 25, at Denbigh, aged 84, Mrs. Mason, mother of Dr. Mason, of Carnarvon.—March 19, at Gravesend, after an illness of only five days, Capt. Charles Jones, of Pwllheli, eldest son of Mr. E. Jones Green, Nevin.—March 22, at Bala, aged 26, Mrs. Jones, wife of Thomas Jones, esq. and daughter of the late Rev. Hugh Thomas, rector of Penegos, Montgomery.—March 26, at Dolgelley, suddenly, aged 56, William Williams, esq. of Bennar.—March 10, William Atford Griffiths, late lieutenant and paymaster of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusileers.—March 20, at Wrexham, aged 76, the Rev. Peter Ravenscroft, B.D. formerly scholar and chaplain of Jesus College, Oxford, and for the last fifty-two years perpetual curate of Shocklach, in the county of Chester.—March 21, Elizabeth, wife of W. Meredith, esq. of Knighton, Radnorshire.—March 26, Essex Bowen, esq. late of Castlegorford, Carmarthenshire.—March 10, the Rev. John Foley, of Vorlan, Pembrokeshire; his horse threw him, and he was killed on the spot.—March 27, after a very long and severe affliction, Mary Ann, wife of the Rev. John Hughes, of Wrexham.—April 11, Bridget, wife of Capt. Peter Peters, and second daughter of the late J. Hughes, esq. of Gogarth, Merionethshire.—April 15, at Ruthin, aged 76, Goodman Roberts, esq. His memory will long be cherished for his ardent nationality of character, for his warmth of friendship, and for his guileless behaviour.—April 16, aged 56,

James Webster, esq. of Derl, Anglesey.—April 19, suddenly, at Barmouth, aged 34, Francis Parry Jones Evans, esq. of Hendreforlon, lieutenant of the Royal Merioneth light infantry, and deputy lieutenant of Merionethshire.—Latter end of April, at Pwllchrochan, near Milford, aged 50, the Rev. James Lloyd, rector of Dale, St. Ishmaels, and the above-mentioned place.—April 19, at Brighton, the Hon. Caroline Ann Hughes, daughter of the lord Dinorben.—May 3, aged 74, Mrs. Williams, of Maengwyn, near Llanerchymedd.—Lately, Mrs. Evans, wife of David Evans, esq. of Penrhwiwgale, in the county of Cardigan, and only sister to David Rowland, esq. M.D. of Chatham.—May 9, at Bathfarn park, Denbighshire, Caroline Eliza, wife of Thomas Downward, esq. and daughter of the late Rev. T. H. Clough, of Hafodunos, in the same county.—May 4, at his father's house, in the village of Trawsfynydd, aged 23, Mr. Griffith Jones. He was a young man of brilliant talents, a bard, and popular preacher in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodists.—May 14, at the house of her son, the rector of Dolgelley, sincerely and deservedly lamented, Isabella, the beloved wife of William White, esq. of Glasinnryn, near this city.—May 15, at Llangefni, the Rev. William R. Griffith, M.A. aged 25, late usher of the free grammar school, in Beaumaris.—May 7, at Cam-y-vallyn, Julia, youngest daughter of the late William Boscawen, esq. only brother of George Boscawen, esq. of Trevallyn Hall, Denbighshire, and cousin to the earl of Falmouth.—May 12, aged 68, Brigetta Dorothea, wife of the Rev. Simon Lloyd, of Plasynre, Bala.—In London, J. B. Davies, esq. second son of Jenkin Davies, esq. of Maesycrigle, Carmarthenshire.—At Gwernvale, the seat of John Gwynn, esq. near Crickhowell, Mrs. Sarah Jones, of Brecknock. She was the daughter of the Rev. Hugh Jones, late of Brecknock, vicar of Llywell, granddaughter of the late Rev. Theophilus Evans, vicar of Llangam-march, and author of a celebrated Welsh Historical Work, called "*Drych y Frif Oesood*," and sister of the late Theophilus Jones, esq. author of the History of Breconshire, and deputy registrar of the archdeaconry of Brecknock.—May 26, at Gwynfryn, near Pwllheli, of apoplexy, aged 41, the lady of J. Bell, esq.—May 28, at Madyn-dysw', near Amlwch, aged 20, Mary Anne, second daughter of William Hughes, esq.—May 24, at Farm, near Abergele, Robert Oldfield, son of Robert Ewer, esq. of Holywell, Flintshire.—May 7, at his house in Portland place, London, John Hornby, esq. of the Hook, in the county of Southampton, in his 68th year. Mr. Hornby married Jane, eldest daughter of the late William Wynne, esq. of Wern and Peniarth, in the counties of Carnarvon and Merionedd.—June 1, at Mona Lodge, Amlwch, aged 21, Francis, third son of James Trewick, esq.—June 11, at the advanced age of 83, Anne, relict of the late Lewis Edwards, esq. of Calgarth, Merionethshire, and daughter of the late Dr. Pryce, of Myford, Montgomeryshire.—June 12, at Llanbedr, Mrs. C. Moyle, sister to the late Rev. J. Williams, rector of Llanbedr, Carnarvon.—Lately, Mrs. Phillips, of Penrhos, near Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire.—May 24, awfully sudden, Margaret, wife of the Rev. John Jones, vicar of Holywell.—May 21, in her 80th year, Mrs. Parry, relict of the late Rev. R. Parry, vicar of Eglwysfach, Denbighshire.—June 15, at Rhyll, near St. Asaph, Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Rev. T. G. Roberts, rector of Cloclaenog, Denbighshire.

PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 80; Glamorganshire, 290; Monmouthshire, 194; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 165.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Closing price, June 28. Austrian —; Brazilian, 48½; Buenos Ayres, 24½; Chilian, 16; Colombian, 1824, 12; Danish, 66½; Greek, 33; Mexican, 6 per cents. 32½; Peruvian, —; Portuguese, 61; Prussian, 1822, —; Russian, 1822, 98½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 14½; ditto 1823, 13; Dutch, 44½; French Rentes, —.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut; 3 per cent. cons. 84½; 3½ per cent. 92½; 3 per cent. red. 83½; 3½ per cent. red. 91½; 4 per cent. 100½; Long Annuities, 16½.

THE
CAMBRIAN
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
AND
Celtic Repertory.

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THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

WE look upon the Rail-road as one of those grand applications of science to the practical concerns of life, which exert a decided and lasting influence upon the general welfare of the community. If we were called upon to express in one word all the benefits which are to be expected from such an improvement, we should say, that word was—concentration. Few persons who have at all reflected upon the workings of civilized society, and the mode whereby its individual members are made to partake of the various enjoyments which it produces, will hesitate, at once, to allow that the machinery by which all this good is effected, consists, to express it generally, in an universal co-operation, a mutual interchange, of the produce of each man's bodily labour and of each man's mental thought; and looking to experience, it will be found, that a country is prosperous and powerful precisely in proportion as this interchange of labour and knowledge is unrestricted. But the intercommunication which we speak of will be obviously greater or less as men happen to be near to or distant from one another; and upon these plain truths we found our expectations of the great advantages of the Railway, when established generally throughout the country; since, by diminishing more than one half the time now required to go from one place to another, it will virtually reduce the present distances between all places within its limits in the same proportion. Its advantages, however, do not rest here: not only does it, as we have observed, in effect bring more than halfway closer together all places which it connects, but, at the same time, it affords a power greater than any hitherto employed, for the transportation of commodities, of whatever bulk or weight, without any sensible abatement of speed. To obtain an accurate idea of its advantages, therefore, it is necessary to keep this combination of properties in view; speed, namely,

more than double that hitherto known, joined to an unlimited power, at least for all practical purposes, of carrying along all bodies whether heavy or light. The extent to which such powers may be applied in the concerns of a country like this, is positively incalculable. We will state a few instances, furnished from the experience of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which, as our readers well know, has been in active operation only since Sept. 1830, and runs but a distance of thirty miles. That distance is traversed in an hour and a half on the average, the extreme time consumed being two hours, whilst on several urgent occasions a single hour has sufficed. For example: a regiment of soldiers with their baggage, proceeding to Ireland, has been launched on the Railway at Manchester, and two hours thereafter they were engaged in the act of embarking on board the transport that shipped them across the Irish Sea. Again, on the occasion of the late elections, voters have been sent for to Manchester from Liverpool, and been conveyed to the latter place within the space of two hours, reckoning to and fro. It is now common for traders to start in the morning from Liverpool or Manchester, transact their business at either place of destination, and return back to their respective houses, with ease, in the compass of a forenoon. These examples may suffice to form an idea of the speed and saving of time which may be realized in practice upon the Railway; and we must not omit to state, that at the same time the fares of passengers are reduced one half; and if we add to this saving the gains which double-speed must obviously bring with it in a variety of ways, it is most probable, that Railway travelling will be effected in less than half the time and at one third of the cost of the present mode. The great increase of communication between the people which will infallibly ensue upon such increased facilities of travelling, will, according to our views, eventually afford the chief benefits to be hoped for from the Railway; but they are, perhaps, not so obvious nor immediate as the commercial advantages which take place at once, in the shape of a calculable per centage of profit. Thus, for instance, the carriage of cotton, the chief article of commerce passing from Liverpool to Manchester, has been reduced one third, and a saving has by that means been effected to the manufacturers of Manchester, within the short period the Railway has been worked, of £20,000 per annum; some individual houses having saved £500 per annum in carriage alone.*

These facts are striking enough in themselves, but the short run of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the peculiar kind of traffic to which it is subservient, chiefly the supply of the

* Our facts are taken from the evidence brought before the Lords' committee, on the London and Birmingham Railway Bill.

raw material to the Manchester manufacturers, cannot possibly furnish the requisite variety of facts, to enable us to form a positive judgment upon the capabilities of a more inland and extensive track of road, running through or near some of the richest counties in England, and connecting one of our first manufacturing towns with the metropolis. We, of course, allude to the projected London and Birmingham Railway. Here, more extended facts and inferences must be called in. Every one knows that the chief manufactures of the coarser kinds of hardware in the kingdom are got up in Birmingham and its immediate neighbourhood, and that they form a principal article of our foreign commerce; but it may not perhaps be so generally known, that the Port of London is the great outlet for those articles. This it is that renders a speedy and certain communication between London and Birmingham so invaluable both to the manufacturer and the merchant. The increasing competition of manufactures abroad, added to the numerous restrictions which foreign governments have imposed upon our trade in most parts of the continent, and more particularly in Germany, have had the effect of cramping our foreign commerce very considerably of late years, and in no branch more so than in that of Birmingham and Sheffield wares; still British energy has in this, as in most enterprises, availed itself of the utmost of the means at its command, and has made dispatch in the delivery of goods, joined to superior excellency of workmanship, in some degree, counteract the obstacles we have adverted to, as well as others of a more general nature: but the superiority which our merchants thus attain depends upon their keeping up this race of competition, so to speak; for any temporary flagging would most likely take the game irrecoverably out of their hands, at least, under the existing system of trade. Now dispatch, as we have intimated, is essential to the success of our continental trade, or even to its retaining its actual position, which is at present a very precarious matter. To cite an example of what frequently occurs:—the London merchant receives from his correspondent abroad, an order to ship a certain assortment of goods for Portugal, Spain, or the Baltic, as the case may be; in order to reach their destination within the appointed time, they must be put on board some particular ship, and for that purpose, they must be ready for shipment by some fixed day at the latest; the merchant, calculating on ordinary chances, and finding the order a profitable one, engages himself to execute it by the time prescribed, and, it may be, contracts with the ship-owner for its freight; at the same time, he sends down directions to Birmingham and Sheffield for the procural and speedy transmission of the goods. The goods, we will suppose, are too bulky and heavy to admit of their being sent either by coach or waggon, which is mostly the case. They must, therefore, travel by canal, and are liable to some one or other of the following mischances:

the canal may be under repair, of which no notice has been received ; or some accidental stoppage may occur to the navigation, to which, from its being confined in one narrow undeviable track, it is of course peculiarly liable ; or it may happen to be cleansing time at some part of the line, which is a necessary operation at stated periods ; or lastly, in the winter season, the canal may be suddenly frozen. Any of these impediments, and one or other of them is by no means of rare occurrence, lays an embargo upon the order of greater or less duration : in the meanwhile, the vessel, which is chartered for some certain day at the latest, must set sail on that day whether the goods arrive or no ; the foreign correspondent is disappointed and disgusted ; the ship-owner comes upon the luckless merchant for the freight which he has contracted to pay, who, after all this loss, has at last the satisfaction of seeing the goods arrive to lumber up his warehouse until he can get rid of them, very probably not without a further loss. These untoward events happen quite often enough to throw a damp upon trade ; but see how easily and completely they would be obviated by the Rail-road. The merchant, as soon as he had read his order, which for the sake of illustration we will suppose of an urgent nature, would have but to throw himself or his travelling-clerk upon the next locomotive, and six hours thereafter he might be at Birmingham, issuing the requisite orders for the making up of the assortment ; in most cases, he might at once calculate to within half a day, and that an early one, the time of the arrival of the goods on the wharf ready for shipment ; and that done, he might quietly return to his counting-house the next morning.—But it would be ridiculous to display a laboured argument on the advantages which a rapid and powerful transportation of commodities must impart to the Birmingham or any other trade, whether for the purposes of foreign or inland consumption ; they may be summed up in two words, despatch and certainty combined ; and no man capable of thinking on the subject will refuse his assent to their important nature.

Of all branches of commerce, however, or to avoid any obscurity of phrase, we will say of mutual interchange of productions amongst the people, the supply of food is undeniably the most important, in comparison with all others ; it is, as regards the great bulk of the community, like the end to the means. In this quarter the rail-road will do inestimable good. At present the inhabitants of England, of all classes and descriptions, are bound by act of parliament to get their meals from some place or other within the four corners of Great Britain ; at least, if they order any thing from beyond its limits, they must pay an exorbitant score for their entertainment. And a good enough ordinary too ! we have heard many say. They forget, or they do not choose to reflect, that the abundance or scantiness of a feast depends not alone on the number of dishes on the table,

but also on the eaters, or would-be eaters, who sit around it. Now, here we do not mean to say but that the dinner by itself is a very good dinner, but then the guests are not a few. And somehow it happens, that, after those at the head of the table have been helped, little enough remains for those unfortunates who sit at the bottom. This is a state of things which, in our days, cannot last long without earnest efforts being made to alter it for the better. What the proper remedies to meet the causes of the evil in its fullest extent may be, and how they should be applied or graduated, are questions which must be grappled with before long, but which do not fall within the direct scope of our subject, and we are not inclined to go out of our way at present to discuss them. Suffice it to say, that the distress of the lower orders which we have adverted to, and which unfortunately is so notorious as to be beyond controversy, must eventually, if curable at all, be removed or mitigated by means aiming at one or both of the two following results: either there must be increased means of subsistence placed within the reach of our labouring classes at home, or they must betake themselves to other countries, where those means are certain and plentiful. Now, the railway will be a grand available instrument in both cases. To take a fair view of this part of the subject, we must not confine our speculations within the limits of the intended Birmingham Railway, but we must anticipate the time which, as we are sanguine enough to believe, will, before many years arrive, when rail-roads will be carried through the heart of the manufacturing districts, connecting them with our great agricultural and pasturing counties. Whenever this shall take place, provisions of all kinds will be nearly as cheap at any point of the line of road as at the place where they are produced or reared. At the same time, the reciprocal benefits to the land owners and land cultivators will be immense. No one needs to be told that provisions are, almost without exception, bulky and quickly spoilt. At present, their bulk renders a rapid carriage impracticable from its cost, whilst a slow one, by spoiling most articles, would be only a mode of throwing them away. To the driving of cattle, sheep, or pigs, indeed these impediments do not apply in the same shape, but they do in another. When fatted, they can only be driven a limited number of miles, and that at a considerable expense, and with very great loss of weight and deterioration of quality. It will hardly be believed that the mere loss of animal substance from the cattle and sheep alone driven to Smithfield market, expressed in money, exceeds the annual sum of £600,000!

Now the rail-road possesses precisely the properties required to supply the foregoing deficiencies. Upon it all bulky and unwieldy bodies may be conveyed with nearly equal facility and speed as the lightest. Any number of oxen, calves, sheep, or

pigs, reared within a moderate distance of any part of the track, may be placed in appropriate vehicles (already in use,) and whirled off to their destination in a few hours, without being spent and exhausted by fatigue and want of food, or harassed by the brutalities of the drover. But, in all probability, the greater quantity of butcher's meat would be killed in the country to save room and charge of transport, and to gain the offal. Besides all this, milk, butter, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and all other perishable produce, would be brought to market from an area four or five times larger than the present rate of conveyance will admit of, with of course a corresponding abundance of supply. We must here observe, that nothing could be further from our meaning than to infer that it is this existing want of transport for provisions which occasions their high prices, and shuts out the poor from all but a scanty portion of the coarser kinds of food. The cause unquestionably lies much deeper, and, therefore, if every thing else remained the same, the introduction of railways would certainly do but little towards increasing the capacity of the poor to procure a more plentiful supply of provisions and of a better sort; but coupled with a modification of the corn laws, (the expediency of which we are not now going to discuss, but which every body looks forward to as probable, not to say unavoidable,) we are very sure that the power which a rail-road would afford of pouring, without limit, the productions of the country into the midst of the dense population of towns and manufacturing districts, must necessarily lower their price to the consumers, whilst the new and almost boundless markets for every species of produce of the land which would be thereby created, would do more than compensate the landowner for any portion of his existing monopoly which he may be called upon to relinquish.

But let all be done that may be done for the bettering the condition of the lower orders, and still we fear that pauperism has grown to so fearful a head amongst us, that with our condensed population in particular parts, and our artificially constructed state of society, no augmented supply of food which it would be practicable under these circumstances to throw in, would produce the desired beneficial effect, without being accompanied by a large reduction of the numbers of the poor, through the means of a judiciously worked system of emigration. There cannot be a more efficacious part of the machinery required for such a work, than a cheap and speedy land carriage to the out-port where the emigrants are to embark.

One of the chief reasons why so little good has been hitherto accomplished in emigration, whilst so much has been talked about, has been the difficulty or the disinclination, we care not which, to bring about an extensive cooperation of parishes

throughout the kingdom, so that a very large number of paupers willing to emigrate might be dismissed at once; for it is only in large masses that emigration can do good, by *driblets* it unquestionably works evil. Now see how effectually a Railway to the outport would come in aid to the attainment of the desired object.

We obviously cannot but allude conjecturally to the other parts of the system; but supposing it to be taken up by government, there would of course be a board in London and an office at the out port, (say Liverpool, as emigration chiefly flows towards America,) and one or both of these might be placed in correspondence with the churchwardens of every parish in the kingdom, through the intervention possibly of the receivers of taxes in each county: the government might then contract with the Railway proprietors for the conveyance of pauper emigrants, as it doubtless would for the mail. These arrangements being made, it might only be necessary for the churchwardens of any parish to place in the hands of any individual or family desirous of emigrating a certificate or pass to that effect, together with sufficient provisions to take the parties to the nearest station on the Rail-road: arrived there, the emigrants might, on producing their pass, be assigned places in the passing train of carriages, which in a few hours would take them to Liverpool: there they might be received and accommodated in a public establishment provided for the purpose until they were shipped off to America. The arrangements might be of such a nature that where a man could not be trusted, not a shilling of money need be left in his hands, and the accounts might be very easily liquidated at all times between the government and the individual parishes, through the intervention of the receivers of the taxes.

We have, in our last observations, calculated upon an uninterrupted Railway from London to Liverpool; and, in fact, such a work would be nearly simultaneous, since a bill for a Railway to be continued from Birmingham to Liverpool would have been immediately introduced into Parliament, if that from London to Birmingham had passed the Lords. The entire line, when completed, will bring Birmingham within less than six, and Liverpool within ten *hours'* distance of London. And traversing from off the Rail, at the points nearest to Shrewsbury and Chester, the former might be reached in about nine hours and a half, and the latter, being much nearer to the track, in little more than ten!

Some of our compatriots may possibly ask, what has Wales to do with all our foregoing peroration? It would be a short-sighted question. Wales is an integral part of England, and must necessarily partake of every thing bringing weal or woe to the latter. It might as well be asked, what the circulation of the

chest has to do with the well-being of the right arm : but independently of this intimate connexion, it would not be difficult to show that to no individual portion of the empire would increased communication afford in proportion greater local advantages than to Wales. Look to the position of our Principality. Placed along an extremity of the Island, it is hemmed in on the land side by its mountain ridges, and towards the sea by its iron-bound coast. Not that its coast is deficient in good harbours, but for want of a thoroughfare into England scarce any traffic resorts to our shores; the consequence is, that the circulation of capital, knowledge, and intelligence, which flows freely in most other parts of the kingdom, is languid or stagnant with us. Hence our mediocrity of wealth and influence, and the moderate consideration which is allowed to us as a departmental division of the country. *Half* representation, *half* administration of justice, compensated for by a double abuse of church patronage,—any thing will do for us; and thus it will ever remain, so long as our pent-up situation suffers our national prejudices to lie brooding upon us, and our national energies to be cramped or morbidly spent for want of proper objects and means of exertion. But, break through our mountain barrier; let a communication be opened with England, of so perfect a nature as that afforded by a Railway; and the scene will be changed as if by magic. Not only would there be an incalculable increase in the value and the quantities of such native products as we can now command, though with a very limited market; cattle and sheep, for instance, many of our minerals, distant from water-carriage; hats, flannels, (in which latter we might challenge any competition with a fair market,) and some few other manufactures; but numerous articles of commerce would doubtless spring up of which we have now no idea. There occur to us, slates for building, ornamental marbles, timber, possibly different kinds of earthy or sandy manures, and sea fish. All this might be carried into the very thick of a dense population, and find an immediate and profitable market. But we stop not here; as we are upon our native soil, looking forward to the prospects of our father-land, we may be permitted to indulge in a little enthusiasm of speculation. The direct track from London to Ireland, looking to geographical position, is through the heart of Wales, by the port of Aberystwith.* If it ever should be found practicable to carry a Railway thither, there can be but little doubt but that it would become the chief outport to Ireland for the mail, for passengers and for all light traffic.† Is Ireland always to remain as she is? Are we to

* We do not forget that the Irish mail now passes through Holyhead, but we fear that so great would be the advantages of the Liverpool route, when a Rail-road should be but partially brought on, that it would infallibly draw the mail and all passengers to it.

† It has been asserted that the frequent choked state of "the bar" at Aberystwith must prevent its rising to a state of commercial importance;

despair that capital will be ever applied to the systematic cultivation of her fertile soil, and the developement of her rich and varied and almost intact resources? A few brief years will point an answer to that question, in which nationally and locally we are so deeply interested. But, meanwhile, there is America, concerning which no such questions need be asked, upon whose progressive prosperity no doubt hangs, whose advancement to wealth and greatness is as unremitting and certain as the onward flow and swell of any one of its magnificent rivers. In less than thirty years hence, their population will in all probability amount to as many millions of an intelligent enterprising people, working like bees at home, and flying abroad on their canvass wings, or to the hum of steam, seeking honey from all nations. British America will probably add some ten millions more of the same stamp. All this mass of people will require nearly as necessaries the skilful and refined productions of the English artisan: for, to suppose that a people possessing thousands of millions of fertile and uncultivated land, will seriously set itself down to manufactures, will submit to the drudgery, the maceration, and the heart-burning of the foundry, the factory, or the loom, when it can breathe the free air of the western wilderness, is a palpable absurdity. The American tariff-advocates will find this out before long; as well might they attempt to rear a pyramid of water in the midst of the Atlantic. But can it be supposed that the enormous increase of commerce which such a state of things will bring about between England and America, can pass through Liverpool in the same relative proportion as it now does? assuredly not; and if in those times to come, (and indeed long before such a height is reached,) Aberystwith is joined by a Railroad with London, a large portion of the golden tide must needs flow through her port. Nay, from its centrality and easier access to American navigation, it may become the favored haven, and great will then be her splendour. She will be a Tyre or a Sidon amid the mountains, and we dare say there are bardic presages extant confirmatory of her future glories. However this may be, were we Aberystwithians, we should ever have the splendid destinies of our native town before our eyes, and our last thoughts on going to rest, and our first deliberations on rising in the morning, would be on the promotion of Railways, as the surest mode of achieving those destinies.

But, leaving this vein, were we to set out all the good that is certain and immediately derivable from the Railway, and to speculate on all that is scarcely less certain, though somewhat more remote, we should more than fill our present number. Much,

nothing can be more erroneous; the ingenuity of man, and the expenditure of capital, need not be exerted to any thing like the extent, they have been at other places less favored by nature, to render Aberystwith a most important key to the Atlantic.—Eds.

however, as we may have left unsaid, we hope to have said enough to convince of its extraordinary benefits all those whose eyes would not be obstinately closed against such a conviction by prejudice or interest, and to attempt more, would be a hopeless and unprofitable task. Some objections we have heard put in the shape of argument, but we do not consider them worthy of much attention; they may be all either staved off, or utterly disregarded.

One word at parting with the lords, and we will take our readers off the rail and suffer them to walk *doucely* to other matters. When we took up the pen to indite this article, we will not deny that we harboured no friendly sentiments towards their lordships. We considered that after the bill had, though with a struggle, passed through the Commons, it was owing entirely to the fantastic and narrow views, or to less creditable motives actuating the noble lords, that the country was forced to sit down for another year disappointed of a measure so conducive to its advancement, we might almost say, so essential to its welfare. But when the progress of our reflections on the subject brought more distinctly before our minds the outcry which must have been raised in their lordships' ears, by the canal interest, the turnpike-road interest, the coach interest, the horse-dealer's interest, and every other interest but the public interest, which is unfortunately most commonly passed by *sub silentio* on these occasions, not to speak of the disfigurations of their lordships' parks and grounds, and the intrusion upon their privacies, all which things must have alarmingly risen before their minds; taking, we say, these matters into consideration, we confess that a much more lucid collection of wisdom than is to be found, even in the right honourable house, might have been reasonably perplexed and bewildered with such a mass of conflicting impressions. Besides we are smoothed and comforted by the conviction that, whatever may betide, the country cannot be long without Rail-roads. Here, therefore, we will let the matter rest.

E. H.

BEDD-ARGRAFFIADAU.

Farwolion gwaeliou i gyd-ty oerfedd
Yw terfyn eich bywyd;
Sylvaen yn nheyrnas eilfyd
Yn awr barn fydd well nâ'r byd.

Y bedd yw diwedd y daith-i ddewraf
Ddaearol gydymaith;
Ond duwiolion gânt eilwaith
Gwrdd uwch ser mewn mwynder maith.

DANIEL DDU, o Geredigion.

CONVERSATIONS OF POETS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

WE are about to present our readers with a sentimental journey through Wales; yet let not our title, as above, offend by its presumption. We assign no names, or but one, to the interlocutors in the following dialogues: doubtless the admiring reader will do this for himself, not doubting that some famous poets of our day have *at last* found out that Wales has really within her the *materiel* of poetry, and have clubbed to perform a poetical pilgrimage there: he will detect Southey coquetting with Snowdon, to the desertion of Skiddaw, in one passage; will swear to Wordsworth's cast of thought in another, and conclude that he has forsaken his own Rhydol for ours; he will recognise Coleridge; suspect Moore of a flirtation with our Welsh Venus,—for be it known, we have a goddess of love all to ourselves. Now we protest that, for aught we know, every one of these justly-esteemed bards is at this time enjoying each his proper hill (including Coleridge's Highgate hill), and not dreaming of ours. Poets there are who have never spoiled paper by a verse, and no-poets who have spoiled reams: now, our poet travellers are of the former class; their only pretension to the title is a certain sensibility to the beautiful and sublime, which is the basis of the poetic character. Eschewing all tours and guides, a few persons of this cast of temperament set forth in search of those spots “where tourist's foot hath ne'er or rarely been;” and be it known that such are pretty numerous, notwithstanding tours innumerable. In fact, a foreigner collating our books of Welsh travel, to plan his course “in search of the picturesque,” would find such a uniformity in the direction to a few places (so hacknied as to have become like household words), to the exclusion of all Wales besides, that he would consider the Principality as a wilderness, a waste in point of interest, containing some scattered *oases* of singular beauty, which have been the only resting-places for the tasteful tourist since the time of Pennant: these it has been the aim of our travellers to forget to visit; moreover, they considered that fashion and a Welsh mountain are about as compatible as the march of war with the rural repose of peace, or as life with death. To the fashionable followers of pastoral life in Wales may, perhaps, be applied the simile of Pope,

“Like following life in creatures we dissect,
We lose it in the moment we detect.”

The lowly retreats of shepherds are no sooner made the headquarters of summer visitants than they cease to be lovely. The livery servants, the lady's maids, the grooms, and jockies, that

dog the heels of shooting or racing gentlemen, transfigure a sweet rustic village in a surprisingly short time. Hotels start up, London suburban boxes, with sashes and knockers, and staring shops, startle the pensive traveller at his twilight hoped-for place of rest; drunkenness and midnight ranting of songs and revels banish owls and cuckoos,—he finds “Cockney land is opened in the wild.” Certain it is, that whoever desires to see *Welsh* life, such as lord Littleton saw and admired, and described in 1754, must, of all places shun those to which the titled tourist has drawn the tide of fashionable resort by his enthusiastic description. For this reason these our travellers are not fashionable ones, but plain lowly men, stealing humbly and simply into those scenes, the very essence of whose charms is lowliness and simplicity.

We have read over tours, and learned ones, but never could catch from one of them even a faint reflection of the fresh enjoyment of the pleasure-traveller,—the inspiration of the morning mountains; could never breathe their elastic atmosphere in those respectable pages; could never smell their spring turf, their thyme, nor the bog myrtle at their spongy feet. Now our aim will be to impart, if possible, fresh from our senses and bosoms to thine, indulgent reader, those sweets and that halcyon feeling which such days of “pleasant drowsyhead” spent out among such scenes diffused over our world-weary natures. For this purpose, we are *determined not* to be learned. Every one of our party, (including your most humble servant, now pen in hand,) is, be assured, an inimitable botanist, geologist, and conchologist, and every other “gist” you can desire; but not a word shall you hear about such subjects, albeit the temptation to display is great, a Geological Tour in Wales lying at this moment on one shelf, Pennant and all sorts of prompting authorities standing ready on another, whence we might most pleasantly steal, supposing our own knowledge-box not quite so full as we protest it is. We pretend only to see with our eyes, hear with our ears, reflect and compare with our minds, feel with the nerves of our heart. We promise nothing; how wildly, extravagantly, foolishly, we may be set thinking, Heaven (that is, the blue sky and the intoxicating mountain air,) only knows; but if you be willing to run all risks and be nonsense-proof, why come along, take talk and tea with us under a rock, or on a soft sunset-gilded sod, between a hanging wood and a shining water-lake or river: here is the company.

ITINERIS PERSONÆ.

Imprimis: A retired Major, a fine tall sunburnt gentleman, who looks the soldier every inch, but is no longer a soldier, not even on *half pay*. Heroes might well hide their diminished heads before this *bone* hero, exalted by a sacrifice more honor-

able than a hecatomb of enemies: the sacrifice of his profession, on conscientious grounds, is what we allude to. Major —— signalized himself by bravery in the Peninsular war, but a tragic incident so shocked his gentle nature, by falling under his immediate notice, (though nothing out of the common course of the “woes of war,”) that, throwing up—*not selling*—his commission, he retired from all the pomp and circumstance of a profession he had loved, to innocence, poverty, and Wales. He became a great angler—knows almost every old oak root, and pool, and shallow brawl of every river in Wales. Long exclusive intercourse with rustic people has ingrafted much of their simplicity on the manners and feelings of our self-cashiered officer, oddly amalgamating with those of the scholar and gentleman. When his fishing campaign is likely to lead him up some river in the neighbourhood of a watering-place, his long disused regimentals are brought forth, his sword revisits his side where a lady is expected. Save and except on these occasions eliciting this “weakness of the wise,” few would detect the gallant soldier in the bronzed and wandering solitary of the river banks. Too pensive and quick-spirited to encounter the gaze of well-bred impudence in the haunts of fashion, he rarely appears beyond his bounds of the wild margin of his waters. Now and then a chance throws him (like a sea production cast ashore) on some marine parade, in a crowd of the gay; and though his “arrival” is never put in print, it attracts some notice. Indeed, with his worn fishing jacket, tanned face, shapeless straw hat, huge pockets stuffed with gentles, earth-worms, maggots, with a little dirt to nourish them, remainder biscuits and cheese-scrap, forgotten relics after some three days’ journey into the wilderness,—his Dutch-cut trousers, marked, like posts at a ford, with lines shewing the depths of his various standings in the water in the salmon fishery, with this exterior—and a certain fish-like smell, a “villanous compound” from clothes and contents—our companion, we frankly allow, formed but a “scurvy companion” in such places, a sort of river monster. In this portable dunghill, ycleped a pocket, he always carried some classic author, sorely soiled, to read o’ nights by a candle of rush pith, in any hut of clay or stone, where stress of weather or night forced him to put in till daybreak.

Whether to be ashamed or proud to confess, we hardly know, that our untitled officer consents to act as guide to any party of anglers that may chance to visit his lonely neighbourhood not far from Tregaron, Cardiganshire: to this lowly office, not only his poverty but his will (such is the social good nature of the man) consents. Nor does he ever disclose his real sphere in society, except involuntarily, by an occasional outbreak of the classic or the gentleman. And should any “brothers of the angle” visiting Wales detect, by this general sketch, our poor

Major, in some modest spoken, rather melancholic, man of forty and upwards, acting as their guide among the mountains, we entreat them to remember why he is poor, why a wanderer of Wales instead of a "man of blood," to remember that he is a gentleman. If he do not *look* like one, be the cause remembered; that it is because *within*, whatever his external shewing, he more resembles Him whose religion says, "Thou shalt not kill,"—even our Saviour, whom Decker quaintly calls, for his mild and gracious attributes, "*the first true gentleman that ever lived.*"

2dly. A Member of the Society of Friends, disowned for marrying out of the sect, but still a Friend in all but the absurdities of that persuasion. His heart and mind were still as firmly set against war (as a crime against Christianity) as ever; but waxed very indifferent in the momentous question betwixt No and Nay; in the war of monosyllables, Yes and Yea. Moreover, his conscience was never troubled about the cut of his coat collar; nay, the colour of his whole coat was regarded (so the graver sort whispered) with the same laxity of principle. A quiet humour and good humour played about the expressive meagre face of our Quaker, as good nature did about his heart. We wish we could transfer a tithe of the little gentleman's store of those fine qualities to these pages.

3dly. A young Clergyman of Wales. He exhibits, in his mode of dress, (the round even cut of his black hair, for instance, half hiding his forehead, approximating to the costume of the Roundheads of Puritanical days, and the smoothing down of his white cravat,) also in the sanctity of his manner and tones, a rather whimsical *graft* of orthodoxy on Methodism. Belonging by birth to a class which almost invariably frequents the meeting-house, brought up at home, thence transferred to a Welsh college, and pretty speedily transplanted into the regular ministry, his new calling forced him into the duties of the church, that church which had been the scoff of his boyhood, and even youth, under the contemptuous nickname of the *Steeple-house*. A lingering hankering after the worship-place of his fathers, a *penchant* for the old accustomed thunder of the conventicle, as he heard it "hurled" by some godly man and shopkeeper, the Jupiter tonans of his native village, is very visible in the little good young man. Were it not for a good living he has popped into, through the intervention of the squire of his neighbourhood, who had him seated as regularly to dinner at his table as the *spittoon* under it after dinner, (for a somewhat similar use,) to receive the overflow of his good fellowship, the exuberance of his oratorical organs, as the other vessel of his salivary; we say, but for this good fortune, our excellent friend might at this moment be thundering away himself in the chapel, and

sneering at the parish church, as becomes the *true* minister of the Gospel. Even as it is, he seems to mimic in the pulpit the dear man that used to throw his mother into hysterics night and morning by his pious fury in the “preaching line;” but he having been fat, and blest with lungs equal to a forge-bellows, while our pale friend is whiffling, and his voice no more awful than a penny trumpet,—’tis but a poor imitation, after all. We shall only add, that, under the same influence, he is rather prone to look grave at the most innocent mirth, to sigh for nothing at all; he would rather get fuddled every day of the week than walk a mile on a Sunday, though but to admire the works of God in a glorious mountain landscape; and that, in his pulpit oratory, he nobly rebuts Pope’s sneer about the chaplain’s “*never mentioning hell to ears polite,*” by mentioning *nothing else*.

4th. A certain doctor Jean Jaques, whose character we must leave to his own drawing, seeming to us to be “every thing by turns and nothing long,”—as well as his birth, parentage, and education, to his own telling,—finishes our list. Whether France gave him that Rousseauish name, or his own relatives in his earlier days—whether that ethereal land, or Wales, or England, enjoys the glory of being his birth-place, we know not, nor ever heard yet, that, like the cities claiming Homer, they ever contended for it.

Being always attached to the green quietness of lanes, in preference to the dusty barren turmoil of high roads, he applied his principle to life, and broke away from the intolerable nuisance and noise of its high turnpike road, and went burrowing about like a mole to find out a snug bye-way where he might pad upon sod, soft and cool, all the way to the grave.

“I like to come in cool and quiet to my inn,” said Doctor Jaques, “and what signifies all that jostling and hurry to reach it? We shall all meet at the same old inn, the sign of the yew-tree, and the same grinning Boniface—ah, Boney-face,* indeed!—will receive us all, even my sauntering self, and those fellows whipping and spurring on, that I’ve left on the high road—I’ve no ambition to be ‘in *first* at the death,’ for my part.” The place of his reappearance was Wales. His mode of luxuriating amidst its beauties these dialogues disclose. If his talk be found like writing, and his writing like talking—possibly this was the cause,—in solitude his pen did the part of a tongue; that is, became the instrument of effusing the fullness of thoughts. In time the inverse of this became a habit, and speech assumed the set phrases of laboured writing.

Reader! you see your company,
Who in this desert,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.”

* N. B. The doctor never puns but to himself.

Stage First.

BWLCH Y GROES.

"Thank God for a night's lodging! many a man has paid dear for a worse," said Doctor Jaques, one of our peripatetic party, as he stood with folded arms in the first light of morning, gazing at the odd shelter out of which he had just crept in his night-cap, with only his inexpressibles on; being, indeed, only a knoll of rock and a hanging thorn, which he and two small companions had roofed with green fern, and floored with dry, covering it in with a light sail-cloth, which hanging down in front served at once for a door, arras, &c. To all but the doctor his predicament would not have seemed exactly such as to warrant all the complacency with which he paused to survey (before he finished dressing) his "Folly," as it might be fitly called. The situation was high up the mountain, where the river Dovey rises, on a sort of ledge green and turfy near its craggy channel: the night mist settled in drops on his cap; the frown of night was yet visible in the vast recesses, though the fog began to grow light with the first sunshine, and the wildness of the stupendous mountain-concave that forms the pass of Bwlch y Groes, with the awful depth at which the valley and village of Llan y Mawddwy, and all that was human and home-like lay sleeping, partially disrobed of the veil of river haze, altogether formed rather a savage sort of domicile and prospect. It was a scene, however, to his fancy, and such as when fully disclosed by the drawing up of that delicate curtain, must strike the fancy of every tasteful visitant. The little-frequented road from Dinas Mawddwy to Bala, is for the few miles which conduct us to that once terrific ascent, (which takes its name of Bwlch y Groes [pass of the cross] "from a rude crucifix that was formerly to be seen on the very top in bright relief of the blue sky, placed there to remind the happy soul who had surmounted the precipice and *survived*, to bend in thanksgiving to God),—a bowered beautiful lane along a grand pastoral valley, even yet secluded, silent, truly *Welsh*. The river is also *Welshly*, as the borderers of our land call all Welsh folks that retain their national character; that is, it is bright, hazelled, winding, rocky; the hills Alpine above, *Arcadian* below; the natives humble, poor, not destitute, curious, bashful, and barefoot. The doctor and his party had traversed it the day before in sunshine and in the midst of the hay harvest, and not one fall of rain had caused one fall of countenance in all the happy ones they met. The children and all were in the fields, to the last "little lump" of a boy or girl. In truth, he who would enjoy a tour "to his heart," must endeavour to be in Wales during such a season. It is princely felicity, supposing a prince what he should be, loving peace, and blest in what blesses the people,—plenty.

The fog breaking away rapidly, set our doctor on the tiptoe of expectation for the charms of landscape soon to be revealed, already hardly hidden by the sunny remains of fog; a robe light and transparent as Roman beauties wore of old, a silvery gossamer. So there he stood, after dressing, waiting the full burst of the sun, as a spectator at a theatre awaits the entrance of the prime actor on the stage who is to give effect to the whole pageant. To himself, however, he seemed in a nobler situation. He could have fancied himself some lone navigator on a green island in a silver sea, as he bent his eye and ear toward the rolling immensity of cloud often sweeping beneath him, and to the depth where the river went sounding and swelling on, grand but invisible. This illusion was sweetly broken by the sound of girls early abroad calling the cows, the cows lowing in reply, the forms of both also viewless through the mist. A wood of a hill-top would appear, cut off from its foundation of the mountain side, a forest in air, and then an upland yellowing home-scene of a farm and its fold-yard and small meadows, the parting fog would just permit to peep,—a little pastoral picture in the sky, and quickly shut up again. But who can tell the beauty of this panorama when bluer and brighter through the kindling haze, the face of the river, and the many coloured meadows of its banks, began to shew themselves, painting its delicate transparency (evanescent as steam,) with their own hues, the hues of a summer sky, spring, grass, and flowers!

Romance (of real life too) added a mental charm to this truly Cambrian landscape. That landscape now stretching and towering quite unveiled; those grim chasms of age-worn rocks, those plunging waterfalls, those wildly hanging trees throwing their old arms across huge gullies of former water courses, the vast shadows and long-retiring dingles were many years the haunts of banditti, wild and desperate men, organised in great bodies, who levied a tax like the Scottish *black mail*, on the richer inhabitants as a reward for immunity from that system of noon-day plunder which the poorer suffered from them, seeing their cattle driven off to their retreats, without the means of recovery; the higher country being at that date (the sixteenth century) almost all one black forest. These robbers, called “Gwylliad Cochion Mawddwy (red haired robbers of Dinasmouthy), also the robbers of the black wood,” (a melo-dramatic title,) frequently took prisoners and demanded ransom for them; descended chimneys by night, compelling the terrified country people to be always at watch and ward; to place scythes across their chimneys,* against these domestic invaders; in short, enacted all and singular the feats and

* We are told that remains of scythes have been found not very long since in such situations.

villanies attributed to Italian bandits, with doubtless as many romantic episodes as adorn less veritable robber-stories.

Their extermination too, attended with a wild and terrible burst of maternal passion, and a consequent memorable murder, that of a judge, formed a catastrophe in unison with all the aptitude for romance which an "Author of Waverly" could have wished ready made to his hand. Such was the land, and its associations, and its present magnificence, which now lay, in all the beauty of morning, and glory of a July one, beneath the feet and the eye of Doctor Jaques.

"Wales! the beautiful! the grand!" he began to murmur in an ecstasy. Wales! that I saw, I trod, so long while yet a boy and while your green mountains were yet unseen and untrod; saw and wandered over in an eternal dream of longing, visible in a wild horizon of my own fancy's formation, "tecum vivere amem!" Dream of my life! soother of its decline—"tecum obeam libens!" Good God! that such a country should have less attraction for *Southron* readers than Ireland's bogs, and boozing gentlemen; or Scotland's heathery wastes! About those, what writers! what readers! while Wales, this land of romance, and ruins, and mountains!—Wales, with its "old graves" and green battle-fields full of human bones, shutting in many an untold tragedy!—Wales, the land of martyrs, sleeps over their relics, and none draws from out of deep oblivion those who greatly dared or nobly fell in her defence; her sheep wander over them, her harvests wave; sunk into a pastoral province from a kingdom, she lies "mute inglorious, she had no poet, and is dead." (Our Doctor was a sort of whimsical Improvisatrice when *alone*.) Whatever moved him (and he was one of the genus irritable,) found vent in a sort of rapturous prose, which, as a *little* liable to be mistaken for bombast, he was anxiously careful to not have overheard. This must account for this flighty soliloquy, which by no means prove, the Doctor *non compos*, worthiest reader.)

"I have stood," he continued, on her Hên Feddau,* (Old Graves), by her Fynnon Waedog (the Bloody Well); have mused at midnight in the green weedy depth of the Pant y Gwae (the Hollow of Woe); heard the yellow autumn leaves eddying round the Maen Achwynfau (the Stone of Lamentation and Weeping). What names are these! What tragic mystery in the words, thus half recording dark stories of the past, like ancient characters almost obliterated on some ruinous tomb! How they excite, yet disappoint, solemn curiosity! They are awful hieroglyphics of human, of national suffering, which human sympathy loves to study and interpret.

Then what sublimity of still nature! What pastoral paradises

* Names of places in Wales.

are this country's vallies! What a luxury for eye, and ear, and soul, her rivers and river-banks, and rural riches, and white houses, and, above all and round them all, the mountain girdle, waving, flowing, musical, stupendous! Nothing is wanting to the perfection of such a land, but a moral grandeur, a grace and elevation of the human character, equal to that of the landscape. And that too is here! Here lived, and lives, a race of men who fought *during nine hundred years* against Saxon, Danish, Norman invaders, and while successive races of those mingled oppressors and oppressed, yielded to the yoke of the next following, smiled on each, from these rock fortresses, unyielding and unyoked! Yet what has it availed? That same love of *mother land*, the same dauntless resistance to the death against subjugation, the same long period of triumph over aggression; which, exerted for a much shorter period by the men of early Greece and Rome, has made for them a sort of eternal apotheosis in the world's mind, installed them with their gods in our eternal memories; that very virtue has associated the name of Welshman with little except hot blood and nanny-goats! By Jupiter, I wish Byron or Scott had been Welsh-born, for thy sake, Wales!"

Stage Second.

THE VALLEY OF LLAN Y MAWDDWY.

The Major—The Quaker—The Parson—Doctor Jaques, and Two Boys.

Quaker. Friend Doctor, I've taken care of thy progeny, behold! How faredst thou, and the kites, and the fern owls, in your lofty inn yonder.

Doctor. Sir, I took "mine ease in mine inn" admirably. Look, Gentlemen, all around you, while we sit to rest on this sod-topped low stone wall of a bridge, and tell me what this scene wants which an Alpine landscape can boast, save and except somewhat greater altitude? What a "gathering" of mountains is there all about the place we passed yesterday, Dinas Mawddwy, at the head of this valley! Yet you shall find nothing talked about by Warner and Bingley, and most of the tourists, but Mallwyd, two miles distant. Now, Mallwyd is merely the threshold, the vestibule, of nature's temple,—to beg a bit of bombast; while at Dinas you find yourself in the very thick of the glory! a confusion of mountains, green too, and woody and watered.

This tumbling white water, and its rocks under our feet, is the little river Cowarch—how bright! and how bright the leaves of witch elm all about its course! These few houses huddled together here at its conflux with Dovey, shewing their old thatches

in the very course of the cleft rock its channel, assume to be a village. This, sir, is the village of Abercowarch. That peep of Dinas Mawddwy seeming to hang in air on the very precipice of awful Craig y Ddinas, these vast heights on each side, the richness of leaf and wood, corn-field and hay-field, dell and upland, wild home and wild rocks, and doublings of a fine river, all in the little space between, is to me exquisite. Such a piece, to be walled in by romantic mountains, and in with such sweet society, sheep, cows, cottagers and children !

Major. Here's a house vacant for us. The owner is in the hay-fields which we passed, and all his family.

Parson. Looking at this house, we can imagine the necessity the inmates might have for those scythes across their chimneys, which we were told they placed there against the invasion of the "robbers of the black woods." The roof is only a prolongation of this great flat mossy rock, by the road side ; we can step on to it, and look down the chimney.

Major. Doctor, I must go in and reconnoitre. Which way? by door or by chimney? By pulling asunder those few upright sticks that I suppose are meant for a chimney-pot, and bound round with a wisp of rushes, I could really make my entry much more gracefully to the company, if there be any; for so I shall appear to them upright, while by the door I must make my *debut* almost double; and a first introduction is every thing, you know Lord Chesterfield says.

Doctor. No, no, go in lawfully, by all means.

Parson. A ragged sort of roof this.

Quaker. Yea, but the true old British roofing of shingles, nevertheless. The Welsh call it Peithwydden, rough oak, merely split. Look at the rafters. They have all the bark on, and the twigs as they grew. The walls bespeak as primitive a mason, as the interior a carpenter. These rough lumps of quartz and limestone owe little to chisel and mallet, yet, with all its want of brick and mortar, it looks weather proof.

Major (within). Halloo! Nothing answers but a clock and a cricket! It's the house of that family we saw all in the steep meadows haymaking by the Dovey side, I dare say. I'll make an inventory of the *gudes* (goods), as they call 'em. Item, a huge ebony-looking curiously carved coffer, as big as a tomb, and as heavy, I warrant, as the stone lid of one. Open! zounds what a weight, and full of warm clothing too. Item, a huge pot, like a copper, the Welsh chrothon, suspended on a *sway*, as they term it, as big as a gibbet for a giant, and turned quite out of the cavern of a chimney into the room.

The gude wife, now, will lift that cauldron off, while full of

boiling whey, in making her cheeses, far more easily than I could who stand six feet three, and am of the masculine gender. Such is habit. How would a cockney's pretty little wife manage such a feat?

Quaker. What a staircase! Is it one, or is it an end of some rock built in to the house, up which goatherds have worn by long clambering a flight of jagged steps? Seriously, it's much like such a mountain staircase.

Doctor. Do you not know that Wales is no longer the land of goats? A Welshman now is no more represented by a goat, than his dialect ever was by the "Cot" and "pless" of Shakspeare, or Miss Edgeworth's imitations of him, where she makes a Cardiff hostess talk like Sir Evans.

Major. What a well stored *cratch* is here! Confound it for making the cieling a foot lower, so that I can't stand. Several sides of bacon, a great many dried fish, a month's supply of oat-cakes, and all sorts of tools, sticks, and sundries.

Quaker. Don't you call that sort of lattice-shelf a rack?

Doctor. We do, applying it to our horse's cupboard. But the Welsh are right, for their's is the primitive word, as found in old books, and our's a corruption. Half the *vulgarisms* of our common people are only old fashioned proprieties of language, "*afeared*," for instance.

Parson. On my word, a den of a house!—a human den! A person accustomed to any elegancies of home,—

Quaker (aside.) Who'd think our reverend friend was brought up in a wilder, poorer, farm and house than this by far, and all his friends are happily subsisting on it still? But that's the reason he falls foul of it. It's an old poor friend that he's determined to *cut*, and make a stranger of.

Doctor. Despise it as you please, this solid antique home, dusky with leaves, and green banks of mountains bulging in almost (as it looks) at that half door, the steep orchard shining with moist grass all down to the river, that brilliant wild river, that mossy trunked apple-tree that's almost fallen, and dips its boughs into the water, the dew and silence and sunshine all about, the sweet tranquil perspective through the house, the rude but substantial comfort of the indoor scene,—who can *really* despise it?

Parson. Doctor, you're *very* right, quite right, I must confess. It is not to be despised,—many a gentleman has been born in a worse. But English visitors are apt to despise —

Quaker. What a contrast the life of a *poor mountain* man and a *poor city* one! What an artificial sort of curse is poverty,

or at least nine tenths of the misery that goes under its name, after all.

Doctor. Poverty is, indeed, Janus-faced. On one side is a filthy fiend; on the other, I had almost said, a gracious smiling angel.

Quaker. Thou mayst say it boldly. These people have very little money, want every thing but necessaries; yet, perhaps, heaven could hardly add to their felicity.

Doctor. About this hour now, a London wife, in low and narrow circumstances, is just risen in a noisome room, with sickly children, up three or four flight of stairs, puffing at brimstone and tinder, no fire, no comfort; all in the confusion all was left by a drunken husband last night, at half-past twelve: porter-pots, supper relics, candle-ends; a small house full of families, and the dog days at hand! To the gin shop is as regular a first step of the little citizen as the mountaineers "to the hill;" to the pawnbroker's as common a trip of the wretched wife's, as the housewife's to the dairy.

Quaker. Why, this is a weaver's house! Here's another room with a loom in it, and some good strong stuff growing under it.

Major. Nay, nay; and yet it is, for every North Wallian farmer almost is a weaver. A loom's as common as a chest. Look at this web! This strong gwlanen, or high country cloth, as it's called, is all the product of his own labour, and that of his wife and children. Here's winter comfort for backs and beds! Feel it! It does one's heart good to think of snow-time and snow-winds, and clutch such stuff as this; coat or blanket in one's hand, it's a fair handful, one grasp of it.

Quaker. Truly, while we look at this, we cease to wonder that sheep have all but supplanted the poor goats in Wales.

Doctor. Why, they are more profitable, no doubt; yet I can't help regretting a little the erasure of any national feature. I always feel disposed to shake our bearded friends by the paw, when I do chance to espy one with his beard tinged with dew and butter cups, browsing on whatever knoll of rock he can perch on, retaining his old "pride of place" still, under the misfortunes of his tribe. But sheep are poetical creatures, if goats are picturesque ones.

Major. What a pity, doctor, that you were born a little too late for the golden age! The poet, Crabbe, has broken in on our dreams with his stern realities, in such a way that one cannot even conceit a likeness to it in modern rustic life.

Doctor. Sir, it's a lamentable thing that that fine poet was not

born in Wales. What pictures would his powers, with such an original before him, have given us! I've no sort of sorrow for the defunct golden age, while I fancy I see a lowly kind of one lingering in the recesses of Wales. I never could fancy even Virgil's shepherds. Look but at this web, that coat which hangs there and the women's gowns are all of home manufacture too; remember those sweet, very thick, soft blankets we see in every cottage farm, and tell me if men are not more agreeably engaged making these than if they sate playing on a pipe, with a third blockhead for their Midas? really, when we consider the many comforts and blessings to which the still activity of these people converts the rude material into, a mere encumbrance to the creature, and this without filth, without peril, without the Moloch sin and sacrifice of infant slavery in the accursed factory—not to quite forget the truly Arcadian-delicious holiday-business which precedes it, I mean sheep-shearing—I say, when we view this main feature of Welsh rustic life, I doubt whether the idleness of the fabled golden age presents equal charms. Grey-coated heavy—"shooned" Tityri and Melibœi of our own mountains! I prefer *you* after all! only, for God's sake be clean! here's water enough everywhere, and a sweet Naiad to tend your ablution at every house-end, with her green silken hair streaming, and singing away. The humble bright-eyed handmaid! It's a mortal sin to decline her sweet services! Boys, we'll bow down to her, and be washed over head and ears as soon as we go forth; 'tis a blessed morning for it.

Parson. You see there's no actual *ignorance* here, neither. Here's a huge brass-clasped volume, old as the house methinks. What is it? Canwyll y Cymro—oh, 'tis the old Vicar Prichard's Welshman's Candle, an excellent old collection of pious songs, which rivals the Bible itself almost, in the country people's veneration. Look, here are all the dates of the family's births—no such vile hand writing neither.

Doctor. [*Reads.*] "At foure of the clock," &c. Here's rustic antiquity for you. "Borne May, 1688." Now that was written by some Sais schoolmaster or Welsh one proud of his *seisoneg*.—I wonder at an English entry here.

Major. [*Running in from the orchard.*] By Jove, here they come! the whole family from the hay-field; but a good way off yet: we must clap a bold face on it or take to our heels, that's certain. Here comes the sledge, the drag first full of hay, next the gambo, swig-swig; its wheels are solid though they look coming off every minute, as it jolts along the rocky ruts of the road. In the middle of the first, buried almost in flowers not dead yet, there squats a ruddy rogue, with a still smaller in his lap, who looks as brown, and hot, and busy as the rest, turning his little head all about. Behind walks the gude wife, knitting, yet carefully picking

down every whisp of hay which the dog-rose briars keep snatching off, and wear a minute amongst their flowers.

Doctor. There, now, is to me a more elegant picture than Arcadia has suggested to the pen or pencil yet.

[Not to extend this article to an undue length, the interview of our Welsh Paul Prys with the master and family of the house they had invaded, with the dialogues on Welsh doings—on the superstitions of *charming* Welsh longevity, and Welsh life generally, is reserved for another number of this work. As we cannot take leave, however, handsomely, and dismiss them without a breakfast, we beg, in their name, the reader's good company to their fine meal on a sod of a little peninsula formed by the meanderings of the Dovey.]

Boys [both at once.] Great news! good news! a beautiful breakfast parlour—two sides rock, all over ivy—turf like grass-plat—brooks like quicksilver, running into the Dovey! water-lilies all on the face of it, flowers every where, full view of Bwlch y Groes, and banks of Dovey too, high up where it's only a cataract: shall we unpack? we must unpack—it must be here!

Doctor. A most providential little place, and shady too! boy! dost see? would you burn those flowers? you can't have the fire there!—farther—farther—that will do—mind the flame don't catch your hand before you see it, for it's quite invisible, the sun shines so finely, thanks to god Apollo for it, and amen. That's a very good fireplace, now, among the dry rocks of the brook's bed.

There's a sky, gentlemen! I don't marvel at the lazaronis of Naples being at once the wretchedest poor houseless rascals and the happiest and laziest dogs on God's earth. The eternal smiling at them of that glorious face not only keeps them for ever in good humour, but there is an *instinct* of defiance to want in the feeling of its glow. One of the main saddening evils of our nature, which demand our troublous defence, that deadly enemy cold, is set at a distance at once and forgotten. A man basking in the sun forgets he's poor. A day like this, a single day, is a capital prize in the lottery of life! Boys, one of you please to pick my flowers—t'other plunge the cream in the bottle under the water of the undermined bank till we're ready for it;—Major, set the cups—friend, place the brown bread, the ham, the water-cresses—reverend sir, be pleased to say grace: fall to and eat! Now, I do say that let a man but enjoy fine health, peace of mind, (but that is indigenous here,) an appetite, one quarter of what I have now, love milk, abhor spirits, be early abroad, well tired, and, lastly, stretched here as I am now, with a huge dock leaf

round his head for a noon-cap, and all this "pomp and prodigality of heaven" and green earth, towering and glistening, and ravishing in his eye, his ear, his soul; and he needs not envy any heaven extant, of any faith whatever, not even Mahomet's.

What was Horace's favourite "Angulus" to this, made by this silver brook and this that most romantic river? to look around and listen, one would swear this could never be that ill-reported-of old "wicked world," as we learn to call it as soon as we can lisp, but some glorious new-born one, where sin, sorrow, nor death, ever set foot. Look above, and you might think that azure expanse never gloomed, never thundered, since it was stretched like a curtain round this burnished green and golden panorama! It reminds one of the brow of an angel which *cannot* frown: such its mild blue marbled fixedness of glorious placidity!

Quaker. Thou art quite an epicurean, friend doctor, in the innocent spirit of that doctrine, as first taught by the belied and wronged founder of the sect. The conceited stoics began the misinterpretation of his wise exaltation of true pleasure above all earthly objects, that pleasure being peace of mind produced by the love of nature and practice of innocence. But I never could guess why Cicero, Plutarch, and Clemens, and Ambrose, and a host of great men, adopted their gross exposition of his sentiments, and handed down to us a *lie*.

Doctor. Aye, a lie so confirmed in men's minds that it is too late to hope to correct it, we must suppose; else why did worthy master Beattie talk of "Epicurus's *stye*?" Fie, Doctor Beattie! Did *you* not know that your hog, Epicurus, fed on bread and water, and when he would "dine with Jove" himself, he only desired to add to his feast a shave of Cytheridian cheese? I pity the old gentleman from my soul for never breakfasting under a Welsh mountain. Had his pupil Lucretius ever done so, he would not have rebuked man's fond clinging to this life. For my part, when I look at this scene, under such a sky, I can content myself with nothing short of the age of Methusaleh; though, to speak the truth, when I look at a withered autumn or winter world, and a watery black sky, the life of an ephemera seems long enough for me. I am a great coward of life and limb in a blue summer day, pretty bold and reckless in a black December one.

Major. Really, doctor, I don't see you precisely following your great favourite in your diet. Grant that *you* are to-day breakfasting not only *sub Jove*, but *cum Jove*; instead of cheese, what numerous amendments are you making to the original; why, the cream alone which you consume in every cup of tea, out of that huge stone bottle, is a fattening meal.

Doctor. Sir, you mistake; cream is a *mental* luxury, and in

that sense I love it. Wherever is abundance of milk, there is also abundance of all pastoral delights, and generally those modes of life sweet and congenial to quiet and quiet-loving spirits, especially those which have

“——sought out a shelter for their hopes decayed,
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade.”

How feelingly does Rosseau pour himself forth on this lowly subject of milk, in describing his youthful pedestrian ramble in the Valois.

A dairy-country is a luxury to more senses than one; cream, “thick substantial cream! what Swift's Lord Peter swore about his brown loaf containing the *materiel* of all that aldermen love, I maintain is religiously true of cream! Cream contains in it the quintessence of green fields, and clover flowers, and buttercups, and wild rural life, and long life, and summer rambling, and twenty sweet things more than I have breath to utter; but you did not see the *dairy* this came from,—that good Welsh wife admitted me to that holy of holies of a farm: oh, I could begin to immortalize her for it, as Ledyard did the African woman:

“The poor white man sate beneath our tree,”—how next? without a drop of cream for his tea!—I never tasted richer!

Major. But the dairy! the dairy! We are quite satisfied of its excellence, doctor; don't make yourself sick to demonstrate it to us; thank you, all the same.

Doctor. Oh, sir! I was only enjoying the picturesque and pure by *association*. I was only *tasting* the dairy. It was underground in the steep cool orchard, being, I think, a natural excavation in a little mound. Flowers nodded over the edge of the sod outside, a *prill* ran sparkling by the little overhung door. The inside was like a grot, so cool, so pure! the shelves were natural stone, only a little smoothed, and the puncheons and bowls white as what they held, and pure as spar! It tastes, it *tastes* of the crystal rock! of orchard grasses!—I could drink——

Quaker. Stop friend, stop! What mean you by applying this *mental* luxury to your vile organ of liquorishness? The optic, the olfactory, use any road to your romantic sensorium but that, I conjure you!—Major, you don't eat, you look thoughtful: did you lose a fish lately after hooking him, or what has overshadowed thy summ-erevening countenance?

Major. Oh, nothing! I was gone back into the Peninsula; into that little dingle of the mountains and goatherd village you've heard me tell of so often, which I was obliged to take, because a party of the French who occupied a convent on the height above, drew supplies thence of milk, and cheese, and various rural productions. Now, the Welsh farmer's wife and her kindness

brought back that poor unfortunate Spanish woman and child, whose fate was the immediate cause of my throwing up my commission.

Doctor. I would gladly hear that story; in short, a flying sketch, not to damp your spirits.

Major. In short, then, sir, I was lost among the extensive sheep-walks on the Portuguese frontier. I was received most brother-like by the simple people of a hamlet among cork-trees, shepherds, and goat-herds, and artless as their sheep. They laughed at my bad Spanish, fed me with their best fare, lodged me on their best flock-bed. The wife was as pleased and proud at my taking her sweet little white-headed boy on my knee, as if I had been a brother goatherd, or she my sister English woman. We parted next morning, and the husband led me by a defile to our position at the back of the mountain, without which aid I should probably have wandered within the French line. Not three days after I had to take this hermit village, in no enmity to our dear ally the Spaniard; of course, none in the world; but to annoy their enemy. So the French possessed it, and we, by turns, and between us it was fired: I blush to say, that last act was ours, before we evacuated it, the French proving too strong for us, as possessing the convent-hill's side to fire down on us.

Quaker. And the poor Goatherd's family?

Major. Of the man I never heard; the woman, in trying to save a few goods, received a shot; *my* little boy dropped from her hand that could no longer hold his, and perished in the flames; I saw her bleeding, dying, and still calling for him—and this was glory! this was a just and necessary war!—I never felt utterly ashamed of myself, my heart never rose in downright wrath and rebellion against me, but once; that was when I received the thanks of our commander for that *gallant action*! (for we took the convent ultimately.) “Oh, murderous slave! a hollow horrid voice seemed saying within me, while my comrades all around were envying me! Thanks be to God, here I am; yet I wish this valley had not resembled the vale of the cork-trees.

Doctor. (After a long general silence.) Those are “recollections of the Peninsula,” with a vengeance! War, horrid war! What a noble proselyte to the truly noble tenet of your sect—refusal to shed blood, is our Major, a natural quaker. When I mix in the “madding crowd” of *our* cities, infected with the political rabies of the continent; when I see the peril of civil war incurred and welcomed as a brave delight by Englishmen, for matters of opinion more than fact, for shadows and self-delusions raised by the heats of political controversy, I am astonished and ask myself, is this England? When I come back to peace and the mountains of Wales, and feel that these harmless people, their children,

their homes, their very lives, are all that very time placed in jeopardy, for objects they neither understand nor desire, by men far more cool-minded, judicious, and humbly wise, than themselves;—anarchy gathering its materials of destruction, while they walk unconscious the mountain-side after their flocks, ready to burst like the *Daeir* Dor of their land, whose waters silently collecting, at last burst open the mountain, like a volcano, and hurl shepherd and sheep, and home, and fields, and all in its reach, a rolling ruin, to the valley below, while not a soul knew of the watery ambushade, but walked the surface in peace and sunshine.—Sir, I say, when I observe the doings of demagogues, and the horrid dangers they play with, as an idiot with a sleeping wild beast; and the sweetness of this our island, whose entrails that inbred wolf—intestine war, will tear if such idiots succeed in waking him from his two hundred years' sleep; I feel for my country, my children, not myself, more than I can express; something of what you felt and feel under that martial murder, the blood of which, though on your hand, I venture to say is not upon your *soul*, or, if ever it was, has been long since erased by the noble compunction which brought you to these “green,” from those “tented” fields.

Quaker. Let us hope, that Cambro-Britons will set an example to their neighbours, as they have hitherto done, of “peace and good-will towards men;” and not only in their churches and meetings, but in their sweet hayfields and thymy mountain sides, remember what they pray for there, “peace in our time.”

Major. Enough, doctor, your tea stands—don't get up, I can reach you the bread and butter, and cup too. “*Accipe—ede! non enim tibi gladium præbeo sed panem. Accipe rursum et bibe; non enim tibi scutum sed poculum trado.*” “Othello's occupation gone,” thank God! “no more of swords or shields!”

Doctor. What gentle spirit of the air hovering round us invisible whispered in your mind's ear that most happy quotation? You remember, of course, its occasion: of all I ever read in antiquity, that seems to me the most painfully pathetic passage; and it takes all its pathos from the very topic we have wandered into—civil war. Those who read the history of Wales during the last civil war, must recollect its sufferings, as well as in those of York and Lancaster. Roman or Welsh, ancient or modern, this plague wears the same face of horror. In the civil war between Vespasian and Vitellius, the women conveyed provisions into the camp of the latter. The soldiers so relieved, pitying their countrymen *whom they were to fight on the next day*, stole by night to the quarters of Vespasian's army, and in presenting this unlooked-for blessing, used the words just adapted by the Major; for those so relieved could not help suspecting treachery, and

their benefactors allayed their suspicion by that most melancholy address. Let us have it in our own mother tongue; it has been engraven on my heart from a boy. "Accipe mi com-milito, accipe—ede, &c." "Take it, take it, fellow soldier, eat! It is not now a sword I extend to you, but bread! Take this, again; it is not my shield I hold toward you, but the cup,—drink! For, whether it be my fate to kill you (to-morrow), or yours to destroy me, we shall at least die the more easily, for you will not torture me by a feeble stroke, and thus make me long in dying, nor shall I you. These are the only exequies these poor bodies of our's will ever know; let us thus perform them while we *live*, my brother!"

Quaker. Shocking! mournful and piteous to the last degree!

Doctor. Yet we know, that this is not only true, but, in its spirit, at least must have been *acted* and *felt* a thousand times in *every* civil war; aye, probably, even in the "glorious three days" of 1830, and in the pseudo-glorious of 1832, in France. "He who can read this with dry eyes—he who can think of it without execrating the authors of civil dissensions, cannot bear the heart of a man in his bosom. In what a detestable light do those wretches appear, whose influence could lead these brave and merciful men to become the butchers of each other."

Surely some course of peculiar bitterness is reserved for those diabolical spirits, who for private gratifications break the bonds of society! (How many in the world's history have ever broken them for *public* ends!) Is there no place of punishment for those demoniacs? I could as soon believe there is no heaven for the virtuous."

Quaker and Major. Amen.

Doctor. I am pleased to have your joint assent to this sentiment, though it is only mine by adoption; this last reflection on that little tragedy of history being not mine, but St. Evremond's, the celebrated French exile and writer of Charles the Second's age. There is a truly *old English* heartiness of indignant feeling about it worthy of the occasion.

Quaker. Talking of the Romans, and seeing the *gust* with which we have all feasted on mountain air and morning dew, duly amalgamated with solider matter, I'm thinking what block-heads were ancient epicures never to use that exquisite sauce. We don't hear of their studying the relish, but only the supply. They studied the art of luxury at vast expense, but never the art of appetite, which costs nothing.

Doctor. Do you think if Apicius had ever conceived the "measureless content" in which my maw is at last shut up upon six rounds of that once-thumping brown loaf with rye in it,

that the fellow would ever have sought that content all over the world as he did? have fitted out a vessel and sailed off from Minturnæ, in Campania, all the way to the coast of Africa, only to taste a larger kind of oyster than was to be procured in Italy? Not he.

Quaker. There was a sort of sublime of tragic gluttony in the last act of his epic oyster hunt. Finding he had been misinformed, his wrath and melancholy so prevailed that he set sail back again instantly, would not even touch land, but turned from the hopeless shore in heartbroken silence.

Doctor. Yes, that was great indeed; something akin, but more expressive, to the stern mournful silence of Dido in the shadow of the forest of hell, turning away from Æneas. Unhappy Apicius! Hope-killing oysters! But the best of the story is, his poisoning himself at last through poverty. The wretched man had but £40,000 of our money left in the world: he must have starved if he had not killed himself, so he resolved (constant to the death) to save his darling stomach from the pains and penalties of poverty. He had spent, you know, upon it, and those of his friends, the trifling sum of £807,291 13s. 4d. Now, considering the perpetual satiety of a maw so pampered, is it not pretty probable that the whole sum of his felicity derived from the table never amounted to that which we have received, (for myself, I must say it is a receipt in full,) from the plain diet, strewn on this green sod? For which "the Lord make us truly thankful."

Stage Third.

PROMONTORY OF PENRHYN, MERIONETHSHIRE.

The above (which we have presumed to baptize a promontory, as another long projection of land in Caernarvonshire is so called, that of Llyn, though many miles in extent,) is that narrow extension of the county which runs out between the Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, the two estuaries of the two rivers Glaslyn and Dwyrio. It goes narrowing from the village of Maentwrog and its bridge, till it terminates in the sea by a rocky point, including, in its course of a few miles, much variety of landscape.

The Major—The Quaker—The Doctor.

SUNDAY—Sunset.

Doctor Jaques. My life to a cock sparrow's that a man who travelled by a guide-book or tourist's direction, never yet found this little Thessaly in Wales, this temple of the two Traeths,

that we are now looking down upon. Call Snowden yonder Olympus, and that opposite range of mountains on the Merionethshire side Ossa; and take which river you please for a Peneus, and the length answers well, about the same as that of the Grecian *cern*, five miles. But look at my Welsh classic vale's advantage,—a perpetually peeping sea. I don't believe the "blue *Ægean*" beats the Bay of Cardigan. Yet your picturesque travellers come not hither, but file off at Maentwrog, right or left, for Festiniog or Beddgelert, and leave—God be thanked! the two Traeths, and poor Penrhyn, with all its hermit farms, rich grassy dells, and rocks and woods, to me and the sea gulls, flitting white across under the blue vault, from one branch of the sea to the other; for ever may fashion so shun thee mine own *Penrhyn*, and leave thee sleeping between those arms, as a happy child folded in an empress mother's, quite unconscious of all the pomp of protection around it, while her voice, lowering the tone of royal dignity to that of a mother's lullaby, sings it to sleep as sweetly as if it never spoke destiny to a realm! Who could think that lulling moan we hear is the roar of the great deep? but it is.

Major. Let us mount this eminence, we are already pretty high; we shall then see into both Traeths. Faith, warm work! The sun's hot still, though he's on the edge of the sea almost.

Doctor. Do you see both? I must rest.

Major. I see a little picture, and a vast picture,—either worth climbing the Andes for. Here's a very steep wood, and through its fine gloom I look down on two or three old stone cottage farms, almost a wild looking village; their roofs green as sod; and a little blue cloud, formed by the stagnant smoke of their supper fires, hangs "round as a shield" above them, in the midst of the wide golden mellow bask of the declined sun, that hangs full over against the estuary mouth, and lights up all the little fields about; even the black peat-stack looks cheerful in it. All's rest to-day, like the calm in the sky and the sea, being Sunday.

Quaker. It is quite telescopic, this perspective of the fir-tree trunks and their black breadth of shade above; it heightens the effect of all the brilliant yet dying glory of landscape we spy through it, so deep down. They milk late to-night—I hear a girl calling the cows; (what fine cows we see here! its a pleasant sight,) calling and quavering away between whiles, like a Catalani. I think she's in that very green little meadow that shines here and there with running springs, and with many ivied rocks standing detached, all about.

Major. There is a female in that field, calling cows; but do you know the singing voice you heard is an old man's, a very old

man's, by its quaver. Now I see him clearly, his head is as white as snow, and he's thrusting it under a spout of water at the rock, washing himself. Ha, ha, ha!

Doctor. There's something to me wonderfully pleasing in the spectacle of a man thus white headed, yet light hearted, (in cities you rarely see it,) thus placid, healthy of mind, healthy of heart, a happy child in all but grey hairs; after buffetting with so many foes, so many plagues, so many cross chances as a long life must have brought down to beat upon one and weigh upon the other, like unlooked-for whirlpools and horrid shadowing ice-islands, besetting a benighted ship on a Polar voyage of discovery, that one may reasonably give up for lost.

Quaker. Is that thy real idea of our voyage of life, friend Jaques?

Doctor. Why no, not exactly; really of *every body's* voyage. But I was going to say, that to see the human voyager at last, whom one might have given up for cast away at least, *secundum rerum naturam*, bring his good ship into port thus merrily, is like the surprise with which those ashore see the ship of my simile coming home with colours flying, sails and decks white as they went forth, all hands a-board alive still, and giving three lusty cheers for wives and sweethearts. I think this old fellow's carol is as gladsome.

Quaker. Ah, doctor, but the old man's port is the grave. Where's the wife and sweetheart there? Thy parallel is incongruous.

Doctor. Well, "the worm" is the sister; he returns *home*, you'll allow.

Quaker. And, farther, dost thou mean, friend doctor, that he was born with a white head? Broken parallel again.

Doctor. Friend, thou art critical. By white sails and decks I did not typify white hairs,—but *metaphorice* white mind! white bosom! purity of hand and heart, and all our inner tackle.

Major. Your nautical flights of fancy are in place here. This is a sort of amphibious district, at once rural and marine, a peculiarity of touching interest to the picturesque traveller. We have met already several young men, evidently seafaring. Two or three of the old farmers we saw resting themselves in reverence to the day, leaning over their half doors, or sitting on their benches before it, formed of the native rock, bore the stamp of their rough foster-mother, the great water graved on their faces as deep as letters on an old grave-stone, looking as bluff, too, aye, as the fat cherub head a-top of one, mossed with age. Many a wife lives lonely in these pretty white homes, and rolls her eye, often wistfully, toward the great mouths of the Traeths and sea

beyond, her husband's wild night's lodging out there. Widows are here, too, (made such by the element that only makes music on these pastoral shores, running in to play awhile with the fresh water, laving old tree roots and dipping oaks with brine,) who, milking their few ewes and one cow, and helped by kind neighbours, seem *true inland folk*, as if they never saw a sea in their lives.

Doctor. A sea-port is a horrible place. One on an iron-bound coast and of great traffic, is a perfect shamble to the mighty monster who for ever lies lashing himself into fury at its mouth, and drawing thence his victims to devour, like the cannibal Cyclops of Homer, amongst the cries of new made widows and orphans. There is a tragic romantic interest about such places, too, from that circumstance.

Here we have the same melancholy moral interest modified, and without bleak sea-beach hovels, sand buried homes, drunken tars, and tars' trulls, stinking dock-yards, and fishy streets. Here

" All is peaceful, all is still,
As if these waves, since Time was born,
Had only heard the shepherd's horn."

I must take a verbal liberty with Walter Scott, the *poet*, here.

Quaker. Every turn of our little craggy road here, presents really a new landscape. Just now a little rise brought under our view the Traeth Mawr, narrowing into a river far up into the wonderful rock chasm that forms the ravine of Pont Aberglaslyn. On one hand all sea, on the other all Snowdon, another sea of mountains, wild and various of forms as the floor of ocean. A glorious tint of crimson streams melting all round their misty chaos, embracing the sea horizon; also like a scarf floating round the arm of one of Milton's fighting fallen angels, (supposing the place afforded fallen lady angels, also to send them forth as befitted the chivalry of hell.) There are always dun red streaks on the forehead of Snowdon, a ferruginous umber here, and a grim blackness about the host of him and all his sons, that really brings to my fancy the brow of the poet's hero, that " deep scars of thunder had entrenched." And now I look upon Traeth Bach, a totally new prospect, other sands, other mountains, pastures, all slumbering in thin long shadows, and black on its bluff rock, once a sea headland; Harlech Castle, and antique grass-grown Harlech town, where we sleep to-night.

MARWOLAETH PICTON.

—
 PICTON, ceir cwynion, cur cant,
Lladdwyd yn mreichiau llwyddiant.

W. DAVIES.

—

Varchogion! ymlaen! mae y gelyn gerllaw,
 Varchogion! ymlaen! mae yn ymyl ymosawd;
 Nac ovnwch ei ddychryn,—ni wyddoch ddim braw,—
 Ymlaen, vy Marchogion! yn ol yr hen ddevawd.

Ni welodd y gelyn mo PICTON* erioed
 Yn arwain ei lu yn ei erbyn, heb orvod;
 Ymlaen, vy Marchogion! ymlaen, yn ddioed;
 Carlamwch, Arvogion! mae'r gelyn yn dyvod.

Yn fromwyllt y taniant,—ymruthrant yn chwyrn;
 Ond ni a'u derbyniwn, Vy anwyl Vrythoniaid!
 Nyni a'u derbyniwn,—dangoswn ein cyrn,
 Ni a'u rhwygwn yn llwyr,—nes lladdwn y lleiddiaid.

Hogasant en llavnau i vrathu vy mron,
 Er hyny, ymlaen! ac os cwympe eich PICTON,
 Ve gwypm dros ei wlad. O! ymlaen, y waith hon;
 Mae BUDDUG o'n plaid,—nid o blaid y gelynion.

Ar hyn,—ar y gair—bu ymosawd a thrin,
 Ovnadwy ymosawd! Och, gri lladdedigion!
 Gweryriad y meirch! swm yr eirv, a than blin;
 Ac Angeu yn rheoli y marwawl ergydion!

Tan PICTON y syrthiai ei varch ar ol march,
 A Buddug a wylai dros dynged y gwron;
 Ac Angeu a vloeddiai,—“Darparwch ei arch,
 A! heddyw rhaid marw y dewraf a ddynion.”

Ow! picell ar bicell a chledd ar ol cledd
 A yvent ei waedlin heb unrhyw dosturi;
 Mewn llid ysglyvaethent ei gnawd yr un wedd.
 Ac yna crechwenent ar ol eu digoni.

TEGID.

Rhydychain.

* Picton had a presentiment, which he expressed before he left Caermarthen, that he should die at Waterloo.

ESSAY ON THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF WALES.

RICH in legendary lore as is the literature of Wales, and abundant as have been her oral traditions, yet the extreme rarity of the requisite elementary materials for such disquisitions, renders it at this day no very easy task properly to discuss either of these two interesting subjects.

The legends of every country are necessarily of a date long anterior to the invention of the art of printing, and those of ancient Britain never having been subsequently embalmed for posterity by the instrumentality of the press, except some few scattered portions in the Welsh Archæology, have remained almost wholly in manuscript. These manuscripts have unavoidably been exposed to various accidents: great numbers have already been destroyed, and are now lost to us for ever; others are daily perishing; and the few that remain are so dispersed as to become of very difficult access.

The Welsh traditions have fared still worse; for these, resting on oral communication alone, have depended entirely for their preservation and transmission from generation to generation on the evanescent continuance of a language which has long been in a state of decadency, is declining faster and faster every day, and would ere now have been extinct, but for its retention in the performance of divine worship in the churches of the Principality, and for the encouragement held out for its study by patriotic public institutions.

Before it be yet too late, it were devoutly to be wished that these dispersed manuscripts, the precious relics of the literature of our ancestors—these *disjecti membra poetæ*, should be carefully collected together, or transcribed at the national expense, and deposited in the national library. I say, at the national expense, for it is evident that whatever shall tend to elucidate the manners and institutions of the aboriginal inhabitants of this island, whatever shall contribute to throw any light on the first formation and gradual developments of the mother tongue of Great Britain, must necessarily furnish matter of most intense interest, not only to the natives of the twelve counties of Wales, but to the whole British empire.

The utility of legendary studies, in a literary point of view, and the practical advantages to be derived from them, have been fully demonstrated on the continent, both in Italy and in France. In consequence of researches in this neglected branch of letters, the Italian *litterati* have very recently discovered that *Dante* is indebted to an ancient legend for the sublime idea of the twelve intro-revolving circles of ever-during torments, which he has in-

roduced, with such terrific effect, into the *inferno* of his *Divina Comædia*. And the French, as we are informed by M. le Professeur Villemain, in his Lectures on the Literary History of Europe, during the middle ages, have extracted something more important than mere literary illustration from the legends, both in prose and verse, of the Northern *Trouveres*, and the Provençal *Troubadours*. From the latter more particularly, whose language, the *Roman Rustique*, is now become altogether a dead language, but which so nearly resembles the Welsh in its grammatical construction, in its orientalisms, and in the close conformity of the rhyme, and metrical cadences of its poetry, it has been established that France possessed her constitutional monarchy, and her free institutions, long before her subjection to the Capetian race of kings.

I am here, of course, and throughout the whole of this essay, considering the term "*Legend*" in its more general and original sense *Legenda*, as signifying every ancient work which has been written with the intention of its being *legend*, that is, read by the public and by posterity, and not in the more limited signification of the word, which would confine me to such productions only as the *Legende Dorée*, the *Buchedd Sant Edmund*, and other lives of the saints, although these also, even in their detail of superstitious miracles, are replete with much matter of curious information, concealed under the dross of the monastic prejudices and ignorance of the times in which they were written.

Of the Welsh legends, those which relate to the giants, whether they fall under the proper domain of history or of fable, necessarily claim our first attention, for they are said to have been our primæval ancestors. The tales of the Welsh giants naturally associate themselves with our reminiscences of the nursery; and who is there that is not familiar with the eventful history of Jack, the giant-killer. "Babies," says Dr. Johnson, "do not want to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat to stimulate and stretch their little minds." The literature of Wales may boast a more complete collection of tales of this description than that of any other country, and at this moment the public is on the very tiptoe of expectation for the promised appearance of an edition of the *Mabinogion* or *Babinogion*, under the auspices of the first Celtic scholar of the age.* Although this celebrated work has been truly termed at present "a sealed book," yet when once opened to the world, it will no doubt produce the embryo germs of a hundred Welsh historical romances, which at no distant day may enter into an honorable rivalry with the admired productions of the great romancer of the north.

* Dr. Owen Pughe.

There is no age or country which has not preserved some traditionary account, or some fabulous legend of the former existence of a gigantic race of men, far superior in size and stature to the dimensions of the human form at present. In most other countries, indeed, this account appears to rest principally on tradition and conjecture. But Wales has preserved her *Historia Gigantum*, her *Chorea Gigantum*, and her *Brut y Tywysogion*, in which works, the real existence of these colossal heroes is seriously asserted, if not historically proved. Our traditions also serve to corroborate this testimony, and the name of one of the highest mountains in North Wales, *Cader Idris*, serves to perpetuate the memory of the giant Idris, who, we are told, was a great astronomer and astrologer, one of the three *Seronyddion*, the Sarronides of the ancients.

The names of these three happy astrologers of the island of Britain, as they were styled, were

IDRIS GAWR, or the Giant Idris,
GWYDDION, or the Diviner by Trees,
GWYN, the Son of Nud, the Generous.

So great was their knowledge of the stars, that they could foretell whatever might be desired to be known until the day of doom.

Their astronomical title of *Seronyddion* is derived from *Seren*, the Welsh for *Star*, and *Honydd* (*Honyddion* in the plural), one who discriminates or points out. Nor, in an etymological point of view, should it be forgotten, that this *Seren*, this Cambrian star, has illumined the English language with the words *Serene*, *Serenade*, &c., though the Saxon lexicographers have not thought fit to acknowledge this obligation, but ascribe their origin erroneously to the French and Latin tongues.

Among the traditions which still remain of the giant *Idris*, I should not omit to mention, that by the side of a lake at the foot of the mountain of this name there are three gigantic stones, called *Tri Greienyn*, which the common people in the neighbourhood describe as three *grains* of sand, which the giant shook out of his shoe before he ascended the *Cader*, or chair of his mountain observatory. It is from *Greienyn*, that the English word *grain* is obviously derived.

In South Wales there prevails a somewhat similar tradition of a giantess, who in very ancient times is said to have resided in the Hay Castle, and who, one winter morning, in stepping across the river Wye, to ascend the Radnorshire hills, dropped a small pebble out of her "*Llopan O Gordwal*," her morocco shoe, which pebble is to this day to be seen standing erect in Llowes Church-yard, a stone six feet high!

So extravagant, indeed, have been the accounts furnished us

of giants of incredible bulk and strength, that the very existence of such a race of people has been much questioned. It has been asserted that the stature of man has been ever the same in all ages, and some Scotch mathematicians have even pretended to *demonstrate* the mathematical impossibility of giants; but, in the scripture, we are told of *giants*, who were produced by the marriages of the *sons of God* with the *daughters of men*. This passage, indeed, has been differently interpreted, so as to render it doubtful whether the word translated *giants*, does there imply any extraordinary stature. On this point I should observe that the Welsh word for a giant, "*cawr*," very nearly resembles the Hebrew "*ceuer*," which has the same signification; and that *cawr*, and its plural *cowras*, give us the probable etymology of the three English words, to *cower*, to *cow*, and *coward*; for the ordinary race of men must necessarily have been *cowed*, have *cowered*, and become *cowards*, before these monstrous giants, who were of such vastly superior size and force. Hence also, the Welsh word, *cwrian*, *decidere in talos*, to fall down back upon one's knees,—a position naturally induced by the intimidation of a giant. But whatever interpretation may be given to this passage in the Bible, there are other parts of scripture, however, which designate giants with their dimensions in so specific a manner, that we cannot possibly doubt, as in the instance of Og, king of Basan, and of Goliath, and his brethren.

Monsieur Le Cat, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen in France, has given a very full account of most of the giants mentioned by authors, both in ancient and modern times; among these, however, he takes no notice of our Welsh giants, though he, of course, has not forgotten to enumerate the two giants slain by the nephew of Charlemagne, of whom mention is also made in the Welsh history of that prince, in the passage beginning with,

“ *Ac a phedawr rhesawg y rhwymid Oliver,*” &c.

And with four ropes they bound Oliver, &c.

The origin of the giants of Wales may be traced back even to an antediluvian source. In the 10th chapter of Genesis, among the sons of Japheth are mentioned *Gomer* and *Magog*, and in the fifth verse we are told, that

“ By these were *the Isles of the Gentiles* divided in their lands,” &c.

The descendants of *Gomer* were the *Gomerii*, and afterwards the letter *g* being changed into *c*, of which there are a number of similar instances in the Celtic dialects, they were called *Cymmerii*, and at last, as are the modern Welsh at this day, *Cymry*.

Gogledd also, which in the ancient British signifies the north, has a direct reference to the land of *Gog*.

The names of the three Titanian giants, *Cottus*, *Briareus*, and *Gyges*, are evidently of Celtic origin. *Cottus*, from *coed* or *coet*, the Welsh for a wood or mountain forest; and the ancients describe a race of shepherds, in primitive Europe, as *giants*, who dwelt in the forests or mountains. From *Cottus* came the *Cotti*, *Yscotti*, *Scoti*, or *Scotch*, though our great English lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, would not probably have admitted this derivation of Scotland from *coed* or *coet*, a wood, after having told us, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, that he could discover no trees in that country.

Briareus comes from *Breyr*, (in the plural *Breyrau*,) the Welsh for a baron, nobleman, or occupier of a fortified castle.

Gyges from *Ogygia*, the name by which Plutarch distinguishes Ireland, and which was probably the Ogygia of Homer, as he describes this country as situated, in a remote part of the world, upon seas unknown.

It has been well observed by the learned author of the *Celtic Researches*, that in a rude state of society, which regarded the prevalence of brute force as the supreme law, a superior degree of bodily strength would necessarily create a distinction of rank, and must, therefore, have been a desirable object. He that was possessed of this qualification, would of course be constituted the leader of a band, and thus acquire the exercise of supreme dominion. The surest means of perpetuating such a distinction amongst his children, must have been to select for his consort the stoutest and most robust of the females. Such a choice, frequently repeated, could not fail of producing in the human race the same effect which experience ascertains in the brute creation—the enlargement and improvement of the species. What we read of the ancient Germans, and, indeed, of their modern descendants under Frederick the Great, sufficiently proves the practicability of aggrandizing the human form beyond its ordinary dimensions. Thus the existence and continuance of a race of men superior to the common standard in size and stature may be very easily accounted for, but we have no documents which inform us when these Welsh Titanians ceased to procreate procerity.

Mr. Bulwer's last novel of Eugene Aram has recalled to the memory of the public, the history of this extraordinary man, who was executed for a murder committed more than fourteen years before his conviction. It is not, perhaps, very generally known, that he spent the greater portion of this long interval of time, in collecting and arranging the materials of a Celtic Lexicon, and also, a very elaborate dissertation on the legends and traditions of all the different branches of the great Celtic family; comprising, the Welsh, Scotch, Armoric, and Waldensic. In the latter work,

he has deduced the origin of the whole heathen mythology from the institutions of our Celtic ancestors. To a pamphlet published soon after his execution, but now become extremely scarce, giving an account of his remarkable trial, and the whole of his learned and most ingenious defence, there are appended some copious extracts from these collections. If the original manuscripts have been preserved, they would prove an invaluable acquisition to any future compiler of similar works.

But the legends of Wales have not furnished materials to profane authors alone, for they have also been descanted upon by some of the ancient fathers of the church. St. Augustine in particular, in his "*De Civitate Dei*," alludes more than once to the then existing traditions of the Celtic giants; and in one of his sermons, the thirty-seventh of his discourses to his brethren in the desert, he further expressly mentions his having seen and conversed with men, "*unum oculum tantum in fronte habentes*," having only one eye in their foreheads. One certainly feels much more readily disposed to give credence to the existence of the Welsh giants, than to the reality of these monocular monsters!

I have dwelt longer on the subject of Welsh giants, than perhaps the limits of this essay would properly admit; because all the legends and traditions which relate to them are certainly founded on historic facts.

The Welsh legends may be divided into two classes,—namely, into those which are exclusively peculiar to Wales, and those which are common to her, together with other countries.

Of the former number, after the giants, the *Uchain Banog*, or *Ychain Banog*, will claim our first attention.

The *Uchain Banog*, the large horned oxen, were some kind of animals formerly in Wales distinguished by their branching horns; probably either the Moose, the Elk, or the Bison. There is scarcely a lake in the Principality, but it is asserted by the neighbourhood to be the one out of which the *Ychain Banog* drew the *Afanc*, another terrible animal, supposed to be the beaver.

In the Triads of Caradawc, one of the three chief master-works of the island of Britain, is described to be "the drawing of the *Afanc* to land out of the lake by the branching-horned oxen of *Hu Gadarn*, so that the lake burnt no more.

Under the name of *Hu Gadarn*, we are told the Supreme Being is figured.

Originally *Banog*, probably, signified the lofty or mighty giant, from *Ban*, and *Og Ban* being high, lofty, or remarkable, and is frequently used to designate high mountains, as *Banan-Brycheinog*, or the Brecknock Van, *Benllomond*, and the high

lands of *Tal-y-fan*, in the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen.

The former existence of a race of animals of this description seems to be established by the monstrous fossile bones which have at different times been discovered in the earth in different parts of the island, and more particularly about three years ago in *Gwent*, at St. Arvan's, near Chepstow. These *exuviae*, were formerly supposed to be antediluvian remains of the world before the flood; but our modern geologists assert them to be of a date long posterior to the deluge. In further corroboration of the existence of a larger species of oxen than those now known, I should not omit to mention, that the Welsh had four different sorts of yokes for oxen, the names of which have still remained to us; namely, the *Byr-iau*, the *Mai-iau*, the *Ceseliau*, and the *Hiriaiu*, the *jugum longum*, or *long yoke for cattle of extraordinary size*. They are all mentioned in the laws of *Howell Dda*, and the learned Wotton has commented on them at considerable length.

There are not wanting several writers, however, who affect to disbelieve the reality of this gigantic breed of cattle. Both *Phor-nutus*, in his "*De fabularum poeticarum allegoriis speculatio*," an inquiry into the allegories of the fables of the poets; and *Palæ-phatus*, in his *Απιστα, sive de incredibilibus*, on incredible things; declare themselves decidedly against their existence.

"*Amen yr Uchain Banog;*"

says *Dafydd ap Edmund*, who wrote in the year 1450.

The *Afanc*, if it be really the beaver, is an animal somewhat better known. Besides the frequent mention of this amphibious creature, as connected with the *Banog*, by many of the elder Welsh bards, *Giraldus Cambriensis* informs us, that in his time, that is in the year 1188, this animal was found in the river *Teivi* in Cardiganshire. *Mr. Thomas Lewis*, also, in his Welsh-English Dictionary, published in 1815, further assures us, that the beaver had been seen within the memory of man, at *Nant Francon*, in *Caernarvonshire*. It is now entirely extinct, and we are supplied with its valuable furs from Canada and Hudson's Bay.

Why this harmless animal should ever have been described as an object of terror in our Welsh legends, it is difficult to conceive; unless, indeed, we are to suppose, that its amphibious habits, its extraordinary sagacity, and the strong resemblance of its cry to the voice of an infant, might have inspired our credulous and superstitious ancestors with a sort of mysterious dread; to which its dusky colour may also, perhaps, have not a little contributed.

In Captain Franklin's Travels in North America, lately pub-

lished, he tells us, that an English gentleman went out in that country to shoot beavers, but on approaching a troop of them, who were frisking and frolicking about for their amusement, he was so much struck with the close resemblance of their sportive plays and innocent cries to the infantine voices and gambols of his own little children, that he stopped short, and could not find in his heart to level his gun at them : the feelings of this humane sportsman are, indeed, to be envied !

From the *Afanc*, I shall only extract his *fang*, for the purposes of etymology; though Johnson, as usual, assigns this word a Saxon origin.

Of other races of animals mentioned in our Welsh legends, and proved by other circumstances to have once existed in their wild state of nature in Wales, we have yet to mention the bear, the wolf, the wild pig, and the deer.

The earliest mention made of the *bear* is in the legend of "*Gwrnerth Ergydlym*," printed in the Welsh Archæology, vol. ii. p. 68; we are there told that "*Gwrnerth Ergydlym a lladdes yr arth mwyaf erioed a saeth wellten*," that is, "the keen-darting man of strength, (perhaps the Cambrian title for Apollo,) slew the largest bear that was ever seen, with an arrow of straw."

What may be the meaning of this enigmatic "*arrow of straw*," it is now very difficult to form any conjecture; but it appears from several passages in *Taliesin*, that the Druids made use of *straw-reeds*, and the *spicula*, or points of certain trees, in all their sacred rites. The great bard particularly tells us,

"Bûm ynghaer Felenydd,
Yt gryssynt Wellt a Gwydd."
W. Arch. vol. i. p. 29.

"I have been in the city of Felenydd, or *Belenydd*, whither the straws and sprigs were hastening."

The delivery of straw from one person to another was the solemn form of contracting an engagement among the Celts : and the author of the Celtic Researches very properly observes, that it is probably in allusion to this mode of contract that the Latins used the word *stipulor*, in their language, to signify, to agree, to contract, to *stipulate*, from *stipula*, a straw. So, also, in the same manner, they formed *fædus*, *fæderis*, a treaty, or compact, from the Irish-Celtic, *foder*, straw, (whence the English *fodder*;) and the Welsh-Celtic, *fydd*, faith; the latter word being derived from *fwyd*, or *bwyd*, (i. e.) *food*, the wheat straw, or stalks furnishing mankind with the principal article of their subsistence—the staff of life.

As the delivery or exchange of a wheat-straw constituted the

formality of entering into a civil contract, as a pledge of faith for its performance, so the breaking of a straw denoted its dissolution. Accordingly, in another old bard, cited in Mr. Edward Davies's book, page 178, we find this expression :

“ Oni 'mddyddan ychwaneg,
Tor y gwelltyn ain dyn teg.”

“ If she converses no more, *break the straw* with my fair one;” that is, break off your connexion with her.

From these and a great number of other authorities of the same kind which might be cited, we learn that wheat-straw was not only the symbol of Druidical science, but the type of all civil contracts; so that, it might not inaptly constitute an emblem of general civilization. In this sense we may interpret the legend of the slaying of the great bear, by *Gwernerth Ergydlym*, with a straw arrow, into an allegory, signifying the destruction of barbarism and brutality, depicted under the great northern bear, by the introduction of science and civilization under Apollo, the god of music, of physic, of poetry, and divination.

If my interpretation of this legend be correct, the passage cited would not go the length of proving the real existence of the bear in Wales, in former times, since he is here only alluded to allegorically. But there are other traditions, both oral and written, which establish this fact beyond a doubt. Of these, I will only cite one, which will be sufficient for my purpose. In a very curious little tract, in the Welsh language, on hunting and field-sports, preserved to us, by Dr. John Davies, to whom we are under so many obligations, it appears that the *bear*, as well as the wild boar, were formerly hunted in the chace, and considered as excellent eating.

“ Pennaf cig hely yw Carw, ac ysgyfarnog, a Baedd Gwyllt, ac Arth.”

“ The best hunted meat is the stag, and the hare, and the wild-boar, and the bear.”

And then this writer on venery proceeds to give some very particular instructions as to the most approved mode of hunting these animals.

I cannot quit this legendary tale of the bear slain by an arrow of straw, without noticing the etymological deductions with which the original Welsh words of this story furnish us.

From *waddes*, slew, and from *wadd*, to slay, the Romans, by prefixing the letter *g*, and giving the word a Latin termination, have formed their “*gladium*,” a sword or instrument of *slaughter*; of which latter Saxon term for destruction, it is, also, evidently the etymon, with the addition only of the usual Welsh prefix *ys*, as, *ys lladd*, ‘*sludd*, (pronounced *slath*,) slay, slaughter.

From *Gwydd*, or *wydd*, wild trees, we have formed the English word *weed*. From *gwyllt*, or *wyllt*, as in *baedd gwyllt*, we trace the origin of *wild*, and the modern descendant of the wild boar; the pig is so called, from this word's signifying in Welsh, a prickle, or bristle, than which nothing can be more strikingly descriptive of the bristly beast.

These philological digressions will not, I hope, be deemed wholly foreign to the subject, since they serve to prove, how essentially necessary is the study of the Welsh language, in order to attain a proper knowledge of modern English.

The next wild beast I have to mention, as one of those whose race is now extinct among us, the wolf, is frequently mentioned in the Welsh legends; and this is so far material, as the absolute silence of Ossian respecting this animal, throughout the whole of the poems attributed to him, has been urged as a decisive proof of their not being genuine; since, if they were of the age they import to be, they would necessarily have contained some allusions to the ravages of so destructive a creature. Our very proverbs in Wales, which, indeed, are so many condensed legends and traditions, often allude to this animal. To this day, we frequently hear this adage;

‘*Diwttaf i fleidden ei gennad ei hunnan.*’

“His own messenger is most diligent to the little wolf.”

The Welsh names for this rapacious animal are highly expressive, and even poetical, as *Cidwm*, the dog of doom, and *Blaid*, the son of slaughter, from *ab Lleiddiad*, the son of a slayer.

I know of no legend or traditionary story which will enable us to ascertain the precise period when that beautiful creature, the wild deer, ceased to roam at large on the Welsh mountains. We learn from Camden, however, that they formerly abounded in the neighbourhood of Llanthoney Abbey, on the Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Breconshire hills, where they added much to the beauty of the surrounding scenery. In ancient times there were three species of wild deer in Wales, the *Carw*, or stag; the *Iwrch*, or roe buck; and the *Ewig Llwyd*, or brown deer, or fallow deer.

The *Carw*,* or stag, probably so called from *Cawr*, a giant, on account of the stately form and gigantic antlers of this noble animal, is now extinct, though they must formerly have existed in great numbers, from the traditionary proverb respecting its flesh:

“*Elusen tam o garw.*”

“Even a morsel out of a stag is alms.”

The *Iwrch*, or roe buck, also, has long ceased to be seen

* Observe the resemblance between this word and the Latin “*Cervus*.”—Eds.

among us, but not without leaving behind him many legendary memorials of his former existence, in the great number of names of places called after him, as *Bryn yr Iwrch*, *Ffynnon yr Iwrch*, *Llwyn Iwrch*, &c.

The *Ewig Llwyd*, or brown deer, though not entirely extirpated from the country, have long ceased to exist in their wild state of nature, and are now only to be found in a great degree domesticated in the parks and paddocks of noblemen and gentlemen.

The following traditionary lines in English doggerel verse, apparently composed by the men of Herefordshire in derision of their Radnorshire neighbours, seem to prove that, at no very distant period, there were no deer, either wild or tame, in that district of the Principality:

“ Alas! alas! poor Radnorshire!
Never a park, nor ever a deer,
 Nor ever a squire of five hundred a year,
 Save Sir Richard Fowler of Abbey-Cwm-Hir.”

However proverbially circumscribed may have formerly been the revenues of the landed gentlemen of the county of Radnor, the times are since most wonderfully improved; since, at the present day, the names of more than one Radnorshire esquire might be mentioned whose princely mansions display all the splendid luxuries of the Persian satraps, combined with the more solid hospitality of the old English baron.

The Welsh name for this beautiful animal, “ *Ewig Llwyd*,” the hind, the brown doe, or fallow deer, will naturally suggest to us the derivation of the English word *ewe*, a she sheep, as taken from *ewig*, which is formed of the two compound syllables *ew*, an ewe; and *ig*, a sob,—“the sobbing ewe;” the deer being, in fact, the only animal which is said to weep or sob when wounded, or hardly pressed by the hunters.

“ Let the stricken deer go weep.”
 SHAKESPEARE.

And again, in “ As you like it,”

“ The wretched animal heav’d forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Cours’d one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chace.”

Ig, the final syllable of the word, was of course omitted when *ew* came to be used in English to signify a female sheep instead

of a doe, as the epithet was no longer applicable, and therefore dropped.

Of the goat, derived from *coed* or *coet*, a mountain wood, that animal between the deer and the sheep, which is still sometimes seen to browse on our mountains, I recollect no legendary tale. I shall only observe, therefore, that the Welsh words *Gafr*, *Afr*, and *Heifr*, which designate this species of animals, have furnished the English language with *gaffer*, as signifying a *grey-beard*; and with *heifer*, which means a young or little cow.

I have now to notice a tradition which, as it is of a sacred character, it becomes me to approach with reverential respect. I mean the report transmitted down to our days in Wales, that the great Apostle, St. Paul, visited the Principality, coming hither direct from Rome to preach the gospel.

It would be unsuitable, on the present occasion, to enter into any discussion of so grave a subject further than merely to observe, that some inscriptions which have been discovered are said to corroborate this tradition, which is further confirmed by the well known early independence of the see of Rome, manifested by the Welsh church. To this I will only add, that there is, or at least there was, a very ancient manuscript in the library of Merton College, Oxford, containing a series of letters purporting to be a correspondence between the Apostle Paul and Seneca, in which there are said to be some allusions to the former's supposed visit to Wales. These epistles, however, have been held to be spurious. They are mentioned in Pointer's *Miscellanies*, page 214.

In an essay on the Legends and Traditions of Wales, it would be inexcusable to omit those which relate to the alleged discovery of the new world by a Welsh prince several hundred years before the birth of Christopher Columbus.

A tradition of this memorable event has been regularly handed down to us from generation to generation; and is further supported, as well by the very striking resemblance between many words in the Welsh language and that spoken by the American Indians, as by the authority of numerous writers who have touched on this subject. Nor should it be forgotten that, in the reign of the last sovereign of the House of Tudor, it is said that a serious intention was manifested of asserting the title of the English queen to the Spanish colonies in South America, on the ground of this supposed prior discovery by Prince Madoc. Now, certainly, whatever could have furnished matter of grave and serious debate at the council table of Elizabeth, before such statesmen as Cecil and Walsingham, before such lawyers as Cook and Verulam, before the gallant and enlightened Raleigh,

and the all-accomplished Sydney, can never be considered as altogether chimerical and absurd.

So much, however, has been said on this historic doubt, that I must content myself with two or three observations only, and with one single quotation, an extract from a work in the Welsh language, printed at Oxford, in the year 1677, under the *Impri-matur* of the Vice-Chancellor, entitled "*Hanes y Fydd Cristianogol*; or, a History of the Christian Religion," by Charles Edwards.

In page 193 of the third edition of this work, in speaking of the memorable events which occurred between the years 1166 and 1170, the author thus expresses himself:

"Yn amser y blinderau hyn mentrodd *Madog*, un o feibion Owen, Tywosog Gwynedd, i geisio gwlad arall an amcan hyd y mor mawr tua machlud hawd : a chwedi gweled gwledydd hyfryd heb drigolion, dychwelodd adrer, a llanwodd ddêgo longau ar cyfryw oi genedl ac ydoedd chwanog i fyned lle cant heddwch; a thahir iddyat wladychu yn Mecsico. O herwydd pan ddat cuddwyd America ir Europeiad yn yr oes ddiweddaf aeth heibio, cafwyd yno Eirio Cymraeg; canys pan ymddiddanont ynghyd dywedant urth eu gilydd *gwrando*, ac y mae yno aderyn a chraig y Alwant *Pengwyn*, ac ynys a elwir *Corroeso a Phen Briton*, ac afon elwir, *Gwyndor*."

In addition to the very remarkable resemblance between the words here cited and the Welsh, it may be further urged that it is not impossible but the word *America* itself may be of Welsh origin. We know that *Armorica* is composed of three Welsh words, latinized into one by the Romans, *ar*, *mor*, *isa*, on the lower sea, as descriptive of its geographical position. For this etymology we have the authority of Menage. Now, if the derivation of *Armorica* be admitted, why may not *America* also be composed of the three Welsh words, *ar myr uchel*, or *a myr ycha*, on the high seas, or on the farthest seas, as an appropriate description of this newly-discovered continent beyond the Atlantic ocean? In this supposition, Vesputius must have assumed the *prænomen* of Americus from the already well known name of the country, as the Romans assumed the names of Africanus, Germanicus, Britannicus, &c. from their having visited or distinguished themselves in those respective countries. Of this, at least, we are certain, that he who thus assumed the name is not entitled to the honour of the discovery.

If it be true, as is asserted by a learned writer in the *Asiatic Researches*,* that there existed in very early times an intercourse between ancient Britain and ancient India, and that our island was well known to the oldest Hindu historians under the name of *Bretashtan*, "the Sacred Island of the West;" this would certainly tend very much to strengthen the probability of Prince

* Mr. Wilson's Dissertation on Egypt and the Nile.—*Asiatic Res.* vol. 3.

Madoc's discovery of America. Since, in navigating so widely extensive a traject as that between Britain and *Ben-Gal*, (still a Welsh composite word,) a vessel may very easily be supposed to have deviated from her course, and thus have accidentally discovered the new continent.

In further corroboration of this tradition, we know that, in the very earliest periods of history, the ancient Britons were celebrated for their *wonderful* perfection in the art of navigation; for Avienus, as cited in Camden's *Cassiteridos*, informs us, that,

“ Turbidum latè fretum
Et belluosi gurgitem oceani secant—
——— *Rei ad miraculum.*”

“ Far and wide they plough the rough sea,
And the gulf of the raging ocean—
——— In a most wonderful manner.”

I shall now proceed to consider some of those legends and traditions which have a reference to the arts and sciences.

Whoever has perambulated the mountains of the Principality must have noticed, with astonishment, very evident traces of the plough on their highest summits, where, at present, it would be absolute madness to make any attempt to introduce tillage. The frequent occurrence of these ancient furrows cannot, I think, be accounted for, but by the conclusion that our ancestors must have been acquainted with some peculiar method of mountain aratory husbandry which is now lost to us, but which enabled them to raise crops of corn from such soils and in such localities, as would now baffle all the boasted superiority of our modern agricultural science to procure even a return of the seed.

It is clear we cannot solve this difficulty by resorting to the alleged hypothesis of a change of climate. For the subsequent clearing away of the immense woods and forests with which the Principality was formerly covered, must necessarily have tended rather to soften the climate than to increase its rigour, as we find to have been invariably the case in America, and in all other newly-cleared countries.

The ravages of the Lowlands, by successive savage hordes of invaders, in driving the ancient Britons to their fastnesses in the mountains, necessarily put their ingenuity to the task to discover means of procuring subsistence within their reach by cultivating these elevated spots.

On this subject the Legends of the Triads inform us, that, though *Hu Gadarn* first instructed the *Cymry* in the art of cultivating the earth, yet the knowledge communicated by him went no further than the use of the spade and the mattock; but

that it was *Elldud*, the knight, a holy man of Côr Dewdws, who improved the manner of tilling the ground, and taught them to raise wheat-corn by the plough in places where it grew not before. In all probability, therefore, it is to this ancient chivalric agriculturist that Wales was indebted for the now lost art of growing corn on the mountain tops.

A noble attempt is now making in Brecknockshire to bring these mountainous spots again into a state of artificial culture, by planting them with a hardier species of the tea plant. If these efforts shall succeed in liberating Great Britain from the tribute she pays to the celestial empire, from the punic faith of the Hong merchants, and the insolence of the mandarins, our future bards will address this spirited planter* with the well known line,

“Te veniente die te decedente canemus.”

This novel species of arboriculture has already been recorded in the pages of the *Cambrian Quarterly*† peculiarly appropriated to the history and interests of the Principality, and which is interspersed with notices of our Welsh legends and traditions.

It has been acknowledged by ancient authors that the druids professed astronomy. There are some reasons for supposing them to have been acquainted with the science of optics, and that the use of the telescope was not unknown to them. An ancient historian thus speaks of Britain: “It is also said, that in this island the moon appears very near the earth, and that certain eminences of a terrestrial nature are descried in that planet,” &c. And the triads I have already cited, mention the the *Drych ab cibddar*, or *cilidawr*, the speculum or “looking-glass of the son of the pervading glance,” or of “the searcher of mystery,” as one of the secrets of the island of Britain. ‡

The same exhaustless stores of legendary information further acquaint us that Stone-henge, on Salisbury Plain, that stupendous monument of druidical architecture, was called the *Gwaith Emrys*, or the work of *Emrys*, or of the revolution, and was considered one of the three mighty labours—one of the three wonderful works of Britain. This is also mentioned by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and celebrated in the Latin poem of Alexander Mecham, “*De Divinæ Sapientiæ laudibus*.” In our earliest legends, the massacre on Salisbury Plain is called “*Brad y Cyllyll hirion*,” the treachery of the long knives.

* Mr. Samuel Rootsey, a celebrated chemist of Bristol.

† Vol. 3, p. 522.

‡ See *Welsh Archæology*, vol. 2; and *Davies's Celtic Researches*, p. 192. This legendary tale, therefore, enables us to vindicate for Wales the honour of the first discovery of the telescope, long before the period usually ascribed to this invention.

In the mechanical arts an ancient legend informs us, that *Coll*, the son of *Cyllin*, the son of *Caradawc*, the son of *Bran*, was the first who taught the *Cymry* the use of a mill with a wheel. It should seem that, afterwards, the Welsh arrived at a degree of perfection in works of machinery, which has never been surpassed, even in modern times;* for we find it asserted in Dr. Davies's Latin-Welsh Dictionary, printed in the reign of Charles the First, that a mill was found, in the year 1574, buried in the ground at a place called *Bryn y Castell*, in *Eidernyon*, which appeared to have been worked by some species of extraordinary machinery, and turned swiftly round when once set going, without the impulsion of wind or water, or the labour of any animal. A full description of this piece of machinery is given in this dictionary, under the word *Breuan*, or *molendinum*.

It is here, also, that I should introduce some notice of those Cambro-Britannic traditions and legends which make allusion to the invention of letters, of arithmetic, and the art of divination by trees. But as this part of my subject has been so very ably discussed by the late Mr. Edward Davies in his "*Celtic Researches*," and by Mr. Owen, in his essay on the "*Celtic Roots*," I feel myself dispensed from entering so fully into these investigations as I should otherwise have done.

The letters of all the earliest alphabets, more particularly the Welsh, present a strong resemblance to the springs of certain trees, which appear to have been the first symbols for communicating ideas, somewhat in the style of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The druidical alphabet was called "*Coelbren y Beirdd*," the billet of signs of the bards, or the bardic alphabet; and these signs or letters were not written on paper or on parchment, as in modern usage, but cut out on a square piece of wood; each letter resembled the sprig of some particular tree. The yew, for instance, as well from its longevity as from being an evergreen, served as the type of existence, and was represented by the letter *I*. Thus *yw*, the Welsh for the yew tree, signifies *is* or *are* in that language; and by converting the *w*, as usual, into *v*, is radix of the Latin *vivo*, &c.

In arithmetic, the Welsh word *Rhygn*, a notch or incision, is a legendary memento, which reminds us of the simple manner in which our ancestors kept their accounts, by notches on a stick, which was called the *Rhygnbren*, the scoring-stick or tally. And it is from *Rhygn* we have derived the modern English word

* We hope, in a future number, to present our readers with some remarks respecting the extraordinary improvements recently made by a gentleman, residing near London, in water-mills; improvements incalculably valuable to a country so interspersed with streams as Wales: we are confident that, in many situations, they will entirely supersede the expensive application of steam.—EDRS.

reckon, still pronounced *rickon* by the common people, since formerly all reckonings were kept by notching on a stick.

The *Coelbren*, again, which I have already mentioned, is composed of *Coel*, an omen, and *pren*, a stick; and was the divining stick on which future events were predicted, and therefore called the Bardic Alphabet.

Taliesin makes the following mystic allusions in one of his legends to this art of divination by trees, which he declares himself to have possessed:

“ My vi yw Taliesin,
Ben Beirdd y Gorllewin;
Mi adwaen *bob corsin*,
Yngogov Gorddewin.”

W. Arch., vol. 1, p. 34.

“ I am Taliesin,
Chief of the bards of the west;
I am acquainted with *every sprig*
In the cave of the arch-diviner.”

And again, in his *Angar Cyvindawd*, “ *Concordia Discors*,” he further boasts:

“ Gogwm—Pwy amgyfrawd *gwydd*.”

“ I know the intent of the trees.”

In Owen's Welsh Dictionary we learn that the *Bedw*, the *birch*, was an emblem of compliance and complacency. If a young woman accepted the addresses of a lover, she gave him a sprig of birch; but if she rejected him, she presented him with a branch of *Collen*, or hazel, probably because of the double meaning in Welsh of the word *Collen*, which signifies a *loss*, as well as the *hazel tree*.

In England, the *willow*, for some reason or other, and very possibly from some allusion to the pensile species of this tree, called the *weeping willow*, has been substituted for the hazel; and discarded or deserted lovers are to this day said to *wear the willow*; but the phrase can only be explained by a reference to the Welsh traditions.

Of the games and amusements of our ancestors, which are still in use among us, both tradition and etymology assure us that *backgammon* is a Welsh invention; it is a compound word formed of “*bach*,” little, and “*cammawn*,” or “*cammon*,” a battle, *quasi*, the little battle.—“*Præliolum*,” says Wotton, “*hujusce enim lusus nomen est purum Wallicum; à Wallis igitur ad nos hunc ludum provenisse esse verisimillimum*.” This derivation is even allowed by Johnson, who is generally over scrupulous in his admission of Welsh etymologies.

It appears that a gaming-table, somewhat like a chess-board, or pair of closing tables, called in Welsh a *tawlfwrdd*, was a fashionable piece of furniture amongst the domestic utensils of persons of quality in Wales. It is frequently mentioned in the laws of Howel Dda, but for what particular game this table was designed, does not appear from any legend, account, or tradition that has reached us, although the expression *chware tawlwwrdd*, to play at "tawlbwrdd," very frequently occurs.

The Welsh Dante, or "*Y Bardd Cwsg*," the visionary bard, has worked up most of our legendary tales with admirable effect into his extraordinary poem, which certainly very much resembles the *Divina Comœdia*, and of which the late Mr. Walters, in his Dissertation on the Welsh Language, has very justly observed, that if, as it has frequently been said, it be worth while to acquire the Spanish language, merely for the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original, it would certainly repay any one's pains to learn Welsh, were it only for the delight of reading *Y Bardd Cwsg* in that language.

In Dr. Percy's "Relics of Old English Poetry," there is preserved the ancient ballad of the Enchanted Mantle, taken from a Welsh legend, which acquaints us that the wife of Cradoc Fraich Fras, "Tegau Eurfron," possessed three valuable ornaments, of which she alone was worthy,—her knife, her golden goblet, and her mantle. The last, Mr. Jones in his History of Brecknockshire has observed, was certainly with great propriety esteemed one of the thirteen curiosities of Britain. It would not fit, nor could it be worn by, any but a lady of spotless virtue! This Cradoc was one of those three beloved chiefs of Arthur's court, who never could bear a superior in their families, and of whom *Arthur* sung the following stanza:

"Yw fy nrhi Cadfarchawg
Mael a Lludd *Llygyraog*
A cholofn Cymru Cradawc."

Translation.

"These are my three knights of battle,
Mael and Lludd clad in armour,
And the pillar of Wales, Cradawc."

In many of the retired parts of the mountains of Wales, the traditionary tales of the *Cwn Annwn*, the *Canwyll Corph*, and the *Bendith y Mamau*, are not only accredited to their full extent, but they are still seen and heard, at least so the country people will seriously assert.

The *Bendith y Mamau*, the blessed mothers, are the same as the *Tylwyth Teg*, or fairies, which have furnished such ample materials for poetry.

The *Canwyll Corph*, or corpse candles, are mysterious lights, which, by some superhuman and invisible means, follow, in the night after a funeral, the same track to the churchyard through which the body of the deceased was, during the day, carried to the grave. The writer well remembers in his early youth being taught to believe that he actually saw these funereal lights as they seemed to flit before him along the devious path.

The *Cwn Annwn* are the hell hounds which hunt through the air the soul of the wicked man, the instant it quits the body. There is something extremely terrific in this idea, which produces an astonishing effect on the superstitious feelings of the vulgar. It has been supposed by a late writer,* and with great probability of truth, that the popular tales of the howling of the *Cwn Annwn*, are to be attributed to the noises made in the air by the wild geese or other birds of passage, in their dusky flight from one country to another. This certainly seems the most rational way of accounting for the extraordinary stories we hear on this subject, in almost every mountain village.

The mention of the legends of the *Canwyll Corph*, reminds me that the Welsh word *canwyll*, is the *radix* of the English *candle*, the French *chandelle*, and the Latin *candela*; neither of which admit of any rational or satisfactory analysis; whilst *canwyll* can be resolved into its primary elements, *can*, white or bright, and *gwyll*, darkness, because it makes darkness white or to shine.

After these appalling aerial noises and supernatural appearances, that mysterious and magic personage, the fury *Andras*, or magician *Malen*, for she is known by both names, claims a moment of our attention, not only on account of the many legends and traditions respecting her, but also because to this day the inhabitants of Wales make frequent allusions to her in their familiar conversation. Richards† says, “The goddess or fury, Andrasta, to whom the ancient Britons offered up *human sacrifices*; she was otherwise known by the name of *Malen* or *Maalen*, and the vulgar often call her *Y Fall*, i. e. the false or evil one, and *Mam y Drwg*, or the mother of wickedness.”

Baxter, in his Glossary, page 16, makes this mention of her: “Etiam hodie *Andras* populari dicto Britannis nostris Dea *Malen*, sive Domina, quam vulgus nostrum nunc appellat *Y Fall*, sive *Faunam fatuam*, et *Mam y Drwg*, seu Diaboli matrem, alias ‘*Y Wrach*,’ sive Matrem vetulam. Andrastæ autem isti Britanni veteres humanas hostias immaniter immolebant.”

Mr. Baxter further supposes that the memory of this *Andras*

* Mr. Theophilus Jones, in his History of Brecknockshire.

† *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicæ Thesaurus*, by Thomas Richards; Bristol, 1753.

remains among us to this very day, for he observes that men, when in a passion, frequently exclaim, "*mae rhyw Andras arno chwi*," some Andras possesses you; and again, "*Ffei Andras!*"

This Andras or Malen is feigned to have had a magic horse, on the back of which witches are said to have been carried through the air, whence sprung the proverbial expression, "*a gasgler ar farch Malen dan ei dor ydd a*," that is, "what is got on the back of Malen's horse will be soon spent under his belly." From hence we have the old English proverb, "what is got on the devil's back is spent under his belly."

It is curious to observe, how almost all the old English fairy tales and proverbial expressions have their origin in some ancient Welsh legend or tradition.

It appears that our Welsh ancestors were always much addicted to the study of magic, astrology, and all the mysteries of the Rosicrucian philosophy. Wood, in his *Athenæ*, gives us the following curious list of books, published by a Breconshire gentleman, Mr. Thomas Vaughan, of Tretower, third son of William Vaughan, by his wife Lady Frances Somerset, so late as the sixteenth century. First, we have the "*Anima magica abcondita*," or "a Discourse of the Universal Spirit of Nature, with the strange, abstruse, and miraculous Ascent and Descent:" London, 1650, octavo. Then we have the "*Anthroposophia Theomagica*," or "a Discourse of the Nature of Man, and his State after Death:" London, 1640. Thirdly, we are presented with the "*Magia Adamica*," or "the Antiquity of Magic, and the descent thereof from Adam fully proved:" 1650. And, as if this was not enough, there is also printed with it, another little mystic tract, entitled "A perfect and full discovery of the *Cælum Terræ*," or "the Magician's Heavenly Chaos," &c.

Without going through the whole of this singular catalogue of our countryman's productions in the black art, I shall only further mention the "*Lumen de Lumine*," or "the Light of Light, and the "*Euphrates*," or "the Waters of the East, being a short Account of the Secret Fountain, whose Water flows from Fire," &c.

All these may be considered as so many magical, mystic, and metaphysical legends. For the satisfaction of those who may feel any inclination to consult this oracle of the occult sciences, I will only add, that all these books are preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and I believe also in the British Museum.

To recur to the general division of my subject with which I commenced, after having enumerated some of the legendary and traditionary tales of Wales which are peculiar to herself, I must now observe that she also abounds in those which are shared by other countries of Europe in common with her.

Among our Welsh manuscripts may be found a great number of legends of that description which are known on the continent by the name of "*Romances of Chivalry*," in which history and fable were strangely blended together for the amusement of our ancestors. Of this class, the most distinguished are the *San Greal*; the Knights of the Round Table; the *Brut y Tywysogion*; and a series of chivalric romances descriptive of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, under the title of *Historia Caroli Magni*, although written in the Welsh language.

It appears that our Welsh bards went about from castle to castle reciting these romances, as was the custom with the Provençal troubadours, and the northern trouveres in France.

Of those legends which comprise the lives and miracles of the saints, such, for instance, as the "*Y Fernagl*," the Sudarium Sanctum, or miraculous impression of the sacred effigies on the holy handkerchief, I shall make no mention, conceiving it would be irreverent and altogether improper to mingle things sacred with profane.

Although I have as yet but very slightly touched on some few only out of the great number of the legends and traditions which crowd together on my memory, yet I find I have already trespassed largely on your indulgence, having approached those limits usually allotted to papers of this description: I must, therefore, entirely omit all the traditionary stories of the "*Eirw*;" of the "*Lysan Gwaed Gwyr*," or herb of the blood of men; of the "*Carnau*;" of the "*Plant Anwn*," or children of the deep; and a hundred of a similar description.

I shall only record that the hollow roar of the *Eirw*, like the fall of a distant cataract, is still heard to murmur in the mountains; that the *Llysau* Gwaer Gwyd*, the plant of the blood of men; the *Sambucus Ebulus*, or English dwarf elder; is even now seen to thrive in those spots where bloody battles are said to have been fought in ancient times; and that the *carneddau*, by pointing out to us at this day these fields of *carnage*, have proved the most durable military monuments in the world.

Such, indeed, is the redundancy of legendary tales and traditionary stories in the Principality, and so pregnant with matter, so richly expressive is her ancient language, that almost every word in it, more especially the dissyllables and polysyllables, involves either a legend, an historical fact, an invention, a moral precept, a proverb, a prudential maxim, or a poetical allegory, illustrative of its etymology.

CASGLWR.

* *Llysau* is plural for *plant*.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF TRUFFLES IN WOODS, ORCHARDS, AND GARDENS;

MORE PARTICULARLY IN THE CWMS (DINGLES), AND LLWYNS (GROVES) OF
THE PRINCIPALITY.

———— Honos erit huic quoque pomo.—VIRG.

THE ignorance of any mode of raising Truffles by artificial culture has long been a subject of reproach to modern horticulture. The secret, however, is at length discovered, and the attainment of this *desideratum* may justly be deemed one of the greatest victories ever yet obtained by art over nature.

After more than a century lost in fruitless attempts, the first successful experiments have been made in Italy. From thence the art passed into France, and more recently into Germany, always with the same happy results; and it may now be safely asserted, that this precious *tuber* may be propagated by means of artificial culture, if not with equal facility, at least with the same certainty of success, as the mushroom. Indeed, our great English botanist, *Ray*, has described the Truffle by the designation of “the subterraneous mushroom.”

It is from the treatise of a German on this subject, *Alexander de Bornhobz*, that we have principally collected our materials for this paper; and as the work has not yet, as far as we know, been translated into English, it will at least have the recommendation of novelty in its favor.

That plants have their predilections and their aversions, their sympathies and their antipathies, has long been known. A century has now passed since *Philips* told us, in Miltonian verse, that

“The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants, (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love and aversion:) Everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The colewort's rankness, but with am'rous twine,
Clasps the tall elm. The Pæstan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the foetid leek,
(*Crest of stout Britons*,) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The gourd
And thirsty cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting converse; whilst the fig
Contemns not rue, nor sage's humble leaf,

Close-neighbouring. The Herefordian plant
 Careases freely the contiguous peach,
 Hazel, and weight-resisting palm, and likes
 T' approach the quince, and th' elder's pithy stem;
 Uneasy seated by funereal yew,
 Or walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
 All generous fruits,) or near the bitter dews
 Of cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
 Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grafts."

Philips's Cyder.

But it was not until very lately discovered that, in addition to the many other valuable properties of the oak, it possesses the singular quality of impregnating, in certain situations, the soil beneath its shade, with the prolific faculty of producing and propagating truffles, provided the earth be sufficiently saturated with the *quercine* matter.

The two essential requisites for the formation of an artificial truffle bed, are a moist and shaded situation, though not altogether impervious to the sun, and a profusion of oak leaves.

From the comparative moisture of our climate and soil, it may fairly be presumed that England, and more particularly Wales, possesses superior advantages over other countries for the cultivation of this new article of home production; and we may anticipate the period when our Cambrian groves of lofty oak will become as celebrated for the nurture and protection they will be made to afford to this luxurious esculent, as they have formerly been famed in the olden time, from their having formed the living temples of the Druids.

One of the many advantages which the artificial culture of truffles must introduce into this country will be the extension of the spade husbandry, and the consequently more extended employment of the labouring poor. Not that we are not fully aware that the spade might, beneficially to the public, and profitably to the owners and occupiers of the soil, be substituted for the plough in the preparatory tillage for raising many articles of ordinary domestic consumption, such as the parsnip, the carrot, the potato, the rhubarb plant, and a long *et cætera* of culinary vegetables; perhaps, also for wheat itself, if, according to the system of *Tull*,* we are to believe that the more complete the communication of the soil, the proportionably greater will be the returns; so much so, as in many cases to dispense with the necessity for manure, and always to compensate the dif-

* *Tull's Horse-hoeing Husbandry.*

ference of expense between the spade and the plough husbandry.*

Our German horticulturist begins with the natural history of the truffle, and a long enumeration of its culinary uses and dietetic virtues.

Whoever has acquired the least proficiency in gastronomy, which Voltaire calls "*La Science de la Gueule*," and has had the good fortune to have dined at the *Trois Frères Provencaux*, in Paris, on a *dinde truffée*, or a *perdrix truffée*, or may have breakfasted on *truffes au vin de Champagne*, or even on an *Andouillette truffée*, will retain for the remainder of his days a grateful and indelible recollection of the exquisite relish of this delicious *comestible*, which is incomparable for its flavor, either when eaten alone, or as a condiment, or a *farcie*.

A French lyric writer thus apostrophizes the truffle in one of his best songs,

"O Truffe! chère aux gourmands."

But, in our use of this precious tuber, we are centuries behind-hand in civilization with the improved state of the gastronomic science in France. We never meet with truffles at our English tables in their fresh state. They are always dry and desiccated, and serve no other purpose than to impart a small portion of their sapidity to the stew or the ragout, to stimulate the palate. But in France, when the truffle is served up quite fresh, we have the more exquisite pleasure, the more solid satisfaction, of eating

* In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. 58, there is a statement of Mr. C. Miller, of Cambridge, who sowed some wheat in June 1766, and in August a plant was taken up, and separated into eighteen parts, and replanted. These plants were again taken up, and divided in October following, and planted separately to stand the winter, which division produced sixty-seven plants. They were again taken up in March, and produced 500 plants. The number of ears thus formed from one grain of wheat was 21,109, which gave three pecks and three quarters of a peck of corn, weighing forty-seven lbs. seven oz., and estimated 591,000 grains!

This year Mr. Lance, of Lewisham, has transplanted wheat, and in every instance the root transplanted is better than those remaining in the seed bed. He also divided a root in February, which then contained fourteen straws. It was separated into seven roots. They are now, June 16, 1832, in number 170 straws, and nearly all out in ear. Many of the ears are six inches long, and appear as if they would yield seventy grains in each ear. This would make 11,900 grains from one. There are many minor straws not taken into this account. Many of the transplanted roots contain forty and fifty straws, and are six feet high, with some ears that are seven inches long. The soil into which these roots were transplanted is an alluvial sand, which has had a top dressing of chalk. *Transplanting offers employment for redundant labourers.*

From the "Mark-Lane Express" of Monday, June 25, 1832.

the root itself, of actually masticating it between the teeth in slow and silent ecstasy, which produces a prolongation of masticatory enjoyment beyond that of mere deglutition in a sauce. We were at first inclined to attribute this lamentable defect to our dreadful ignorance in the art of cookery, but we are now persuaded it can only be ascribed to the difficulty, or rather the absolute impossibility, of procuring fresh truffles in England.

All the truffles used in this country are imported, at a great expense, from Italy and the south of France, and consequently are quite dried up, and resemble so many balls of old leather when they reach our kitchens. So rare, indeed, are fresh truffles in England, that the venerable father of British horticulture has assured us he never but once in his life tasted an English truffle freshly gathered, and that was at the sumptuous and scientific board of Mr. Coke, of Holkham.

A French gastronomer thus feelingly and eloquently describes the immense difference in the taste between fresh and dried truffles :

“ La différence entre des truffes bien mûres, et fraîchement recueillies, et les truffes sechées, et trempées dans l’huile ou marinées et enfermées dans des bocaux, est énorme. Ces dernières que les Italiens nous vendent chèrement, sont autant inférieures aux premières, que des tranches de pommes desséchées le sont aux belles pommes du jardin du Roi à Fontainebleau recueillies de par nos propres mains.”

When the mode of raising truffles by artificial culture, of which we are now to speak, shall once be made known, let us hope that our tables will be plentifully supplied with a root which, when fresh, is deservedly esteemed as the very pride and essence of good cheer. There will even be something patriotic in the attempt to liberate this country from the heavy contributions levied upon her in the purchase of this article from foreign nations, whose soil and climate are not more favorable to its cultivation than our own, under a proper system of management.

The truffle was formerly supposed to possess certain aphrodisiac qualities, but this idea seems to be entirely exploded, and it is now only valued as an esculent and a condiment. *De Bornhobz* considers it as the intermediary link in the chain which connects the vegetable and animal kingdoms together; every thing which relates to the natural history of this *Lycoperdon* is therefore extremely curious.

There are two species of esculent truffles, the white and the black; but each of them is known by the name of the True Truffle, *Tuber Gulonem*, *Tuber Gulosorum*, *Lycoperdon Tuber*, *Truffe des Gourmands*, or the Gormand’s Truffle.

The white is by far the finest flavored, and therefore the most esteemed; but, as these only grow naturally in Upper Italy, and principally in *Piedmont*, it is difficult to keep them sufficiently fresh, during so long a journey, to transplant them into our English truffle-beds, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the black species, which may easily be procured from France, and indeed are indigenous in England.

The spots which truffles prefer are a rather light and moist soil, in the midst of woods, where the ground is clear of brush or underwood to admit a free circulation of air, but so shaded by tall oaks as to soften the immediate action of the burning rays of the sun, without entirely excluding its genial influence.

Whilst the truffle is yet young, it has somewhat of an earthy taste, or that of decayed leaves. It is only when it approaches maturity, and has nearly attained its full growth and ripeness, that it exhales that savoury and balsamic odour so peculiar to this root. But this scent only lasts for a few days, and as decay ensues, the odour becomes disagreeable, resembling that of stale urine; and, as the tuber rots and perishes, it finishes by becoming insupportable to our sense of smelling. It is from their peculiar odour that dogs, and even pigs, are taught on the continent to discover this tuber as it lies concealed in the ground. A good truffle dog always commands a high price; and the exclusive right of gathering truffles in a forest is often rented out for 300 or £400 a year, according to the extent of the wood, the fresh-gathered truffles selling on the spot from 2s. to 3s. the pound. The *Perigord* truffles are of a superior flavor to those of *Burgundy*, or indeed of any other part of France.

Those rather open spots in woods and forests which have been cleared of underwood, are very favorable to the growth of truffles under the shade of an oak, a beech, an old hawthorn, or even of an apple or pear tree, when the ground beneath is only covered with a thin brushwood, and not with a number of young trees which intercept the free circulation of the air. In such favorable places they are often found of the weight of a quarter of a pound, and sometimes of half a pound; but truffles of this extraordinary size are only met with in a warm and somewhat humid soil, except indeed in the neighbourhood of a spring of water, where they always thrive, and the tubers are then found near the surface, as they descend deeper into the earth, and dwindle in size in proportion as the soil is hard and dry.

Although the truffle will grow under the beech, the hawthorn, and some fruit trees, when the soil and site are otherwise favorable, yet it is the shade of the oak for which it shews the most affection. It abhors every kind of the pine and fir tribe, and is rarely found in woods consisting of trees of different kinds.

It is proved that a soil formed of a considerable quantity of the decomposed leaves and rotten branches of the oak, produces the same salutary influence in the production, size, and quality of the truffle, that horse-dung is known to have in raising mushrooms. In the latter, it is the decomposed animal matter; in the former, the decomposed vegetable or quercine matter of the oak, probably its *tannin*, which proves efficacious.

It follows then, that, in order to raise truffles by artificial culture, it will be necessary to collect together a sufficient quantity of decayed oak leaves or rotten boughs of this tree in a spot favorable for the formation of a truffle-bed, for it is upon the complete saturation of the prepared soil with *quercine* matter in a decomposed state, that the success of the culture of this tuber must depend. The truffle therefore may, with great truth and justice, address to the monarch of our forests the eulogy bestowed on it by our countryman *James Howell*, author of the *Familiar Letters*, (who, by the bye, was educated at Hereford College School,) in his "*Dodona's Grove*:"

"Arbor honoretur cujus nos umbra tultur."

For the truffle, in order to thrive, must not only be planted under the shade of the oak, but in a soil completely saturated with oak leaves, or other decayed *oaken* matter.

In preparing the plantation of truffle-beds, it will be necessary to distinguish between their cultivation in woodlands and in gardens. The former does not require any thing like so much preparation as the latter, for, in an oak wood, time and nature have already performed the labour, whereas, in a garden, it is obvious that art must be made entirely to supply the defect of nature. A great deal of time and expense, therefore, may be saved in making choice of woodlands for this purpose, where it can be done. But, whether you plant this root in woods or in gardens, the first thing which demands your attention is to fix upon a low bottom, a little moist soil, such as we meet with near rivers, brooks, and pools, without however being marshy or disposed to fermentation, but light and fertile. The borders of marshes, turbaries, and saline springs, are the least favorable spots, and these may always be known from their producing a coarse rank herbage, which sheep and cattle refuse, or will only bite when forced by hunger.

When a convenient spot of ground of this description cannot be had, it may be artificially created near a spring of water, or at the bottom of a hill; but the expense of course will be much more considerable.

When the place for your truffle-bed is fixed upon, you begin by digging up the soil to the depth of from four to five feet, and you carefully line the bottom and sides of the pit, thus made, with stiff luted clay a foot thick, as is done in *puddling*

canals, to prevent the spring or river water which must be brought into it from filtering entirely away, and being lost.

The pit being thus prepared, you fill it up with the compost which we are about to describe, and you let in the stream of the spring or rivulet; but, though truffles love a moist soil, they cannot bear a marsh or standing water, it will be absolutely necessary, therefore to open a small trench on the opposite side of the pit to that where the stream enters, that the superfluous water may flow off; and the trench should be so made as to open and shut as occasion may require. If in great droughts the spring itself should dry up, this defect must be supplied by hand-watering, to which constant recourse must be had in those situations which have not the advantage of a running streamlet, wherewith continually to irrigate the truffle-bed.

The best truffles are always found in a light ferruginous and calcarious soil; it is therefore of a similar earth that the artificial beds should be composed. But this, like the truffles themselves, is not every where to be found. If you meet with it close at hand, it is so much gained, as it will then only be necessary to superadd the other indispensable ingredients to form the compost. A ferruginous and calcarious soil is sometimes too hard and compact, but rarely ever too light for the growth of the truffle; sometimes also it is not sufficiently impregnated with iron. In the first case a mixture of sand, and in the second, of clay, will produce the desired effect; and, in the third, recourse must be had to the addition of a proper quantity of the mineral, which may almost every where be found, and which must be carefully broken to pieces, and mixed in the proportion of one third with the natural soil. If the iron ore or mineral, however, cannot be procured, you may substitute in its place iron filings or the *scoria* from a blacksmith's shop, which will soon rust and dissolve into a mixture with the soil from the action of the humidity of the pit.

In all *trufferies*, the first bed at the bottom of the pit should be formed a foot deep of chalk or lime marl; or, when marl of this description cannot be had, pulverized chalk or pounded limestone will answer the same purpose, the three indispensable ingredients for the production of truffles being a due mixture of calcarious, ferruginous, and quercine matter, but principally the latter. But, before the formation of this first bed, it may be prudent to line the bottom and sides by a sort of walling of limestone. This will prevent the intrusion of mice and small vermin, which are great devourers of truffles, and will also protect the compost from being washed away by any torrent of water in a rainy season. At the same time, care should be taken not to wall up the truffle bed in so compact a manner as entirely to dam up the water, otherwise it would become a quagmire. The great point is to secure the requisite degree of humidity, without making a pool of the bed.

The first stratum being thus laid, you have now to fill the pit up level with the surrounding ground with a compost, consisting of equal quantities of wood, or forest soil, and of oak leaves gathered after the fall of the leaf, adding to this about a fourth part of pure unmixed cow-dung, mixing up the whole well together, and stirring it frequently until the different ingredients become completely amalgamated. The bed thus formed must then be completely strewn to the thickness of six inches with oak leaves, and the whole covered with branches of the oak tree, to prevent the leaves from being blown away by the high winds. These leaves will produce the decided effect, by impregnating the compost underneath, by their decomposition during the winter, with those peculiar elements necessary to the production of truffles; therefore, they must be renewed every autumn at the fall of the leaf.

In one of the first fine days in the following spring, it will be necessary to take off the upper superficies of oak leaves, which will be absolutely dried and withered, and then to mix up the under ones, which will be found moist and humid, by means of a rake, with the compost underneath.

The truffle-bed being thus carefully prepared, you may be sure it is in a fit condition to receive the young tubers, which are now to be sought for.

The truffle is infinitely more delicate than the mushroom, and therefore requires much greater care and attention; but it is satisfactory to learn, that if proper precautions are taken, it may be transplanted and propagated; and, moreover, that when once fixed, it becomes so tenaciously attached to the soil, as to adhere and continue in it for a great number of years, without any artificial renewal, so as to furnish not only an abundant harvest for the planter's own supply, but to produce him a very considerable annual revenue, to reward him for the trouble he has taken.

Dead truffles are incapable of reproduction. It is the living truffle alone that can operate this miracle, and that only in a soil congenial to it, for surely the difficulty is not little thus to force nature in spots where truffles never grew before.

If, indeed, truffles can be found any where near the artificial truffle, there will be little difficulty, but, if they are to be brought from a distance, very great precautions must be taken to prevent their dying in the carriage. They may always be procured in France. The selections of roots for transplanting should not be made from the full-grown truffles, but from those which have not yet reached their maturity, as less likely to perish in the transport. A want of attention to this has caused many failures. We should be careful, therefore, to select the middle-sized roots, not too young nor too old, but in full health and vigour; and it will be very easy to procure a sufficient quantity of these from the spots where they grow naturally, either in England or in France. They

should be taken up out of their native soil on a rainy day, or at least when the ground is moist, with a small portion of their earth round their roots, and, exposing them as little as possible to the action of the air, you immediately place them in the box or case prepared for their reception, filling up the interstices, and covering the whole with a portion of the same earth from out which they were taken. They must now be transported as expeditiously as possible to the truffle-bed where they are to be planted, taking care, however, to open the box every two or three days to give them air, and to moisten them with river water. In this manner they may safely be conveyed to a considerable distance.

The cases, when they reach the place of their destination, must be opened in the shade, and, taking care to moisten the bed, if found at all dry, you plant the truffle roots in it as quickly as possible, about three inches under the soil, and in clusters together, that they may the more strongly impregnate the prepared compost with their re-productive elements, as the planting of isolated roots at a distance from each other has been often known to fail.

The spring and the beginning of autumn are the most favorable seasons for the transplantation of truffles, because it is at these periods of the year that the best roots for transplanting are to be found in the places of their natural growth.

In the first year after their transplantation their re-production will not be considerable. If planted in the spring, there will be found, however, the following autumn, some young truffles about the size of a nut or walnut, with a yellow skin, and a spongy consistency, which must be left another year, to complete their growth, but their appearance will afford a satisfactory proof of the success of the plantation, and present the gratifying assurance of abundant future crops for years to come.

Our limited space will not allow us to enter into a more ample detail, but we have said enough to indicate the assured means of raising truffles by artificial culture. The principal point, it will have been perceived, is to saturate the prepared soil as completely as possible with the peculiar properties of the oak, and which we have therefore called *quercine* matter.

The calcareous and ferruginous nature of the soil in a great part of Wales, the genial moisture of her climate, and the felicitous position of her *Llwyns* and *Cwms*, which abound with oak, seem to render the Principality a country peculiarly appropriate for the culture of this new article of home production, and it was principally from these considerations that this horticultural dissertation has been deemed not unsuitable to the pages of the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*.

W.

THE WHISTLERS.

[THERE is a belief, prevalent among the inhabitants of North Wales, that the cry of the golden plovers, or (as the peasants term them) "the whistlers," foretells the death of some near friend or relative of the person who hears it.]

THERE comes a fearful sound at eve, o'er many a sleeping vale,
It thrills the strong man's heart with dread, and woman's cheek grows pale;
The bolt of heaven, the tempest's wrath, the torrent sweeping by,
Wake less of awe in Gwynedd's breast, than doth that plaintive cry.

The youthful peasant bounding on, along his mountain way,
And cheering still the lonely path with some wild ancient lay,
Hushes his song, and stays his step, and prisons in his breath,
Too well his heart that warning knows—the whistlers' note of death.

He strains his gaze, to mark the spot where his lone mother dwells,
And deems that e'en yon curling smoke a tale of comfort tells;
Yet sighs to think how soon those eyes, alas! already dim,
May cease to tend the fire, and watch thro' the long night for him.

And now, around an ancient hall, the gloomy wand'rer flits,
Where, circled by a fairy group, a widowed mother sits;
She hears, and o'er her children flings a glance of shudd'ring dread,
Trembling to see some fair bud droop, some flow'et hang its head.

Yon orphan maid the cry has heard, and oh! what terrors press
Around the pale girl's sinking heart, in its still loneliness;
The work has left those quiv'ring hands, now wildly clasp'd to pray;
She has a lover in the wars,—a brother far away.

Oh! bear thou hence thy boding cry, thou evil omened bird;
There's woe, deep woe, for human love, where that thrill wail is heard;
Some dear one's knell it seems to ring, in every startled ear,—
Is there, on earth, one lot so dark, that nought is left to fear?

E.

WELSH MOTTO AND TRANSLATION.

By the late EDWARD WILLIAMS, of Glamorgan.

NODDAIS i' mryd yn addwyn
Er yn fâb yr awen fwyn,
Yn iâs îr ei naws eirian
Fy myd i gyd oedd y Gân;
I'mhoen fyth! am hyn o fai
Un o'm ceraint ni' m carai.

WARM from a child I lov'd the bardic muse,
My worlds of bliss all center'd in her views;
Sweet fancy revell'd in my thrilling heart;
But this warm passion for the tuneful art
Was deem'd a crime, was mark'd with bitter blame,
Till every friend a ruthless foe became.

BELI DIUOSE.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

IN the article on Irish Mythology, in your last number, by Sir S. R. Meyrick, a description is given of a Druidical Monument, in the county of Kilkenny, bearing the inscription BELI DIUOSE; and which is adduced by Sir S., as it has been by numbers before him, in support of an hypothesis respecting the worship of *Bel*, and its concomitant superstitions among the Irish. And, as this alleged ancient inscription, according to the above interpretation, is calculated to mislead, not only as it regards the mythology of the Irish, but the alphabetical characters in use among that people, it may not be unserviceable to state that the whole affair is one of the veriest deceptions in existence, and, even unintentional as it must originally have been, may now be placed upon an equality with the best and most successful antiquarian hoax ever practised. For this sacred and so highly venerated inscription of BELI DIUOSE, is nothing more or less than the name of E. CONID 1731, read upside down, who was a cutter of millstones, and a few years ago well remembered in the neighbourhood. And from the nature of the stone, "siliaceous brescia," or millstone grit, there can be no doubt that, in thus cutting his name upon it, he intended to appropriate it to himself, for the purpose of converting it into a millstone.

It is true that, in reading the name E. CONID 1731 upside down, which it appears was the method adopted by the Irish antiquaries, in order to make *Beli Diuose* of it, some of the letters will appear reversed, i. e. *upside down*, which in the uninitiated might have excited some degree of suspicion, and induced them to try how the words would read from the opposite side; but with the more erudite, this was a circumstance calculated more firmly to establish a character of antiquity, as being in accordance with the Etruscan and Phœnician alphabet.

When old NED CONID cut his name upon this stone, he little dreamed that his apotheosis was so near, and that in half a century he was to be numbered among the gods: and if some other antiquarian subjects were examined with greater attention, they might possibly exhibit very different features to what they now do. And if Sir S. Meyrick would engage in the personal examination of the Round Towers which he refers to, and bring to the undertaking the same tact and discernment which he has evinced in other branches of antiquarian research, I doubt not he would be able to set at rest this so long agitated question respecting these extraordinary buildings, by determining their era and style of architecture, and possibly also the purpose of their erection

Besides those towers mentioned in Ireland and Scotland, there is one in the centre of *Peel Castle*, in the Isle of Man, which, as far as I could perceive, differs from the generality of the others only in having a flight of stone steps on the outside, leading to the entrance, and projecting battlements on the top.

There is likewise another at *Carriggeen*, in the county of Limerick, which is not noticed in Ledwich's catalogue; and in which, although the key-stone of the entrance has slipped a little down out of its place, there is enough to mark an arch of regular masonry, though not perfectly circular: while the windows exhibit curious specimens of a grotesque pointed top on the outside of the ogée character, formed of only two inclining stones, and of the square, tapering, or Egyptian style within.

Yours, &c.

* * * *

August 27, 1832.

WITHEs USED INSTEAD OF CORDS OR HARNESS.

WE find withes were used as substitutes for hempen cords in yoking cattle to the plough and to the wain in very ancient times in Wales. The word *withe* is taken from the Welsh *wydd*, (pronounced wyth,) which signified *trees*. This is also very probably the derivation of *weeds*, since before this country was cleared of its immense forests, trees were only a larger species of weeds, so that *wydd* and *weed* were synonymous.

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE, IN TOWYN CHURCH-YARD.

THE person whose virtues it records, was for half a century a gardener, attached to the Ynys-y-maengwyn family.

If honest labour, industry, and truth,
 Can claim from righteous heaven a just reward—
 Learn, learn, ye Welshmen all, both age and youth,
 How poor and patient merit claims regard.
 Here lies a man who never swerv'd at all,
 His honest heart was only known to few,
 His daily labour furnish'd means but small,
 His worth too little known—his name JOHN HUGH.

ADVENTURES OF A WELSH MEDICAL STUDENT.

No. III.

(Continued from page 334.)

THE light of morn had appeared, and the radiance of full day was shining over one of the grandest views in nature, namely, the mountain vista as seen from Beaumaris Bay. I was reposing on the brow of a small hill, and gazing intently on the sublime and varied scene before me; the light breeze was whistling among the foliage, and the distant bleating of the lamb was feebly heard. No human being was visible over the whole survey; the paradise at that moment seemed made for me alone; and that beneficent Being whose breath is life, had stamped upon the appearance of that scene an evidence of its peace.

The turrets of an abbey-looking building, obscured from the full view by the creeping shrubs, which apparently had held a sway over it for many ages, and now seemed to be its only support, lay upon the left of the view: my sketch-book was in my hand, and I pencilled hastily an outline of the scene. Suddenly the breeze ceased even its former whispering, and the clouds were dark and lowering, and the perfect stillness of nature gave me warning of the approach of tempest. I descended the hill towards the ruin, and happily reached it in time to shelter myself from its drenching effects. One end of the abbey, consisting of three or four small rooms, had been wrested from the ruthless grasp of decay, and converted into a somewhat habitable dwelling. I entered beneath an ivy-mantled archway, ornamented with the mouldering remains of heraldic grandeur; and, after knocking loudly a few times at a large oaken nailed door (such an one as commonly, even at this day, adorns the entrance to the village church), it was slowly opened by an aged man, whose venerable brow bore a few white hairs scattered amid the wrinkles of decrepid age; his face was deeply lined, thin, and compressed, but the mouth and eye still retained an expression of intelligence, of manly and honest independence. The old man regarded me attentively for a few moments, then wiped from his face a tear which had almost unconsciously been shed, and beckoned me to follow him. "You are a stranger," said he, as we were traversing a low narrow passage, which led to a small kitchen, "but as such you are welcome to the shelter of my humble roof; the storm is awfully raging, but it will soon subside." My host beckoned me to take one of the rough seats by the side of a large fire of mawn (turf); and placing a huge wooden bowl of milk, and an

oaten cake, upon the table before me, he requested me to partake with him of the morning's refreshment. I had often pictured to my mind, when immured within the walls of a London hospital, where disease and death were around me, and the low piteous moaning of some unhappy victim to the vices and miseries of a town-life sunk deeply to my heart, with what pleasure I would exchange that scene, for the quiet retirement of humble poverty apart from ambition, to live as Byron expresses it—

“With some fair spirit for my minister;”

no more to hear of those with whose career my recollection had been tainted, no more to feel myself a portion of my former existence; but to live anew, and to feel anew, to destroy every trace of the past, and to endeavour to embody a more glorious futurity; and yet to what purpose? perhaps, to recommence a more flagrant course; for the despotism of iniquity appears to attach itself to whatever is pleasurable, as well as to that which is painfully otherwise: the emblems of departed magnificence; the contrast of past grandeur with present simplicity; the humble fare within the walls perhaps of a palace; the noble lofty bearing of man, with the spirit of the lion evidently broken; worn down like the granite rock by the billows of the all powerful ocean, or hollowed by the continued dripping of small pearly drops of earth's pure distillation. What reflections do these natural and too frequent objects of our observation create within our minds?—curiosity and deep sympathy; more especially the latter of these qualities, because we can never refuse the balm when our own wounded feelings need so often the soothing influence of confidence and friendship.

In the following little history, therefore, I register one of the many causes of the unhappiness of mankind, and contented shall I be, if the pen delineates that moral which the crayon of the mind sketches as one of the baneful effects of the present artificial state of society.

THE LOVE-STRICKEN.*

(*Founded on Fact.*)

In the gardens adjoining a very extensive mansion, where romance might have depicted in all its wildness the horrors of living apart from any of the family of man,—by the light of the silvery moon which had just emerged from a cloud, and which had imparted to the waters of a small lake that mercurial lightness the most brilliant influence “of heaven's pale planet,” two figures were seen slowly walking and earnestly conversing in that easy and endear-

* We are compelled, as in our last number of the *Adventures*, to remain silent regarding names and localities.

ing manner that marks a perfect accordance of mind and disposition, even when playful perverseness may induce either to take the most opposite view to the opinion and wish of the other. The one was a female whose age could scarcely have attained sixteen years, of small fair features of the most expressive form, and light blue eyes which sparkled with so much brightness as almost to shame the orb of love herself: altogether, the appearance of the young lady portrayed that spirit of heroism and self-determination that parents need not congratulate themselves on the fairer sex of their offspring possessing. The other individual, was (as my readers have no doubt anticipated,) a young and elegant man of three and twenty years of age, of dark and intelligent, but of an extremely mild, expression of countenance; he was somewhat tall and thin, and from his demeanour and dress might be regarded as a clergyman somewhat inferior to his fair companion in his aristocratic bearing, but, nevertheless, possessing every external indication of gentlemanly refinements. They walked on, in a playfully careless mood, to an angle of the path where a small winding of the way diverging, led to a retired grotto, to which they bent their steps. The shadows of the different trees which crossed the walk gave a gloomy variety to the scene, reminding one much of the track of human life, generally all brilliancy here, while another step produces sombreness and misery, the future lying, like the dark grotto before, in uncertain obscurity. Seated in a deep recess of the retreat I have mentioned, was one whose eye rested with malignant scrutiny on the every action of the ill-fated lovers; a dark cloak concealed the person and the lower features of the demon's face; and, as the intended victim approached, a hand, having within its grasp a pistol, gently disengaged itself from the folds of the garment. There was a tremulous agitation on the part of the unfortunate girl, apparently in anticipation of some unseen evil; she twice started, and seemingly wished to return; while her companion and lover chid her fears, and supported her with his arm: they were within a few paces of the grotto; the moon's soft light was hid behind a dense cloud; the report of a pistol was heard, and the flash of light from the recess followed by a deep sigh, as if nature had made her one and only effort, and could feel no more: the rustling among the underwood, and a white garment borne rapidly along, was the only evidence that an untimely fate had, perhaps, separated for ever, the unfortunate victims of a parent's cruel caprice.*

* About thirty years since, an incident occurred in North Wales, the features of which much corresponded with the particulars of this story, the intended victim in that instance recovered: but, to preserve a feeling of romance, nothing less than a tragical issue will at present suit our sanguinary intent.

In a large and lofty chamber, within the walls of the mansion already described, and upon a rich embroidered pallet, lay that form of youth and beauty, whose attractions had been the theme and admiration of every one, now wasting, her frame gradually sinking under the effect of sudden disappointment and despair; the bloom upon her fair cheek had yielded to the lily's pale tint; the eye, so soft and bright, had sunk and become dim; the tear was unseen, for its font had become dry; the heart throbbed convulsively; the finger pointed to a page, and it was there continually, as if the soul was absorbed with one object, and the body sinking under one immoveable pang. The room was hung round with paintings, heart-stirring histories of deeds of valour: here was the lover serenading his mistress, and Cupid laughingly pointing his arrow toward the heart of a maiden; there was a Hebe, rich in colouring, vivid as from the pencil of poor Wilson of Penegoes, looking as though life were but a jest; but they were all horrible to contemplate, for still there was the vision with her finger pointing to the page; there were the green hills seen through the old latticed window; there was the vine, fresh and vigorous, with its purple-blooded fruit hanging in rich clusters before it, telling one of life, that it is joyous, and the pale green that there is youth and merriment; but turn the head, and oh, the marble, yet living, statue tells a tale which all the beauty of nature and all the painting of art cannot obliterate from the mind. The door of the chamber gently opened, and the tall figure of a man, who had numbered about sixty years, glided quietly to the side of the bed; there was a coolness in his demeanor, more perhaps the effect of habit than of art; a peculiar but expressive smile betokened a concealed thought, the eye was small but piercing, the forehead lofty, and the whole bearing of this individual was noble, but possessing that peculiar trait, which after having ascribed to it a number of qualities, each, perhaps, opposite to the former, we find at last that we have made but an unsatisfactory estimate of a character in which there is so much of doubt and mystery. "Matilda, are you sleeping?" said he, in a voice so low but distinct that the words seemed to glide through the whole apartment. "Sleep, sir," she replied, "will hereafter be as much a stranger to me as happiness can, or even life will be; do you expect sensation from the reeking victim of your sport, or water from the well when its spring hath for ever ceased its supply? I have lived dutifully subservient to your will, but I will die rather than be sacrificed to the caprice of your pride." "I am your father, child," said he, "and have a right to restrain your untoward inclination; the blood of your body shall never mingle with that of a plebeian." "Tell me not, sir, of plebeian blood," indignantly she said, "true nobility consists in the honour and integrity of mind; to it I would ally myself, but never to the false cringing knave of fashion, whose only title should

be that which is the reward of honest men. I have a pledge within the pages of this book, that my actions have been pure, and by that test, and not by the world's paltry estimate of worth, shall they be justified. The page of holy writ is the only solace left to the stricken in spirit, and under all circumstances and at all times I have found its consolatory influence diffusing peace, when wretchedness alone was the companion of my sinking spirit. I am now dying in the blush of early youth, ere the sun of pleasure hath beamed upon the flower of my days, and for why? can you feel any justification in the destruction of your only child, even though the laws of a corrupt world have forbidden affection to exist where nature hath wildly implanted it. If you have aught of pity yet for me, tell me, I conjure you, of him from whom you have torn me—I fear to ask the question: surely, father, you would not be his murderer! you would not break the heart you have reared with so much tenderness! oh, heaven, spare me the pang of feeling that I am sacrificed at the shrine of that which is falsely named family honour! You, my father, dared not have done this deed, you love me too affectionately to blight my early hope, for what am I but the frail child of nature, ardent and passionate, but bound by a spell under which I defy human agency." She smiled, and sunk upon the pillow; the father leant over and listened with an anxious ear to the feeble breathing of the girl, and having seemed to satisfy himself that it was fatigue alone that had induced slumber, he moved cautiously from the room, and, crossing a wide stone staircase, proceeded along a narrow passage to a small door which appeared to communicate with a less-frequented part of the mansion, he opened it hastily, and in the corner of a narrow and low room, extended upon a couch, lay the individual who has formed a main feature in the tragical scene at the grotto. It would be difficult to describe the mingled ferociousness of expression with that intense curiosity which distorted the features of him whom we shall henceforth call the baronet, as he gazed upon the senseless body before him; a stream of clotted blood had flowed from a side-wound, from the couch to the paved floor below; a low groan of apparently mental agony escaped from the lips of the sufferer; a small pocket volume lay open before him; his cheek had become contracted, and his lip firmly closed; death was nigh, the deadly hue was engraven on his brow; he attempted to rise, but was unable, looked earnestly and expressively at a small billet which he drew from his bosom and handed to the baronet, who appeared to gasp with breathless curiosity as he proceeded in reading it; at length, as if some charm had been broken, he threw himself at the feet of the sufferer, and imploringly said, "Awake, oh awake, my beloved nephew! let not the stream of life ebb ere I can obtain your forgiveness, or relate to you how unhappily the very means which I have employed to place into your pos-

session my own loved child, have thus ended in the murder of him he would have served!" The eye of the sufferer again appeared to beam with renewed energy—the lip moved, as if to speak—he gasped—fell convulsively forward—and was no more.

"It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Misfortune is the test by which we may estimate the character of the human mind, it seems either to refine or to render our natures more depraved and sensual; but woman, lovely woman, becomes more spiritualized as the weakening frame needs support from the sublime efforts of a soul unsubdued by the effect of circumstances: there is a feeling ever warm and powerful, to which love is most akin, but which constitutes but a small portion of its intensity, which is the essence of all that is virtuous, which makes a heroine of the timid, and a martyr of the "broken reed," which imparts strength to the strong, but upholds more firmly the attenuated frame, which whispers a kind word to the wretched, and cherishes the captive with a daring resolution, which bids the world, with all its misery, and all its iniquity, an undaunted defiance; and this is the charm which leads one to reflect and to feel that the spirit of woman possesses the power of an angel when controlled and softened by the inspiring effects of *true religion*.

The baronet firmly held for some time the hand of his unfortunate victim, he stood horror-struck, and gazed upon his shrunken features, he raised his drooping head and remained motionless, as if life had been merely suspended and he but awaited its glimmering return.

"Thou art a slave whom fortune's tender arm
With favor never clasp'd."

At length he reassumed his previous steady demeanour, and cautiously returned to the chamber of his daughter. They can barely conceive the effect of intense feeling who have never witnessed the mind's extreme anguish, or have marked how the effect glides, like the venom of a fiend's eye, through the blood-passages of the body, cooling its warmth and staying its circulation until consciousness ceases and life appears extinct; when oblivion becomes bliss, and the awakening to the world a renewal of torture; every circumstance of awful reminiscence adding to the certain knowledge that the mind is under no dream or delusion, but that each idea is truth, and misery, and misfortune, the companions of our future track in life's dreary journey. The maid was sleeping, and this was her doom, when light should again dawn upon her eyelids; but she was now in a paradise of her fancy, and she was happy, for the smile was playing on her

sweet lip, and the blush of the rose tinted her fair cheek but for an instant, and it again fled with the passing thought, and her brow was marked with a faint dark outline, as if it were the shade of the eyelash, and a curl had stolen from its tress and was reposing in luxury on her fair bosom, but in an instant a deep sigh displaced it; the features, so beautiful and before so tranquil, became dark and determined, the scene of blood had again recurred to her mind, and she awoke bitterly to deplore the eternal fate of true love. The baronet was seated in a high-back rudely carved antique chair, a small table before him was strewn over with old family papers, the documents of past days; a porte-feuille lay open upon the floor, and a few rings and seals of shape and make corresponding in age with the various other antiquities, lay scattered about, as if a doubt had been entertained of the authenticity of the writings, and these had emerged with them, corroborative of the evidence. Tear after tear trickled down the old man's furrowed cheek, his features had lost their energetic expression, deep grief appeared to have settled upon his mind, and pride had given place to humility; it evidently had been produced by great suffering and exhaustion of mind, and was not that quality which is the result of penitence for past transgression; he felt that he had erred, but his error had arisen, he thought, from accident and not from principle; he appeared desirous to say something, when he perceived that the eye of his daughter was resting with a fixed expression upon him, but he hardly dared to give a second glance towards her, for he appeared to shrink even from her kind look. At length she broke the silence, and tremulously said, "My father, I implore you to unravel this mystery; tell me, if you have ought of hope for an hereafter, that the murder of him whom I loved but too affectionately for me ever to recover from the shock which I have received, was neither by your hand nor through your means; it was a deed so horrible, so demoniacal, you could not have performed it." The baronet's face was concealed by his hand, which he kept clenched, as if to mitigate the agony of his brain: "My child, my Matilda," he replied, "the stain of blood is upon my brow, my hand is dyed with the gore of my own kinsman, and him too whom I most loved; but I knew it not, for how could I have known it? I thought that he with whom I have seen you—he whom I have watched, as the tiger lies in wait for his unconscious prey, had been the despoiler of my fairest gem, the only relic of my little flock? the single bud left on the floweret's stem I felt had been broken, and already my fevered brain had pictured the sweet promise of my declining days possessed by one whom I then thought the being of my charity, and who through those means had become the despoiler of my family. Oh, pity me, merciful heaven! relieve the burden of my guilty conscience. Thy own cousin, my child, lies a mangled corpse; him to whom I had in mind betrothed you has been murdered by the hand that

nursted him in infancy, and protected him in youth." No reply was for some time made to the almost incoherent raving of the misguided parent; the slight convulsive sob bespoke more than words could explain—the heart was fast sinking, it could not abide long this severe trial of misfortune, it might rally for a time, but the buoyancy of youth is sometimes even its own destruction.

Perhaps, no situation of life affords a more varied or more useful lesson to those whose misfortune it may be to witness it, than the couch of sickness, especially when Providence appears to have selected an individual instance to exemplify the power and influence of scriptural truths on the characters of those who are the objects of affliction. In the instance before us, we should feel inclined to repine that so much loveliness of person and stability of character, added to sweetness of disposition, should be like a star in the darkened horizon, that affords its light and inspires us in our contemplations; but we need only watch the progress of the soul's purification, even while on earth, to feel that the moment must soon arrive when the fruit which has withstood the blast of temptation and remained uncorrupted by it, must, by the genial influence of that sun which ripens it, be at last received into the garner of the husbandman, according to the purposes of an all-wise Deity; and here it was so destined: the spirit seemed to rebel against the vigour and health of youth, even the shrill whistle of the early lark would excite a desire in the mind of the maiden to attune a melody of plaintive softness, and her lyre would be touched until the corresponding sympathy of disappointment would well-nigh break the heart, so true is it that harmony generally will echo only the prevailing passion of the afflicted spirit. One eve, when all things were hushed, that the wing even of the busy insect seemed at rest, and the leaf stirred not upon the fragile bough, as if nature awaited breathlessly an event; the daughter was reclining upon the arm of him whose eye had not closed since the issue of our tragic history, and her sunken features rested upon the feeble shoulder of the distressed parent; at length the gasping lip gave a convulsive utterance, and with an imploring accent, dwelling and apparently meditating as each line was expressed, her suffering soul was released from the bosom which it inspired, while the maiden calmly prefigured her destiny in the heart-searching and devotional exercise of the Lord's Prayer.

The materials of this short tale, which has thus been denominated "*The Love-stricken*," were gathered from the conversation of mine host of the abbey: he had himself played some low character in the tragical affair, under the direction of the baronet, whose servant he had been unto the day of his death.

The description of the closing scene of this miserable man's life is quite unconnected with the point of the story; but it appears that he lived for many years after his daughter's decease, and that he was of a morose and gloomy disposition; he became exceedingly jealous and suspicious of strangers, and has been known to awake in the dead of night under the delusion of being assailed by the officers of public justice. It has been hinted by some, that the passion for revenge has manifested itself as a prevailing feature of his character, in more than a single instance, and that other fatal results have ensued: I should hardly conceive this to be the case, from one or two striking incidents of kindness and humanity which have occurred in the recollection of many of his contemporaries,—he has relieved the oppressed and comforted the afflicted; and these qualities, indicative of an amiable nature, should be sufficient to induce us to throw a veil over the failings of a man who in one action of his life, by following the impulse of pride and jealousy, became the bane and torment of his own existence.

“ No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine.”

A HIVE OF BEES CONSTITUTED GAME.

OUR modern sportsmen will be surprised to find that wild bees were pursued in the chase as mountain game by our ancestors. A bee-hive hunt was then as much the fashion as a steeple-hunt at present. We find a hive of bees, *haid wenyn*, mentioned in the “ *Naw Helwriaeth* ” immediately between the *carw*, stag, and the *gleisiad*, salmon; thereby intimating, that after a stag hunt, a hive of bees was considered the most deserving object of a sportsman's attention, in preference even to the fishing or spearing of the salmon. Mr. Wyndham, in his “ *Tour in North Wales*,” alludes to this ancient field-sport of the Welsh. The Saxon word *hyve* was probably formed out of a conjunction of these two Welsh words, *haid wenyn*, by dropping the final letters of both, and by converting as usual the *w* of the last into *v*, which would give us *haive*, from whence the transition to *hyve*, or *hive*, is easy. *Bee* may, perhaps, be derived from *byda*, another Welsh word for a hive of bees.

WELSH CASTLES.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE often been solicitous to possess a brief register of the castles erected in the Principality, and the battles noticed in the chronicles, accompanied by such expositions of the localities as it might be possible to collect: such information, I believe, is not to be obtained in any work that I am acquainted with, treating upon Welsh occurrences; and without aid of such a description, the reader does not derive the minute knowledge conducive to accuracy of conception, nor that pleasure which he would experience in tracing events, when engaged in the perusal of the history of our country. Such a collection would materially assist many branches of study, and would very appropriately form a feature in your miscellany; if it suits your views to receive such communications, I will transmit to you the few and imperfect gleanings I have made on this subject, which may perhaps elicit from some of your correspondents, in the habit of such researches, much interesting information. Preparatory to this attempt, may I beg to solicit, through your medium, any notices that may occur to your readers upon the following places, the sites of which, owing to my very imperfect acquaintance with the topography of Wales, more especially the southern portion, I am unable to identify.

Among the places where battles have been fought, noticed in the Chronicles, the following are unknown to me.

Year.

- 656. Strages Gaii Campi.
- 721. Heilin, in Cornwall.
- 838. Feryllwg, between Wye and Severn. Is it the same as Ferrex?
- 844. Ketyll. The Gwentian Chronicle has Cyveiliog.
- 848. Finnant.
- 860. Cad Wythen.
- 873. Rhiw Saeson, in Morganwg. Is it in the parish of Llan-trisaint?
- 880. Bryn Onnen.
Bangolen, in Mona.
Manegid, in Mona.
- 930. Brun.
- 980. Hirbarth, in Lleyrn.
- 991. Cors Einion, in Gower.
- 1029. Poniwlwg, in Morganwg. I observe a tract, called Gowiwlwg, on the map of Monmouthshire, near the town of Usk.

Year.

1031. Hiraethwy. The Gwentian Chronicle has Traethwy. Machwy. Query, the river Machawy, which falls into the Wye?
1037. Rhyd y grog, or Rhyd y groes, on the Severn.
1040. Pwll Dyvach.
1066. Mechen.
1075. Bron yr erw. Most probably in Caernarvonshire or Merioneth.
1076. Gwennottyll.
1094. Coed yspwys. According to the context in Gwynedd.
1094. Celli darvawc, or Gelli carnawc. The Normans there defeated, either in Gwent or Morganwg.
1255. Bryn Derwin. Where Llewelyn took his brothers, Owain and Davydd, prisoners.
1257. Coed Lathen. Near Dinevwr, where the English were defeated by Meredudd ab Rhys and Meredudd ab Owain.

The castles in Wales, according to Mr. Jones, in his History of Brecknockshire, amount to 143; my list embraces about the same number. Subjoined are the names of those with whose sites I am unacquainted.

1107. Aberrheidiol. May be the same as Aberystwyth.
1108. Kenarth vechan. The account states that Gerald rebuilt the castle of Pembroke at a place called Cenarth vechan.
1109. Aberteivi at Dingereint. Supposed by some to be Cilgeran, by others, Hengastell, below Cardigan.
1144. Mab Udrud. Built by Gilbert, earl of Clare; probably situate in the Comot of Mab Udrud, in the western part of Caermarthenshire.
1151. Ystrad Cyngen. Taken in that year by Rhys ab Grufudd.
1155. Aber Dyvi. Built by the Lord Rhys.
1157. Ial. Taken by Iorwerth Goch.
1174. Gwent is coed.
1194. Y Cantrev bychan.
1216. Ystum Llwynarth. Query, if Oystermouth Castle?
1216. Nant yr Ariant. Somewhere in the lower part of Cardiganshire.
1236. Morgan ap Hywel ym Machein.
1245. Garthgrugyn. Fortified by Maelgwn Vychan; situated in Cardiganshire.
1257. Bydydon or Bodedon. Destroyed by Llywelyn, during an incursion into Powys.
1257. Llan Geneu, Llangymwch, Powel.
1266. Celli Wrda. Query, if the Hay?

Yours,

* * * * *

**"DISSENT IN THE CHURCH IN WALES—CONDITION OF
THE WELSH PEASANT."**

THIS is the title of an article which appeared in a monthly publication for September (Frazer's Magazine); and in replying to the misstatements it contains, we must be understood to entertain no feelings of personal hostility to the conductors of the magazine, for we are well aware that the editor has been cajoled—that his pages have been rendered a vehicle for misrepresentation: unfortunately for himself, for us, and the cause of truth, he had not used, in the instance before us, that caution which must ever be essential in the conduct of a book professing independence, nay, professing common disinterestedness, and common integrity.

There have been occasions when we were compelled to justify the people and institutions of Wales, the editors of other periodicals having intentionally misrepresented their condition and character; the present one does not require such a procedure: we shall merely disprove assertion: nor shall our contradictions rest entirely upon our own remarks, they shall often be sustained by other authority.

The introductory portion of the paper objected to, consists of legendary scraps, selected from former numbers of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, and elsewhere interspersed with original matter; and it is possible that this contrivance of the writer operated as a clap-trap on the attention of the editor, leading him but to a superficial examination of its merits, and thereby preventing his understanding the real tendency of subsequent assertions, *utterly destitute of a single particle of truth*.

To begin then with our quotations:—

"In all matters of literature and science, the Welsh are worse than careless—they are culpably and obstinately neglectful." P. 172.

In reply to this, we have to state, that there are *seventeen* periodicals published in the old British language, *mainly* supported by the *peasantry*. We consider that this fact alone is a sufficient reply to the assertion, which no doubt has been made in ignorance. We proceed to another extract.

"There is no concealing the fact, that the Welsh are not a literary or an enlightened people; the genius of their bards expired with its noble-minded possessors; and even the mantle of the order has not descended in any of its pristine freshness and purity to the modern inhabitants of the Principality."* P. 172.

* The late Edward Williams, of Glamorgan, we conceive to be unimpeachable authority on this point. In pages 8 and 9, vol. 2, of his *Lytic and Pastoral Poems*, will be found the following passage: "The *Bardic*, or, which is the same thing, the *Druidic*, institution, originated in Britain, according to Julius Cæsar, the ancient Welsh writers, and the traditions retained still by the Bards; it is not yet extinct, for we have in Wales a small number still remaining, in an uninterrupted succession from the ancient British Bards and Druids. A Welsh Bard of the present age retains the ancient title of *Bardd wrth Ffaint a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain*; in English, *Bard according to the Rights and Institutes of the Bards of the Island of Britain*. The Druidic theology also

The history of Wales will readily account for this inevitable change in the general tastes and habits of the people: the natural genius of the country has developed itself in many modern instances of literary and military achievement,—we need scarcely cite individual examples; for it has long since been acknowledged, that the Principality has afforded her full quota to the talent of Great Britain; but we know not what this has to do with dissent in Wales, or the condition of its peasantry; and, as to the Welsh being “not a *literary* or *enlightened* people,” we have only again to advert to the existing *literature* of our small territory, a like comparison with which cannot be made, according to its geographical extent, in any other portion of Britain.

Remarking on the constituency of the Gwyneddigion Society in London, the writer favors us with the following:

“We have looked in vain for the names of the Wynns, the Vaughans, the Mostyns, the Morgans, the Trevors, or, in truth, of any of the *magnates* of Wales, attached to it as actual members.” P. 173.

Although, the parties mentioned here have not intermixed with the members of the society, it is a fact well known that they have upon many occasions liberally contributed to the relief of their countrymen, who have been recommended by one or other members of the society as proper objects of their charity; and for proof of this fact, we refer our readers to the Gwyneddigion Society itself; and, assuredly, we have not a less exalted opinion of the philanthropy of the individuals mentioned in this extract, because their “names” are not advertised to the public among the list of other benefactors to the unfortunate and necessitous of their countrymen.

The estimate of the good effected by the society, as stated by the following passages,

[“The only good which has accrued from it, as far as we know, is the publication of the *Myvyrian Archaiology*. With the publication of the *Archaiology* we must, we fear, close our account of the real benefits which the *Gwyneddigion* society has conferred upon literature.” P. 173.]

displays either so much intentional misstatement, or otherwise unpardonable ignorance, that we can barely suppose the “critic” has inquired in any way into the objects of its foundation: a stimulus for literary exertion is annually afforded by the distribution of its medals and pecuniary rewards; and the author of any work of Welsh literary merit is well aware, that their liberality has invariably been unimpeachable.

We pass unregarded the passages respecting the conviviality and “uproarious orgies” of the meetings as trash, unworthy any notice, save this, that it is ridiculous to imagine that the ebullition of warm-heartedness at all interferes with the objects of the institution, or is in any degree a reflection upon the members who compose it.

still remains in Wales, where it was never entirely abolished: yet Druidism has been sought for every where but in *Wales*, and the *Welsh language*, where it is only to be found.”

We beg to assure the Gwyneddigion Society, that we have the greatest confidence in their prosperity, and that we shall ever be happy to afford them our zealous co-operation in forwarding their wishes, while they continue to evince their present honest and patriotic principles of action.

The burlesque style which has been adopted to throw an air of ridicule over the formation of the *Cymmrodorion* Society, is well-worthy of the Pindaric school; but we refer our readers to the paragraph itself, to determine whether the desire of the writer to display his wit upon such an occasion has not the effect of producing a reflection on the judgment of one who could pen statements so absurd, and in some instances unfair and untrue. One of the latter we insert; it is this, that "every individual who could boast of a long pedigree, or of a few hundred acres of bog or mountain, appeared in the list of vice-presidents." In reply, we beg to say, that this assertion is a conviction to our minds, and, no doubt, to those of our readers, that it has been made by one of the many who legislate for the world from the attics of Grub-street or the purlieus of St. Giles's: he has wished to depict the poverty of the country in the illustration, but the attempt reminds us how exceedingly *threadbare* must have been the information which he himself possessed on the subject; a reference to the programmes of the London Eisteddvod, in which a list of vice-presidents appears, will corroborate our remarks; we are fond of third authorities.

The common insignia of office is attempted to be made the subject of farce, and we feel that, while we notice the insipid remarks which the "author" has made, we are conferring a much greater honour than such a composition can possibly deserve; but we wish to do every justice to the ungallant individual, whoever he may be who has paid so poor a compliment on the fair sex as to suppose that they would allow themselves to be "dragged to this strange scene by their ill-judging papas." But we now proceed to the "graver" subjects of difference, and "to the fact of its utter apathy of the most essential purposes of its foundation."

"What good, let us ask, has it done to any thing connected with the literature, the history, or the poetry of Wales? Has it published any thing worth reading—or worth even the paper and print that have been wasted on its "*Transactions*?" We answer, No! Has it rescued from obscurity any literary treasure, or elucidated any of the perplexities of our early national history? No! Has it, after the manner of the Thames Street furrier, afforded assistance—nay even encouragement—to one single son of Cambria? No! Has it, during any period of its ten years' existence, done one single thing in strict accordance with the avowed purposes of its foundation? *It has not*; and we will briefly tell our readers why.

"The acting members of the *Cymmrodorion*, in other words, the council, consist of the least influential—we had nearly said, least respectable—individuals of the society. Acting under the apparent responsibility of the other and more eminent officers, they proceed entirely according to their own selfish caprices. If they meant well, and were disappointed in the result of their

measures—as many greater councils have been before them—we should pity, and not condemn them: but this is not the case. They act wilfully, and with their eyes open, to the great injury of the society, and to the infinite disgust of all rational people. We do not say this out of pique or ill-will to any single member of the *Cymmrodurion*, or of its council; indeed, as far as we are individually concerned we have no cause for complaint; but having been honoured by the distinction of one of the society's prizes, we naturally feel a little interest in its welfare and respectability. Besides, being very nearly a thorough-bred Cambro-Briton, and dating our pedigree considerably beyond the deluge, the *amor patriæ* is strong within us; and, notwithstanding the evil days upon which our poor country has fallen, and the busy part which *some* of her *magnantes* have taken in the propagation of this evil, we love her still. We love her blue hills and her secluded lakes; we love her glens, her woods, her rocks, her streams, her cataracts, for she is our “father land;”—we were cradled amidst her, mountains, and may we finally repose in their calm and quiet bosom!

* * * * *

“But, it will be said, this society must be of some advantage by the distribution of its prizes, and by the good fellowship which it must naturally promote amongst the natives of the Principality, as well as by enabling the rich and generous to subscribe their money towards the laudable object of its institution. As far as the prizes are concerned, the plan and purpose are beneficial, we will readily allow; but the mode in which they are awarded is not impartial. The council, of course, constitute the tribunal, to whose judgment the productions are submitted; and we have reason to know, that, with very few exceptions indeed, the writers are sufficiently well known before hand. Hence impartiality is impossible; and hence it is that certain individuals, whom we could mention, have nearly monopolised the whole series of prizes. In addition to this, the council fix upon the subjects: and we know of no regulation which prevents any one of them from entering the lists as a candidate.” (Pp. 174, 175.)

Now the grounds of interference on the part of our contemporaries are so rational and meritorious, that we should feel a pleasure in taking part with him in an *honest cause*: he has depicted in the most glowing of imagery his fondness for that in which our own hearts are essentially connected; he has related his family tie, and founded upon all this the grounds of those charges which we have detailed, and to each of which we purpose to reply, being influenced as well as himself by that “*amor patriæ*” which he has made the signal for the onset, and the inspiring principle of his zeal.

The “Transactions” are the first results of this institution, and contain the writings and researches of the greater portion of our present Cambro-British talent, as well as selections from valuable unique mss. The antiquarian discoveries have afforded much useful and historical information, they are replete with early accounts of our country, and throw considerable additional light on the laws and institutions of Great Britain; they have rescued from oblivion some of the compositions of the early bards, and have been useful as books of reference, in the compilation of a recent work by one of the first of our modern historical writers.*

* Sir James Macintosh's History of England, and acknowledged by him to the proprietor of our work to have afforded the information required.

The Cymmrodorion have within the last two years voted a very liberal donation for the continuance of the archæology, thus forwarding *the very object* of the founder of the Gwyneddigion, the patriotic Owen Myvyr, and the publication of the Mabinogion, a work exceedingly curious and interesting, in its translated form, to the literary world generally.*

“The council” are not *now* constituted judges of the merits of the papers sent in for prize adjudication. Do not the names of *Wiffen, Sharon Turner, Dr. Owen Pughe, Sir S. R. Meyricke, “Walter Davies of Manafon,”* sufficiently of themselves repel the assertions which the writer has made against the respectability and influence of the society? and who, by the bye, do not compose “the council,” and we much wish it were possible that they did so honour the Cymmrodorion, for its station would then be equally high as that of any literary society in Europe. Will it be believed that *such* men would wink at a perversion of the fund at the disposal of the society, or in any way allow themselves to be mixed up in literary jobbing? we need say no more—our readers will be satisfied on this part of the subject.

We accord in opinion with the writer on one point, commented upon in page 177, namely, that an annual concert appears to be not in unison with the affairs of a Welsh Literary Society, interspersed as it may be with Cambro-British music; but this part of the business being decided on by a *majority* of the London members, the council are bound to abide by their decision.

We now proceed to another material topic of the article of our contemporary, in which he attempts to confute some of the arguments of an essay published under the patronage of the *Cymmrodorion*, and for which one of its prizes was awarded. The following question, however, is very facetiously asked in an appended note :

“May we ask, what reference the subject of this essay has to the original purposes of the Cymmrodorion, and why it was selected on the present occasion? We should like to know, also, how many candidates there were for this prize.”

We have already stated that the society was founded upon principles of general utility to the Principality, and we feel this to be a question which, if properly solved, would be extremely beneficial to society, inasmuch as its most important interests are involved in the proper regulation and well-being of its national church. The second question we cannot do better than answer in the words of Dr. Wm. Owen Pughe: “it would be highly desirable that this essay should be printed by the Cymmrodorion, under the sanction of its author.”

The first objection taken by this Goliath of critics is certainly of the most insignificant character; and, in reply to the latter part of the note, we beg to state that there were two candidates

* The early nursery tales of certain tribes of the ancient Britons.

for this prize. We shall now give another extract, for they afford us considerable amusement:

"The title of this paper is derived from one of the last successful prize-essays of the Cymmrodorion, which the author has anonymously published, under the clumsy title of 'An Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent in Wales from the Established Church.'"

The writer has thus proceeded warmly to the work, determined to quarrel with some one, and, consequently, knocks down a title which was given to the essayist, as a trial of his skill, by the society itself. Besides which, we see none of the "clumsiness" complained of, and much wish that the reviewer had rescued his character from the charge of hyper-criticism by affording us some other in his own peculiar phraseology. There are two points upon which we feel it absolutely necessary to make a few remarks, before we further proceed: first, as to the cause of the Merthyr Tydvil riots, which mainly originated in the machinations of certain Staffordshire emissaries, added to the very great distress from the unprecedented depressed state of the iron and coal trade, acting on the poverty of the unfortunate and ever to be commiserated colliers. The second point is, a total denial that Sir Watkin was the subject "of very cordial execration amongst his own cheerfully-respecting dependents:" for it is a fact, well known every where and to every one, excepting "our author," that he was chosen by the *operatives themselves* to act as mediator upon the occasion. We trust we need offer no apology for the numerous extracts we are induced to make, partly for the *amusement* of our readers and partly for the refutation which we subjoin to them. But here comes one that partakes so largely of the former class, that it behoves us to inform the peasantry, some of whom we are proud to say are the readers of our pages, of the cockney idea of their state of wretchedness.

"Thus, actual want, except in cases of sickness, or other unavoidable misfortunes, is rarely the lot of the Welsh peasant. His condition, God knows, is poor and wretched enough, as far as the absence of all luxury can make it."

We consider that there is frequently a "luxury" in the bosom of a poor Welsh peasant, hard as the times may press upon him, which many of our modern authors seldom experience, and this is a feeling of humble but contented independence, added to that which not a few of our London periodical writers rarely possess, we mean the "*luxury*" of being out of debt.

There is a truism, almost a solitary one, in this article, to which we most cordially assent; it is a comment on the character of the respected member for Merionethshire, for whom we, in common with every one who has the pleasure of knowing him, entertain the greatest regard, and even gratitude, for the example he has afforded to his country. He is one of those old-fashioned worthy individuals so often referred to even at the present day, but too rarely met with. The next point against

which "our author" stumbles, for he proceeds so circuitously in his arguments that, when he happens to write with any thing approaching to rationality, it appears to be the effect of accident rather than design; he states, however, that "he must endeavour to set mankind right," with his "*accustomed energy and facility!*" Now, how does he perform that which he so modestly proclaims to be an attribute of his labours of criticism? Guided by the infallibility of this "*accustomed energy and facility,*" he enters into a long tirade against the divine Wesley, whom he insinuates (in common with some of the "primitive professors") to have seceded, in the first instance, "either in accordance with their own wild whims, or to effect some purpose of a nature not strictly pious." The primary cause of dissent we assert to be a *difference of opinion*, (sometimes arising, as in Wales, from an inefficient performance of divine service,) and persecution is its consequence; but not, as "our author" states, that dissent in religious matters is to be referred *always* "to persecution." Then follows a lengthy quotation respecting the commencement of dissent in Wales, purporting to be translated from a Welsh periodical, entitled the *Trysorfa*. Now, as this account is given, the reader would at once suppose it was a clever translation of "our author's," with his "*accustomed energy and facility;*" but, upon reference to the introductory chapter of the Prize Essay, we find that this interesting little history has been extracted without any acknowledgment from the pages of the essayist. Following this is about half a column of print, given as original matter, but, having once "caught the Turk," we are unwilling to let him go without affording him a further proof of our tonsorium capability. The reader will discover our meaning upon comparing the half column, mentioned in page 178 of the periodical, with page 6 of the Essay, being another long extract which the essayist has acknowledged in his notes to have obtained from an original source.

"The old grievance of appointing English clergymen to Welsh benefices is revived by our essayist, with a virulence quite alarming. In allusion to this subject, 'What,' he asks, 'is the fact at the present moment in Wales? All the highest church preferment is in the hands of men utterly ignorant of the Welsh language:' and forthwith follows a woful lamentation, because 'a whole district should be virtually deprived of the rite of confirmation'—this, in our author's opinion, being the principal benefit conferred upon his flock by a bishop."

It is admitted therefore to be "an old grievance," that of appointing Englishmen to Welsh benefices, and that the bishops, against the express words of the 24th article, administer the rite of confirmation in a language not understood by the people. The flippancy of the arguments and observations made upon this subject, are unworthy a writer professing himself to be a defender of the church of England; and we are convinced that no pious clergyman could read them without the strongest feelings

of disgust and indignation: it is impossible for any one to set up any thing like a *decorous* argument in favour either of English bishops, or an English service, to a Welsh congregation. In the page adjoining that of our last extract, it is gravely allowed that a large portion of the income of the Welsh church is in the hands of Englishmen who can perform no duty in return, and therefore, he adds, they are the very persons on *whom* they ought to be conferred! It is incorrectly stated that "all the secluded and inland parishes are served by Welsh incumbents; while it must be within the recollection of many that an instance occurred in a parish consisting of a Welsh population, of a gentleman attempting to do duty in the English language, which created a strong feeling of disunion between himself and his parishioners, who, being warmly supported by one of those societies whose cause we have espoused in a former part of this article, produced the gratifying result of the respected individual alluded to, qualifying himself in such a manner for the performance of the service in the language of the country as to effect a perfect and happy reconciliation.*" It is further asserted, that the town of Machynlleth is "as civilized a town as any in North Wales, inhabited by a numerous race of well educated gentry:" and this remark is made for the purpose of proving that the worthy clergyman is fully qualified for affording spiritual aid to his congregation; we trust and hope it may be so. But we are well informed on this point that the writer possessed no correct knowledge of the town of Machynlleth in making the remark of its being inhabited by "a numerous race," &c. The fact is, there may be half a dozen families of opulent fortune, as also respectable persons employed in professional and commercial pursuits, but there is likewise a comparatively large body of people who are entirely ignorant of *any other* than the Welsh language. The instance even of Barmouth is not applicable to the argument; for the influx of English visitors alone has been the cause of the building a church for English service, the natives of Aber Mawddoc (anglicé Barmouth,) generally being of the poorer class, whose pursuits in life and isolated situation have limited their knowledge to their native tongue; or if (in consequence of collision with strangers) some of them have learnt the English, even that small number prefer the Welsh; it is therefore only during the summer season that there can be need of an English service. So much for the two instances in illustration of the reviewer's argument.

We had conceived that our labour of refutation would here have met with a resting-place, but it seems that, like the stone of Sisyphus, the article still moves onward, and that we are doomed again to take in hand the pen of criticism, nay, again

* This we conceive to be another luminous proof of the utility of these societies.

to raise the lash of correction; the cause alone compels us to be severe, for, in a note affixed to the first page, the article purports to review the second edition of this Essay; whereas, had this been the case, the reviewer would have perceived that instead of the essayist confining his remarks to the county of Montgomery alone, that the three counties, Merionedd, Caernarvon, and Anglesey, which *he so triumphantly asserts have not been noticed*, in the *very edition* which he professes to review, a full *exposition* is given of the state of the churches, *comprising four counties of North Wales*. If the essayist had been equally negligent with the answer, we should have been the first to reproach him; but it is presumptuous and unpardonable in one of such "*accustomed energy and facility*," who throws the gauntlet, and flourishes the sword so mock-heroically, to commit errors unworthy even the thesis of a schoolboy.

There is another extract made (page 180,) in the piratical manner before described, and which is so unworthy a writer of any pretension to talent, or even common principle, that we cannot help adverting to it. His manner, however, of ending his article is quite original, the subject of *bundling* being so extremely applicable to the cause he has been espousing. Surely, if "our author" had felt the least respect for the religion we presume he professes, he might have introduced, in conjunction with his remarks, a more decent and more creditable conclusion. It accords much, we are grieved to observe, with the same spirit that induced him to reflect on the situation of Sir Watkin, while in the chair at a meeting of the London Eisteddvod,—a false insinuation for the purpose of insult, and introduced as an intended witticism, a sad misapplication of the word, even to describe it as such.

In concluding the remarks we have made on the article before us, we are induced to stray somewhat from the subject, by a desire to stimulate those country societies, founded, as we have already stated, on the most philanthropic principles, and generally directed by able and honest individuals, to co-operate and forward by every means in their power the patriotic views of similar institutions in the metropolis. It is not enough in these times, when the genius of man struggles for pre-eminence, that we should do well *only*, but that we should ever aim to do our best; a principle that will find sympathy in the bosoms of many. It is very immaterial to the grand purposes of Christianity under whatever denomination its professors may be classed; but it matters greatly how they apply the means and talents they have at their command. We recommend the principle of co-operation among all classes, as vitally important to the interests and institutions of our country; for without this, the good we can effect will be but partial, while with it we may defy the pen of slander, and repel the attack of insidious enemies.

Having therefore dissected "a literary curiosity," the intention of which has evidently been even at the sacrifice of truth; to

refute the arguments and observations contained in a very able "Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent in Wales from the Established Church;" we feel it incumbent on our candour, however much we may differ on some points with the essayist, to pay a tribute to the learning displayed, as well as to the style of language which he has used throughout the pages of the Essay: we are induced the more so, because on the publication of it we expressed an apprehension, during a period of considerable national excitement, to give unnecessary publicity to some of the arguments, *honestly* we affirm, but nevertheless *as we conceived* imprudently, broached; and as we possibly may again recur to the subject, we will reserve our further remarks to the opportunity it will afford us. The cause, the whole world must allow, has been a good one on the present occasion, supported as it has been by an anxiety to detect misrepresentation and to expose the infamy of literary piracy and unmerited vituperation.

THE EVE OF A PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTION— REFORM.

It would hardly become us to detract from the merit of those who, during a session unusually protracted, have toiled unremittingly night after night in defence and support of certain questions of vital importance to the well-being of the constitution, but we cannot conceal the fact that the House of Commons has been and now is composed of some men who have regarded their occupation within its walls as the fashion of a day, more than as the earnest business of life: we trust, therefore, that they to whom the *sacred trust* has been extended, of providing suitable representatives to transact the business of the country, will regard this qualification as one not the *least* important; while at the same time we commend the necessity of keeping a strict regard to the principles of the men who are to carry the reform measure into steady operation. We conceive that a considerable portion of our agricultural and commercial distress has arisen solely from the speculative and *unbusiness-like* measures of "men in power;" and, therefore, without any reference to the party under whose banner they may hereafter be recruited, we strongly recommend on the electors generally, but particularly those in the Principality, to strive zealously on behalf of the candidates who present themselves with tried habits of application, in preference to theoretical and quibbling political adventurers. Reform in the representation was never more needed than under the present jobbing system of church and state patronage. The proper accomplishment of Reform will prudently but surely correct the public abuse of *means* and *patronage* in every branch of the administration; the system altogether needs a *gentle* purgative, but the dose must be administered by experienced, able, and, more than all, by *honest*, politicians.

OLION.

*To the Editors.*AN APPEAL RELATIVE TO THE LOW STATE OF SCIENCE
IN WALES.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR excellent miscellany being the only means of communication with your countrymen which we can command, and moreover the principal, perhaps the only proper vehicle for remarking upon Cambrian science, we hope that the following observations, though respecting a branch of science which we have never seen handled in the "Cambrian Quarterly," will not be excluded from its pages, nor entirely fail of producing a beneficial effect. All those whose information and opportunities enable them to form a tolerable estimate of the state of learning in the different countries of Europe, will, we presume, readily admit that, in the abstract sciences, especially the more intricate parts of physical knowledge, England has fallen far behind her continental neighbours; and in Wales the deficiency is still more deplorable. In England no excuse can be offered for this deficiency; but Wales has every excuse. But, whatever claims to pardon the almost total absence of mathematical and physical literature from the Principality may possess, we should ourselves be totally destitute of any claims to pardon, were we not to direct our endeavours to remedying the evil, and restoring Wales to her proper station in the scale of European literature. In England, we can say with pleasure that science is rapidly reviving: the dispulsion of that thick film of darkness which from the time of Bacon and Newton had overspread this country, was first commenced by Professors Ivory and Woodhouse, in the "Memoirs on the Attraction of Spheroids," by the former, and the Treatises on Astronomy, Trigonometry, and Isoperimetrical Problems, by the latter. Their patriotic endeavours have been ably seconded by Messrs. Airy, Herschel, Babbage, and Peacock. The labours of Professor Airy and Mr. Herschel are well known; and we owe to Professor Babbage, a "Treatise on Functional Equations," and a spirited appeal to his countrymen, entitled "Reflections on the Decline of Science in England," a work which we believe has greatly contributed towards rousing our geometers from the profound apathy into which they appeared to have fallen. But that, perhaps, which has most effectually operated towards the restoration of English science, is, the translation of Lacroix's "Traité Élémentaire de Calcul Différentiel et de Calcul Intégral," by Mr. Peacock; whose new "Treatise on Algebra," together with the "Mechanism of the Heavens," by Mrs. Somerville, almost suffices to replace England on a level with her rivals on the conti-

ment : in short, a British school of geometry is established. All, however, who feel any interest in the progress of Welsh literature, must see with regret that no such advance has taken place there. In fact, since the publication of the "New Compendium of the whole Practical Art of Navigation," in 1702, and the "Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos," in 1706, both by Mr. William Jones, of Llanfihangel tre'r bardd, we know of no mathematical work which has emanated from a Welsh pen. It is our opinion, however, that a Welsh school of geometry might be formed, (for we are not to consider Cambria as totally destitute of mathematicians among her sons,) by the translation of the best modern works on the subject into the Welsh language, for the convenience of those who are not acquainted with the English, French, and German ; an object which might with but little difficulty be effected by that society, whose patriotic exertions are now so usefully directed to preserving the remains of the literature of their country. But there is another much more powerful method, to which we beg leave to call your attention. An university may be considered as an institution devoted to the interest and promotion of every species of knowledge : no branch of science can justly be excluded, but each there claims its share of attention and study. To be brief, then, we strongly recommend the introduction of mathematics and natural philosophy into the regular course of reading at Lampeter College. A diligent professor, and regular courses of lectures on these subjects, would, we are persuaded, soon raise science in Wales to its proper pitch ; and we, and all who like us are zealous for the interest of Cambria in the scientific world, should with unfeigned pleasure hail the appearance of a Welsh school of Geometry.

We remain, sir, yours,

Θ.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

HIGHLY pleased with your remarks on the propriety of establishing a Welsh professorship in one or both of our universities, I address you in the hope of drawing the attention of the Cymmrodion Society in London, and other influential persons who are anxious to patronise our Eisteddfodau, and to promote their object in the encouragement and support of Welsh literature, to the propriety and necessity of making these meetings more practically useful than they are, as conducted at present. Surely the four divisions of the Principality, Powys, Gwynedd, Gwent, and Dyfed, would be able to subscribe annually a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of one of their members, who might feel disposed to spend a few months every summer in travelling and exploring the antiquities of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and in examining the mss. in the different libraries, both public and private ; and, when that gentleman (either a

member of one of the committees of the Eisteddfodau, or the new professor of Welsh literature, when appointed,) had made a proper collection, be at the expense also of printing the fruits of his labours. It is greatly to be lamented, that the valuable collection made by the Rev. Edward Llwyd, of the Ashmolean Museum, (author of the *Archæologia Britannica*,) should have fallen into private hands; both the university (of Oxford) and Jesus College having declined, it seems, to purchase his mss. when offered for sale after his decease, as stated in the second volume of the *Cambro Briton*, page 201: Sir Thomas Seabright became afterward, as it appears, the purchaser of some of these valuable remains; and, in the course of several years, they became the property of Mr. Johnes, of Hafod, in Cardiganshire, where they were unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration which consumed his elegant mansion, about the year 1808. A similar fate attended another portion of these mss. which fell to the lot of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart., at the house of a person in London, to whom they had been sent for the purpose of being bound. I have mentioned this circumstance in order to arouse the attention of our countrymen to the necessity of retrieving (if possible), in some measure, this unfortunate loss; for no doubt can be reasonably entertained but a person well skilled in the Welsh, Irish, and Erse languages, as the above Mr. Edward Llwyd was, and employed in the manner proposed, would be able, not only to rescue from oblivion many valuable mss. and other monuments of antiquity now fast going into decay, but also to throw great light on local and statistical researches, and the history of the United Kingdom in general. By such a person also the works of the bards, which have been already printed in the *Myfyrian Archæology of Wales*, and so very scarce, might be republished with notes and translations; and others, still unpublished, committed to the press. Those valuable collections in the libraries of Hengwst in Merionethshire, and Plas Gwynn in Anglesey, and at Wynnstay and Bodysgallen, &c., may, in the course of a few years, by some untoward event, be lost to the public. In reading your *Olion*, in the number for April, the writer was forcibly reminded of a speech made at the Eisteddfod at Wrexham, by the late excellent and learned Bishop Heber, wherein he strongly recommended the establishment of a Welsh professorship at Oxford; and it is to be hoped that no long period will be suffered to elapse before this desirable object is accomplished.*

PERIS.

* We fully coincide in the views of our Correspondents Θ and PERIS; but so long as the Eisteddvods, as at present conducted, spend large sums in paying musical performers from England, it will continue impossible to retain men of science and learning for the purposes they recommend; and which have been recommended before them, by Edward Llhuyd, Evan Evans, and William Owen Pughe.—EDITORS.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

SEVERAL Roman coins having been discovered in this part of the Principality within the last thirty years, I thought that a short account of a few of them might not prove unacceptable to some of your numerous readers. It may perhaps be proper, however, to inform you, that I have seen all those here specified, and that some of them are still in my possession.

In the year 1808, John Gibson, gardener, of Carnarvon, discovered a silver Roman coin, of the size of a sixpenny piece, with the following inscription—ANTONINVS AVG PIVS PPTRF, with the emperor's head crowned with laurel: on the reverse, a female figure leading a small animal with her right hand, and holding a spear in her left, with the following legend—SALVTI AVG COS IIII. The above coin was found in a garden, near a place called Hen Waliau, (the old walls,) where there are considerable remains of a Roman fort: and not far distant from the same spot, at a place called Ffynon Helen, (i. e.) St. Helen's well, a young woman going to draw water, July 1821, discovered in cleaning about the spring, a gold coin, considerably larger than a guinea, with the emperor's head, and the following impression—IMP CAESAR VESPASIAN AVG COS IIII: on the reverse, a small altar blazing, and a figure standing by it, and in the act of placing something upon it with his right hand, and holding a furcula or some such instrument in his left, and the words PAX AVG, and near the altar the letter S.

And in the 1810, several small Roman coins of copper or some mixed metal were discovered near Holyhead: one of GALLIENVS: reverse, a female standing and holding, probably, some sacrificial instrument in her right, and the following letters—LIBIANLIERSAVCC; and another with the head of the emperor, and this legend—IVLIANVS CAES AVG: reverse, a female figure sitting with a wand or staff, and ODG. Another with the following impression—CONSTANTINVS IVNNOB: reverse, GLORIA EXERCITVS, and two soldiers facing each other with standards furled in one hand, and a spear in the other—RBS. Another with CONSTANTINVS MAX AVG: reverse, GLORIA Exercitvs. Another with a head, and VRBS ROMA: reverse, a wolf, and the twins Romulus and Remus. A great number of coins of a similar description were discovered in the parish of Llanddeiniolen, in the year 1830. Several small coins of the same kind were also found near Traeth Bach, in the parish of Llanfrothen, Merionethshire, in the month of February, 1824: many had a wolf, and Romulus and Remus, and one or two with the following legend—LIVICONSTAN.

In the month of March, 1822, a large gold coin of Edward I, was discovered by one Edward Williams, on the farm of Llwyn-

coed, in the parish of Llanrûg; with the king's head, and the arms of England on one side, and the following inscription—**EDWARD DEI GREX ANGLE DVX AQVITEN**: reverse, two arrows crossing each other; and the following Latin words from the psalms—**DOMINE NE ARGVAS ME IN FVRORE**. And two gold coins, one of Edward I. and another of Richard I. were discovered in the parish of Llanfair Isgaer in the year 1827, with the following—**EDWARD DEI GRA REX ANGLIE DÑS HIB ZAQVIT DVX**: reverse, **NIC AVTEM TRANSIENS PER MEDIVM ILLORVM IBAT**.

The following inscription was copied from a stone, discovered at Ty Coch, near Bangor, in the month of May, 1827.

N· VM· NC·
IMP· CAESAR· M·
AVREL ANTONINVS
PIVS II IX AVCARAB
IX

The stone is about a yard in length, but unfortunately it broke in the middle, in taking it up.

A small copper coin was also discovered by the above John Gibson, in his garden near Carnarvon, in 1824; with the emperor's head, and **ALEXANDRO** on one side: and on the reverse, a female holding a spear, and an altar, with the word **CONSECRATIO**.

In the year 1796, a stone, about a yard in length, and one foot wide, and six inches thick, was discovered near Llys, in the parish of Llan Ddeiniolen; it is at present in the lawn at Pantavon Llanrûg, with the following inscription—**IMP TRODECIO**.

PERIS.

To the Editors.

AMONG the many curious and interesting remarks in the review of Southey's work on the Growth of Wool, in your last number, the English word *cur* is derived from the Welsh *corgi*; and the latter from *cor*, a dwarf; and *ci*, a dog; *quasi*, the dwarf dog. Now, I am not disposed to doubt the derivation of this word from the Welsh, but would wish to signify my opinion that the above is not the true etymology. For, on reading this article, it occurred to my recollection that Lhuyd had given another derivation, i. e. *cor*, a sheep; and that he referred to the Irish as having preserved this term, which is now obsolete in the Welsh. And, not having Lhuyd at hand, I beg to refer to the Irish dic-

tionary for a confirmation of my opinion, as on such reference we shall find the words *caor*, a sheep; *caor-lan*, a sheepfold, &c.; and why not *Wallice cor-gi*, a sheep dog? as we know that the Welsh and Irish have mutually lost and preserved many words of common Celtic origin. As to the word *corr*, a dwarf, I think it is of the same root with the Latin *curtus*, short or small; and that the word *coryn*, a spider, is cognate with the Greek *κορυς*, a bug, or small wood-worm; but whether *cor*, a sheep, has any connexion with *κως*, a sheep's fleece, I will not undertake to say.

C.

BIRTH-PLACE OF LORD COMBERMERE.

[In consequence of a difference of opinion existing regarding the birth-place of Lord Combermere, (as brave a general as ever graced the British army,) he was written to on the subject, and we are enabled to give his lordship's answer in the Welsh language, together with a subjoined translation.]

“SYR,

“Yr wyf yr falch iawn dywedyd, mai Lleweni lle fy hen dadau Salisbury, swydd Ddinbych, oedd lle fy ngenedigaeth i.

“Yr wyf, Syr,

“Dy ufudd wasanaethwr,

“COMBERMERE.”

“*Combermere Abbey; y 15 Fed.o'r Mis Rhagfyr, 1831.*

“MR. HUGH DAVIES, Holywell.”

Translation.

“SIR,

“I AM very proud to say that Lleweni, the residence of my forefathers, the Salisbury's, in Denbighshire, was my birth-place.

“I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“COMBERMERE.”

“*Combermere Abbey; Dec. 15, 1831.*

“MR. HUGH DAVIES, Holywell.”

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Jones's Views in Wales. Nos. 24—26.

(Continued from page 413.)

WE cannot think that our repeated notices of this elegant addition to the arts can be considered uninteresting or unimportant; certain are we, and it is merely a repetition of our former sentiments, that, for beauty, general propriety, and more especially for cheapness, this work has eclipsed all preceding illustrations of Cambrian scenery; but it must have been remarked, that during our reviews of each succeeding specimen, we had not passed our opinion upon the letter-press description of the plates. Now, as Mr. H. Gastineau and his brothers in art have completed their labours, so far as respects the north, and having already introduced ten or twelve views in the south (of which we shall speak presently), it behoves us to bring up from arrear our critical analysis of the historical accompaniments to the engravings; indeed, independently of other minor considerations, as supporters of Welsh literature, we cannot excuse ourselves from so necessary, and we may also add so important, an examination. We have been told that this History of Cambria was written expressly for the work, by a gentleman of considerable literary eminence, one for whom we entertain the highest respect; now, our motto is "truth against the world," and the absurdities, great and glaring as they are in this same history, be they written by whom they may, cannot, must not, escape our double-edged cautery of literary censorship.

We complain not of those generally well-understood points of history, too glaring for the chronologist to err upon, mistakes which every little lisping historian, with seven or eight years to back him in his "travail," would point out to his governess; but there are matters of minor import, of posterior date to the subjugation of Wales or the building of Castell Arvon, which so abound and disfigure this history that we lament their occurrence, for they are an utterly unworthy accompaniment to the engravings of Mr. Gastineau's fine drawings: we allude to different extracts from writers totally inapplicable as a description of places *as they are*, though possibly correct enough as to *what they were*. Other, many other, portions of this history are in every point of view creditably written. It would be too much generally to exemplify these repeated instances of neglect, one will be sufficient, and we select it purely because we are well acquainted with the noble residence so absurdly dealt with,—we mean Powis Castle. Nor can we afford to extract this obsolete description of Powis Castle; the writer is evidently totally un-

acquainted with the place, and, in order to say *something*, he has introduced mere nonsense,—there is nearly a page of errors; and among other things, he tells us, “the edifice is kept up as a habitable mansion, though rarely visited by its noble owner.” Our writer has merely skipped over a generation, that is all; besides the account is most unfairly put forth, without any reference to the authority from whence it is taken. Thirty years ago the description was accurate, but for years past Powis Castle, instead of “being rarely visited by its noble owner,” has been the *constant country* residence of *the present* Lord Clive, the noble park has been restocked with deer, a great eastern tower has been added to the pile, and many other alterations have been made since our author’s adopted account was written; in fact, his lordship, instead of absenting himself from Powis Castle, is *perfectly identified* with the place, and his taste is creditable, for there are few castles even in Wales more beautifully situated, or more associated with historic recollection, than “the old Red Castle.” We have only to observe, that, if the public are to be favoured with descriptions, let them have those which will afford correct information: for it were infinitely more desirable to have none at all, than to be presented with stuff irreconcilable with truth. Besides, the Messrs. Jones are incurring a heavy responsibility in permitting the frequent recurrence of what is nothing more or less than a shameless imposture upon public gullibility.

In No. 24 the views are—Kilgeran Castle, remains of St. Dogmail’s Priory, Fall of the Teivy, and Kenerth Bridge. Kilgeran Castle, is exceedingly beautiful, and fully justified. Sir R. Colt Hore’s remark, that it “stands unequalled in South Wales,”—the limpid Teivy, fringed with stunted trees,—on the right, the old Castle frowning on its lofty height, and the rocks overhanging the road, together with the figures and the softened distance, are splendidly done. St. Dogmael or Dogvael’s Priory has nothing about it strikingly fine, yet the *coup de grace* is good: the ivy creeping up the ruin, the sheep in the fore-ground, the lights and shadows, the distant water, and hills, are, as well as Kilgeran, exceedingly good specimens of Mr. C. Varral’s power as an engraver.

The Fall of the Teivy, and of Kenerth Bridge, are fine; the dashing of the water over the rocks in the former forms a pleasing contrast to the smooth meandering of the other; indeed, Gastineau’s water always makes one think of naiads and water nymphs; the just interspersions of wood, rock, and water, contribute to make these two views on the Teivy very sweet engravings: Mr. S. Fisher is the artist.

No. 25 consists of—Ostermouth Castle, ruins of Neath Abbey, Glamorganshire, and the towns of Aberystwith, and Cardigan. This print of Ostermouth or Oystermouth Castle cannot be looked upon without exciting admiration.

The sullen, gloomy, ivy-mantled fortress, just emblem of Warwick's power, produces a mournful impression on the mind; but the beautiful pure atmosphere, with the sun's rays curvetting and glittering over the ocean, the little white vessels, the sheep, the teem, and the village, are objects all calculated to cheer the imagination. The entire plate is very grand.

Remains of Neath Abbey.

We cannot look upon Neath Abbey, even in its desolation, without a feeling of reverence, recollecting that it once sheltered, for a time, from the pursuit of blood-hounds, the homeless and forsaken second Edward. An historical recollection of this kind must ever give an additional interest to that which is already attractive, namely, a beautiful ruin,—and Neath Abbey is beautiful in the extreme. Mr. T. Baker is the engraver.

Cardigan Town has not much to recommend it as regards its pictorial effect; but it is very well engraved. Aberystwith looks like any thing but a Welsh town; but the comfort and beauty, we had almost said magnificence, of the place, is exceedingly well depicted in this plate. Nor is the old castle towering above his modern companions, the various new buildings which surround it, the least interesting feature of the view. Mr. W. Wallis has engraved Cardigan and Aberystwith.

No. 26 presents us with views of Llanbadarn Vawr; Vale of the Teivy, near Newcastle; and two other views of Neath Abbey.

Llanbadarn Vawr.

Mr. Gastineau has here shown much discretion in his point of view; the winding river on the left, the little vale, the sloping hills, the distant sea, and Aberystwith castle, the venerable tower of Llanbadarn church, and, lastly, though not the least beautiful, are the peasants in the foreground, with their loaded cart of hay. All these objects harmonize with each other, and the result is a very good engraving of a pretty landscape. But the Vale of the Teivy is the gem of this number; and the little cottage, close under us, conveys to one's sense all that constitutes rustic happiness and beauty; and beyond flows the clear Teivy, smooth as a mirror, and then the dark shadowing of the willows on its surface, the little white skiff, and, as usual, the sheep: all are true to the life. And Mr. Gastineau evinces his skill and knowledge of his art fully as much in minute delineation and truth, as by the more imposing components of a drawing. The view is backed by fine sloping hills, and the setting sun forms a glorious termination to the picture. We are indebted to Mr. H. Lacey for the two plates.

Of the two other views of Neath Abbey, the first is rather uninteresting. Its distant walls on the left, with their ivied arches are pretty; but the Elizabethian architecture on the right destroys any idea approaching to antiquarian veneration. The

cows and water are very natural. The "Crypt" of the abbey bears a striking resemblance to some part of St. Saviour's church, in Southwark; and we wish the Crypt of Neath Abbey had as much chance of being preserved as the other, but the loud pealing organ and the chanting of the monks has long ceased in Neath Abbey, never to be heard again; and a few years, we fear, will work destruction on the present ruins. On this account these engravings are valuable. We have only to add, that we have been much pleased with the numbers before us; they are in no wise inferior to the earlier ones, and that is, we conceive, offering a very high testimonial in their favor.

The Guide to Knowledge. A cheap weekly print. Gilbert, London.

At the Beaumaris Eisteddvod we regarded the announcement of the Rev. John Blackwell, that it was intended to present our Welsh population with cheap literature, the same way it has been given to England, as not the least important feature of that interesting congress; we anticipate with delight the beneficial consequences of such an arrangement, and we sincerely hope that no impediment will occur so as to cause unnecessary delay in bringing the plan into operation. It is with an ardent wish, not to *dictate*, but respectfully to *suggest*, to those persons to whom this most arduous and responsible duty may be confided, such a plan as may most benefit the present and future generations of man; and with this view we are saved infinite trouble by directly addressing ourselves to the contents of the little work, as above entitled; we propose it as a model for future action, for we are quite certain that its contents are most judiciously chosen, and admirably calculated to accomplish the objects intended; we could select, in support of the preceding remarks, some valuable extracts from "The History of Geography," "The Antediluvian World," "Maxims and Morals;" (by the bye, many of them strikingly similar to the Aphorisms of Catwg, the wise,) "Wonders of the Deep," &c. &c.; but we prefer, as more immediately referring to our object, selecting a few short passages from the preliminary address, and their merit shall be our apology for so doing. Alluding to the utility of extending intelligence among *all* classes, the editor proceeds to remark—

"It must be observed, how little is to be dreaded from the ambition of an instructed people; since so very few attain to eminence in learning, considering the paucity of time that can be spared from the duties of life, that scarcely any surmount the difficulties that weigh them down to the level of their origin. Should, however, one or another, occasionally soar beyond his class, and gain a higher station, the example may create emulation, and who would regret the excitement of a laudable feeling, or the elevation of a me-

ritorious individual? There is yet another argument in favor of knowledge, which is this:—knowledge, if properly inculcated, teaches man to perform his duties, and as he regards his own rights, so to respect the rights of others; without these wise maxims that wisdom suggests, a man may learn to be cunning, but truly he has no claim to legitimate knowledge.

All history, if properly studied, contributes to sustain this conclusion. The retrospect of causes and effects evidently demonstrates, that ignorance has been the means of producing most of the evils and miseries which mankind have suffered, ever since they have been able to record the actions and events of their own times and countries; and that, as knowledge advanced, she brought in her train, not only the arts, that embellish life, but also all those social virtues that soften the asperities of our sublunary path, and introduce a concord and sympathy among us, unknown to the rude ages of antiquity. If this is so, and who can deny it? why should we wish to halt in the march, or stand still in the way, every step of which has given us such proofs of its being “the road to happiness? Not one, surely, would wish to go back, for on what era can he fix of the past that shall be comparable to the present, with respect to the real enjoyments of life. But the “law of nature” suffers no rest, we must advance or recede; behind us is darkness, before us, the day, on which “the sun of science shines: let us seek its genial ray, and prosper by its influence.”

We do not assume that the substance of the foregoing paragraphs is original, but assuredly they are most judiciously introduced and skilfully handled; they convince us that the editor is a sound philosopher: by philosopher let us not be misunderstood; we do not mean philosophers, as coupled with, and who figured in, many calamitous national events, which have, during the end of the last and beginning of the present century, nearly rendered the word philosopher synonymous with revolutionist, or if it has not done that, at least rendered it a term of very equivocal signification; but we mean a learned, a benevolent, and a thoroughly good man.

We conclude our commendation of this penny book, by asserting that it is the best of its very numerous class; and we again strongly recommending it to the attention of the “Educationists” in Wales.

The Graphic and Historical Illustrator. A weekly quarto.
Gilbert, London.

We cannot estimate the plan and contents of this work as at all approaching in literary value its cheaper twin brother “the Guide to Knowledge,” for its contents, as far as we have seen, have relations to matter infinitely less important; but while we value it less than the other, we readily grant it a place among the commonly useful tomes which daily inundate the escrutoire of the reviewer; and in order to substantiate this opinion, we select the table of contents of the number before us, so as to enable the intelligent portion of the reading public to judge for themselves.

Borstal Tower, with a wood-cut, executed by Bonner, from an original drawing by N. Whittock.

Observations on Architecture.

Thoughts on the Malvern Hills.

Notes, Antiquarian and Topographical. No. I. Priory Church, Little Dunmow, Essex: three wood-cuts.

Remarks on the Character and Application of Ancient and Modern Stained Glass.

Wardrobe in the Elizabethan age

St. Nicholas's Hospital, Harbledown:—wood-cut.

Historical Propriety in Painting—Tudor Architecture.

West Shene Priory.

Biographical Notice of Adam Krafft:—wood-cut.

From this bill of fare we prefer the paper on “Historical Propriety in Painting, Tudor Architecture,” and let it be remembered that, in English annals, there can be no comparison, as regards other periods; for the extraordinarily, we would almost say supernaturally, sudden improvement in solid learning and some of the arts, which took place during the time when the “line of Owain Tudor,” swayed the destinies of Britain, we do not even except the present incomprehensible and fearful warring of the great ocean of agitation, for that cannot, in its levelling system, (and we refer to that only,) be called improvement; and let it be remembered we speak of *sudden* and *solid* improvements.

Amid the vulgar, or to say the most, half-polished, tastes of Henry the seventh and eighth, and the Elizabethan era, nothing can strike the mind more forcibly, (excepting not even the literature of “that Augustan age,”) than the venerable and beautiful erections which diversify the landscapes of old England; they are in fact competitors for public admiration with the productions of Wykeham and his ecclesiastic coadjutors.

We are unwilling to bestow much space upon this topic, but were we to curtail the article upon Tudor Architecture, the dis-severation would require illustration at our hands, which would certainly take up fully equal space, and render it, at best, but a discordant specimen of the powers of the reviewer and the reviewed.

TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

The greatest master of colour amongst the painters of the present day is at the same time the most remarkable in his architectural back-grounds; these frequently exhibit designs that may be studied with advantage by the architect, and in expressing my admiration of *Turner*, I wish to avoid the appearance of advocating that servile imitation, which an antiquary is generally supposed to require. Much has been said about taste in domestic architecture, and many attempts have been made to establish a character for it, from the time Lord Burlington built Chiswick House, after a design of Palladio's Villa Capra, to the period of the erection of Fonthill Abbey, on the model of Ely Cathedral, and fifty old churches. I forbear to mention either the complete failures, or the partial accomplishments; but it will not be denied that no one has been entirely successful since the time of Cardinal Wolsey. He indeed produced many splendid examples of original taste,

not Greek, not Roman, and certainly not Gothic. His knowledge of what was requisite in the habitation of a person of high degree was doubtless one of the reasons of the king's partiality to him. His edifices, which still remain, are eminently superior, notwithstanding their antiquity, to all others of their kind, in design and magnificence, and his name is familiarly used to denote the highly enriched manner of building then, and afterwards used during the reigns of the Tudors, by the appellation of "The Wolsey Architecture." As an instance I shall mention Hampton Court, one of the superb edifices of the Cardinal, which may be truly said to offer an unobjectionable model for a palace, one that, if erected, would not only establish the fame of the architect, or clerk of the works, but would confer celebrity on the reign in which such a noble design was carried into execution. The peculiar style or order of architecture, adopted in every one of the mansions and colleges, erected by the munificence of the Cardinal, is uniform, and original, perfectly suited to the purpose of display. It is completely distinct from the ecclesiastical style, and includes a variety of elegant combinations admirably calculated for the use of the painter in historical composition, as marking the precise period of the subject throughout the Tudor reigns, as well as harmonizing with the extremely gorgeous costume then prevalent, and otherwise employing the fancy of the artist. In Wolsey's buildings the imposing simplicity of the graceful pointed architecture, that had for ages retained its sway, was united with arabesque ornaments skilfully introduced, together with a redundance of quaint device, and heraldic enrichment of every kind. On the inner walls, gilding and colour were profusely lavished, so as to give a mosaic appearance to the spacious rooms which on state occasions were decorated with tapestry, as described by Wolsey's biographer in the preparation for a banquet. "The yeomen and the grooms of the wardrobes were busied in hanging of the chambers with costly hangings, and furnishing the same with beds of silk and other furniture, apt for the same, in every degree." This practice was carried to greater excess in the reign of Elizabeth. In the "Fairy Queene," Spenser describes the hangings used.

"For round about the walls y'clothed were
 With goodly arras, of great majesty,
 Woven with gold and silke, so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hidd, from envious eye.
 Yet here and there, and every where, unawares
 It showed itself, and shone unwillingly,
 Like to a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares,
 Thro' the greene gras, his long bright burnish'd back declares."

Our painters do not yet appear to be sensible what a fund of variety an attention to the peculiar style of our early architecture, characteristic of each individual period, will afford in illustration of historical subjects. I am led to this remark by a picture now in exhibition, where Wolsey appears as a conspicuous actor, and in which the omission of the Tudor character in the architectural back-ground is an oversight, the less pardonable as the halls of Hampton Court and Christ Church remain in their pristine splendour. I allude to a representation of the banquet scene, with the introduction of King Henry the VIII. to Anne Boleyn, as described by Shakspeare, painted by J. Stephanoff, at the command of his majesty. This event happened at York Place, (now Whitehall,) the very mansion Wolsey had just built in that style, which afterwards became the common fashion. Fuller the historian, alluding to this period, says, "Now began

beautiful buildings in England, as to the generality thereof, homes were but homely before, but now many most regular pieces of architecture were erected." This very subject has been previously treated by Hogarth. but in his picture no notice is taken of the gorgeous assemblage of visitors at the banquet. On such occasions, the very sight of them was deemed, to use a common expression, "fit for a prince." Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, on giving a banquet at Lambeth Palace, thus writes, "If her Highness will give me leave, I will kepe my bigger hall that day for the nobles and the rest of her traine; and if it please her majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall, at a window opening thereinto." I shall now take the liberty of mentioning some particulars (though perfectly familiar to the antiquary) in explanation of the enrichments which are usually found at the upper end of our great halls. This room was in every manor-house a necessary appendage for holding "the court," the services belonging to which are equally denominated "the homage," with those of the king's palace. The dais or raised part of the upper end of the hall, was so called, from the administration of justice. A dais man is still a popular term for an arbitrator in the north, and Domesday Book (with the name of which every one is familiar) is known to be a list of manor houses. Here also is the oriel window filled with the arms and badges of the various alliances connected with the family of the lord of the manor.

In another picture, in the same exhibition, by A. Chisholm, the subject is Shakspeare before Justice Shallow, to be engraved for a work entitled the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. In this picture, the artist's idea of the hall window which is introduced must have been taken from some one in the chancel of a parish church; to speak in the mildest terms of criticism. At Charlecote itself, where the scene is laid, (but which there is a possibility never actually occurred.) the greatest attention has been paid to propriety in the decoration of the hall; and a numerous series of ancient coats of arms, coeval with Shakspeare, in characteristic compartments, fill the bays of the window. When this subject, therefore, is again taken up, I would recommend the painter to give it his attention, as the subordinate parts of a picture ought to partake of the character, at least, of the period represented,—although it is not recommended to restrict his pencil to a servile copy.

In a third picture, of the same gallery, is King James I. and his jeweller, George Heriot, which has in the foreground a superb vase, designed in the style termed by our goldsmiths, "the Louis Quatorze," almost a century later, in point of historical property, than could possibly have come into King James's possession. This introduction was unnecessary, as the finest specimens of workmanship are to be found, executed previously to the time here alluded to, and which are now so much in request, that any price may be obtained for them.—These hints, from an antiquary, will, it is hoped, be taken as kindly as they are meant, and I have not presumed to speak of the general composition of the pictures mentioned, that part being most admirably treated, particularly in the last piece.

This article, which we have given entire, is certainly a clever piece of writing respecting a very interesting portion of historic research. Nothing can conduce to a general knowledge of the progress of any particular branch of art better than a paper of this kind; because in the history of a country, dissertations upon individual sciences must be neglected, in bringing forward more general matter: with these remarks we take leave of "the Graphic and Historical Illustrator."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Efanglydd*:" History of the Church—the Times—Life of William Penn—Antiquity of the Bible—History of Japan—Explanation of Genesis, chap. i.

"*Gwyliedydd (Watchman)*." The numbers since our last contains Memoirs of the late Bishop of Calcutta—Description of Shipwreck—List of Welsh Books by the Rev. MOSES WILLIAMS *continued*—History of Bangor—History of Llanarmon yn Ial.

"*Seren Gomer*," since our last, contains a Lecture, before the Cymreigyddion Society in London, by T. GEORGE, on America—Address to the Electors of Wales—Lecture on Cultivation of the Welsh Language—the Bardic Dictionary—Reform Bill—Address of the Cymreigyddion Society, London, to the Electors of Wales.

We are glad to hear that the Secretary of the Beaumaris Eisteddfod has a second edition of his "*Elements of the Welsh Language elucidated*," in the press. His "*Comparative View of Ancient Laws*" is also ready for the press, and will be printed when a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained.

A Poem, entitled "*The Natural Son*," in the metre of "*Don Juan*," and embellished with two copper-plates by SIMMONDS, is in the press. It is intended to be published in Cantos, each adorned with one or two plates. Canto II. will be published in October.

Nearly ready, embellished with an appropriate Frontispiece, containing a distant View of Ewood-Hall, near Halifax, "*Reflections and Admonitory Hints of the Principal of a Seminary, on retiring from the duties of his station*." By JOHN FAWCETT.

Nearly ready for publication, "*An Argument, a priori, for the Being and Attributes of God*," by WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

An Historical Account of the Plague and other Pestilential Distempers, which have appeared in Europe, more especially in England, from the earliest Period. To which is added, an account of the CHOLERA MORBUS, from its first appearance in India; including its ravages in Asia, Europe, and America, down to the present time. Ornamented with a neatly engraved Emblematic Title-page.

Just published, "*The Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary*;" to which is prefixed, a concise but most comprehensive *Gaelic Grammar*. By NEIL M'ALPINE, Student of Divinity, Island of Islay, Argyleshire.

A new edition of "*A Welsh and English Dictionary*," to which is prefixed, a grammar of the *Welsh Language*. By W. O. PUGHE, LL.D. F.A.S., in 2 vols. royal 8vo.

We strongly recommend the two preceding works to the Celtic literati; and, strange as it may appear, every Welsh scholar studying the roots of his own tongue, should possess a copy of the *Gaelic Dictionary*, in which he will find many words once in use in the old British but now obsolete.

A new edition of "*Beaumaris Bay*," intended as a Guide to direct strangers to the various places and objects worthy of attention, and hitherto little known on the shores of the Menai, and the interior of Snowdonia; exhibiting their former antiquities and modern improvements. By RICHARD LLWYD, esq. of Chester.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Rev. H. Burn, S. C. L. has been collated to the prebendal stall of Llangunllo, in the Collegiate Church of Brecon, void by the death of the Rev. D. B. Alan,—Patron, Lord Bishop of St. David's.

The Rev. John Griffith, M. A. late of Llangelynin, has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Bangor to the curacy of Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Richards.

The Lord Bishop of Bangor has been pleased to institute the Rev. Hugh Thomas, M. A. to the perpetual curacy of Llanfachreth, with Llanelltyd annexed, in this diocese, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Henry W. White, M. A. Patron, of the former, Sir Robert W. Vaughan, bart. M. P.: of the latter, G. H. Vaughan, esq. of Rug.

The Earl of Orkney has appointed the Rev. Hugh Wynne Jones, jun., curate of Llansaintffraid, Montgomeryshire, to be one of his lordship's domestic chaplains.

A. T. J. Gwynne, esq. of Monachty, in the county of Cardigan, has, with great liberality, given £20 per annum to the curate of Henfenyw, for the purpose of having an English lecture preached at Aberayron on Sunday evenings. This kind and munificent act of Mr. Gwynne deserves the greatest commendation, for he has by this means enabled many English families and commercial gentlemen staying at the above place to hear divine service in a language they can understand. We are given to understand that it is Mr. Gwynne's intention to build, at his own expense, a chapel of ease to the parish church.

The Rev. David Hughes, to the perpetual curacy of Penmynydd, on the nomination of the Rev. Henry Majendie, the prebenbary.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our Welsh friends, residing in and near London, wishing to have the marriage ceremony performed in the ancient British, that the Rev. D. Jones, of Union-street, Deptford, binds the indissoluble knot. "Yn yr hen ivith Gymraeg." We refer them to our advertiser.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AND THE PRINCESS
VICTORIA.

THE recent tour of Her Royal Highness and the infant Princess through the Northern Principality, we hail as an event of no ordinary importance; accompanied by results most beneficially effective and durable, tending powerfully to direct the best feelings of the Welsh to the royal family, whom themselves had appointed to rule over the destinies of Britain:* and it is a most gratifying occupation we are now engaged in, in observing that Her Royal Highness has interwoven herself with all that is delightful to dwell on in narration; her dignified demeanour, coupled with condescension; the happiness she evinced on viewing the garlands, and bond-fires, and holiday clothes (in compliment to herself,) of an artless and affectionate people; has

* It may be unknown to some, that on the death of Queen Ann, the casting vote of a Welsh member of the House of Commons decided the question of establishing George I. on the throne, in preference to other families of the royal blood.

done more in preserving inviolate our tiny Principality from that progression towards democracy, on the one hand, which is lamentably stalking on in some parts of the empire; and, on the other, from a wretched inclination to an overstrained system of aristocratical intolerance, a sure sign of slavery and helotism.

But delighted are we in recording a far different state of things in connexion with the royal visitants, and "the people" of North Wales:—here, we behold all denominations of this "people" *pressing forward*, with that native gallantry which was to have been expected from the remains of a once great and powerful nation, to congratulate the royal ladies on their first touching Cambrian soil and breathing Cambrian air. Let the revolutionist turn aside his cowering eye, for it cannot withstand in this instance the frank and steadfast gaze of "the people;" or rather let him view from a distance the mode of reception experienced by the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter, in North Wales; and perhaps even he may feel one repentant pang, knowing that in attempting to establish his impracticable views, he must do nothing short of annihilating thousands of our countrymen; but if he cares not for the flow of human blood, perhaps *self* may influence him and his cabal, for were every revolutionist in the empire to advance to the subversion of monarchical rule,—overpowered as our mountaineers would be, as often were their fathers of old,—terrific would be their avengement; but, thank God, so unequal a contest cannot occur, for there are good men to be found every where; men, whose intelligence teach them that every practicable economy in the public expenditure is necessary, *and must be effected*; but who would not sacrifice, for the theories of experimentalists, all we hold sacred.—our own soil, ourselves, our females, and our children.

To some, this digression may appear unreasonable; but we have really been so carried away from the immediate tenor of our subject, that we were compelled to offer an opinion upon that which we feel to be strongly connected with the recent visit of the Duchess of Kent and the young Princess to Wales; for, if there could have been by possibility, owing to the insidious poison of the destroyer, any prejudicial feeling instilled among a portion, however small, of "the people" of Wales, against the Hanoverian dynasty, we are assured, that a visit of the widow-mother and her child, the embryo queen, coming among us accompanied by so much pageant as was requisite only for the maintenance of respectability, coming totally unguarded, relying upon our reception of them; dispensing charity in our schools and our receptacles for disease and want, to a magnificent extent; we say, that if by possibility the contagion had reached us, the recent tour must have dashed the distorted vision from our mind's eye, and left not one solitary "wreck behind."

We now proceed to abridge from the papers, and from private communications the progress of her Royal Highness and the little Princess from Shrewsbury.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria arrived at the Talbot Hotel, Shrewsbury, accompanied by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, the Baroness Lutzen, Sir John Conroy, Lady Conroy, &c. Their entrance into the town, and progress through it, was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. At the Talbot they were met by Viscount Clive and the Hon. Robert Clive, who introduced the mayor, archdeacons, butler, and bather, and the other members of the corporation, when the following Address was read by the Deputy Recorder:—

"Madam, we, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Assistants, of the town of Shrewsbury, in common council assembled, humbly beg leave to express

our high gratification at having the honour to see your Royal Highness and the Princess Victoria, for the first time, in this ancient and loyal borough.

"We most heartily wish your Royal Highnesses health and enjoyment in the beautiful and interesting scenes you are about to visit; and most respectfully hope that your Royal Highnesses will be pleased graciously to accept, on the part of ourselves and the rest of the inhabitants of this borough, our humble but deep-felt expressions of personal respect to yourselves, and of duty and loyalty to our Most Gracious Sovereign and the august House of Brunswick."

Her Royal Highness replied,

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, I have to offer you my warmest thanks for the sentiments you have just expressed to the Princess and myself.

"We are highly gratified with the reception we have met with in your ancient borough; the inhabitants of which, distinguished for loyalty to our king, have received us, as members of his family, so cordially. It will ever be my care, that the recollection of such attachment be indelibly impressed on the memory of the Princess; as the happiness of her future life must depend on her identifying herself with the feelings of all classes in this great and free country."

Her Royal Highness then desired the mayor to introduce to the princess and herself each of the gentlemen present by name, which being done, several other introductions took place, amongst which were the high sheriff of the county, Sir Rowland Hill, and Mr. Ormsby Gore. Her Royal Highness also desired the attendance of Mr. Cotes, the other candidate for the representation of the county, but that gentleman being engaged at the assizes, her Royal Highness desired her attendants to express her regret for his absence.

The honour of an invitation was then given to the Right Honorable Lord Clive, the Honorable Henry Clive, and to the Mayor, to partake of dinner with the princesses, when their Royal Highnesses again expressed the high gratification they had experienced at the warm testimonies of respect and loyalty which had been so fully evinced by the inhabitants of this town during their stay within it; and through the Mayor, they begged to make known to the inhabitants the high sense of gratitude and delight they felt at their zealous manifestations of attachment and goodwill.

The unaffected simplicity of the youthful Princess, her condescension and affability, and her kindness, won her the hearts of all who approached her. She appeared frequently at the windows of the Talbot, and bowed to the populace, who were assembled in a dense crowd in the street, and greeted her appearance with enthusiastic cheers. The mayor presented her with a box of "Shrewsbury cakes," made by Mr. Pidduck, of which her Royal Highness partook, and solicited her mother to join her. Another cake, the manufacture of Mr. Davies, the king's confectioner, was likewise presented, and elegant prints of the free schools and other public buildings of the town were graciously accepted. Their Royal Highnesses were very plainly dressed. The young Princess looked particularly hearty and well; and seemed greatly delighted with the homage and attentions of her visitors and future subjects. The Duchess of Northumberland, governess to the Princess Victoria, arrived afterwards at the Talbot Hotel, and followed the royal party to Powis Castle.

The cortege then departed for Powis Castle, on the confines of Montgomeryshire, and their first entrance into Wales, they were met by a portion of the Montgomeryshire yeomanry cavalry, commanded by Captain Corrie. The inhabitants of Pool had appointed a committee, and entered into a subscription for celebrating the day, and had erected various arches, and adorned

their houses with oak, laurel, and flowers. A large assemblage of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, and a squadron of the Montgomeryshire yeomanry cavalry, formed themselves into a cavalcade, and met the royal visitors at Buttington. By a well-conducted arrangement, the committee had placed signals in various places, which gave the neighbouring inhabitants an opportunity of viewing the procession. From Buttington the procession moved in the following order through Pool to Powis Castle:

Trumpeter.

Committee—two and two.

Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood.

Guard of Honour.

Carriage of Sir John Conroy, Private Secretary to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Escort.

Carriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.

Escort.

Carriages of Royal Suite.

Standards were placed on the steeple and Town-hall, and also on the old tower of Powis Castle. The guns at Powis Castle, taken at Seringapatam, were used on the occasion, under the direction of experienced artillerymen, and those, with the ringing of bells and loyal shouts of the spectators, made the scene a truly grand one. The royal visitors appeared to feel intensely their complimentary reception. About ninety gentlemen sat down in the evening to an excellent dinner at the Royal Oak, provided by Mrs. Whitehall in her usual good style. Major Pugh, of Llanerchydol, in the chair. A fine buck, presented to the meeting by Lord Clive, was done ample justice to. The president read a letter, conveying the thanks of the royal party to the gentlemen, civil and military, who had attended.

A deputation of the corporation and inhabitants of Pool on the following morning (Friday) waited upon her Royal Highness at Powis Castle, and presented an Address to them, which was most graciously received. The following is an extract:

“As Welshmen, devotedly attached to our most gracious sovereign and the illustrious House of Brunswick, we feel the distinguished honour conferred upon us by the appearance among us of your Royal Highness, and, in behalf of ourselves and the inhabitants of the ancient and loyal town of Pool, we most gladly embrace this opportunity of expressing our profound and devoted attachment to your Royal Highness and the Princess Victoria, to which we humbly venture to add our hearty wishes and earnest prayers for the health and happiness of your Royal Highness, trusting that you will be graciously pleased to accept this testimony of our respect with your accustomed favor and condescension.”

The answer of her Royal Highness was as follows:

“Gentlemen,—It has been for some time my wish to visit, with the Princess, the Principality. But I was unprepared to enter it in the manner that so cordially marked our reception in Welsh Pool—a reception so loyal to the king, so gratifying to us as members of his family. I therefore seize this occasion to assure you and the inhabitants of Welsh Pool how deeply we feel the attention shown to us yesterday by all classes on our coming into Wales.”

In the evening the Treasurer of the schools was presented with a letter from Sir John Conroy, inclosing from her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent a donation of £100 in aid of the schools.

Their Royal Highnesses arrived in Oswestry about four o'clock. They

were escorted to Llanymynech by a party of the Montgomeryshire cavalry, where the Oswestry squadron of N. S. Cavalry, under the command of Captain Croxon, were in attendance to receive the royal party. Nothing could exceed the manifestation of attachment to the illustrious travellers, which was displayed along the "Marches" by the "Borderers;" the road was literally lined to catch a glance at the heiress-apparent, who bowed to the populace. The Rockmen welcomed them across the Virniew with a royal salute of twenty-one rounds from the hill; the roar of which and the regularity of the discharges astonished every one. A quantity of sandwiches and bottled stingo from Sweeney-hall, was very handsomely sent down to the cavalry at Llanymynech, previous to the Princess's arrival, near the Red Lion; and Captain Croxon had also ordered open house for his squadron at the Cross Keys just before. The houses, gates, &c. were decorated at this place, as were those at Pant, Sweeney, and Morda, on the road to Oswestry. At that town the illustrious visitors were received at the turnpike by the high steward (the Hon. Thomas Kenyon), the deputy mayor, the coroner, and other members of the corporation, in their robes, and a great number of the gentlemen, tradesmen, &c. of the town, with white staves, together with an immense multitude from the town and country. Lord Clive descended from the carriage in which he had accompanied Sir John Conroy, and proceeded with the corporation on foot to the Wynnstay Arms, at a slow pace; the carriage, in which was Sir John, the Princess's carriage, and the attendants in a third, following one another, gave the people an opportunity of seeing the distinguished persons. The rush, however, at the inn was tremendous, which notwithstanding seemed to delight the Duchess and the Princess. An address had been prepared by the corporation, but an express had been sent off the previous evening to the deputy mayor from Powis Castle, to say that her Royal Highness could not vary from her usual practice, in not receiving addresses from places where she did not stop. This unfortunate etiquette prevented its delivery, and the Princesses remained a short time in their carriage opposite the Wynnstay Arms, the suitable attire of the drivers and the horses from which inn was highly creditable. In the midst of the acclamations of the people, the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, high steward, congratulated the royal visitors in the name of the corporation; and, in conclusion, was commanded by the Duchess to inform the "good people of Oswestry," of "the very great satisfaction she felt at the manner in which she was received by the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; and that she felt obliged by their loyal and affectionate feeling, manifested towards herself and the Princess Victoria." "The History of Oswestry," compiled by Mr. Minshull, Oswestry, was presented to them, as they sat in their carriage, and was most graciously accepted. The horses having been put to, the carriages moved onwards, the corporation, gentlemen, &c. walking slowly before, through the town, stopping at intervals, to gratify the eager gaze of the well-dressed thousands in the town. The streets of Oswestry presented, in appearance, avenues of oak and laurel, with innumerable flags, streamers with appropriate inscriptions, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, &c. The corporation and gentlemen conducted the cavalcade to the Beatrice Gate, and the Oswestry squadron continued to escort it to Chirk-bridge; Captain Croxon riding on one side of the royal carriage, and Cornet Nicolls on the other. Here they were met by Sir W. W. Wynn, in his splendid uniform of aidecamp to the king, and a body of the Denbighshire cavalry in waiting to receive them, with a multitude of honest Cambrians rending the air with shouts; Lord Clive and Sir E. Conroy then descended from their carriage, and introduced Captain Croxon to the Duchess. Sir Watkin then took charge of his illustrious visitors, (hav-

ing been previously introduced by his lordship,) after the Duchess had expressed her high opinion of the officers and gentlemen of the Oswestry squadron of cavalry under his command, who returned to the New Inn, Gledrid, where they partook of an excellent dinner.

CHIRK.

The roar of cannon from the castle announced the arrival at Chirk; which place they passed through greeted by the inhabitants. The cavalry, previous to the arrival of the Duchess, had been plentifully regaled at the Hand hotel. The scene at the bridge was very imposing; the two bodies of cavalry meeting on the confines of England and Wales; the sun darting his rays on the bright helmets of the cavalry; the assembly of the people; the roar of cannons, &c. will not soon be effaced from the minds of the spectators.

At Newbridge, a royal salute was fired from four 9-pounders on the royal approach, by the staff of the Royal Denbighshire Militia, under the command of Captain Jones; the party turned to the right at the bridge, and proceeded into Wynnstay Park, under the new entrance on the banks of the Dee, to the princely residence of Sir W. W. Wynn. A great number of carriages of the neighbouring gentry attended. We regret to state, that a fatal accident happened to a poor woman in the throng, which completely threw a damp upon the spirits of every one. We have been informed that the worthy baronet had expended about £1,200 to celebrate the arrival of his royal guests, which could not be carried into effect on account of the accident, in the joyful manner anticipated. We understand £20 was immediately presented to the deceased's husband for the funeral, &c. The royal party attended church on Sunday, where the service was performed by the Rev Rowland Wingfield, A. M., private chaplain to Sir Watkin. The Duchess, probably, owing to the great congregation which had assembled, became indisposed in church, upon which a messenger was sent to Wrexham (who arrived there in eighteen minutes) for a medical gentleman, and her Royal Highness was soon restored to health.

LLANGOLLEN.

Their Royal Highnesses on the Monday following visited the Aqueduct at Pontycyssyllte, accompanied by Sir W. W. Wynn, bart., and Mr. Stanton, and inspected that great work nearly an hour. Thence they proceeded to Llangollen, and changed horses at the King's Head, (now "Royal Hotel.") The inhabitants decorated their houses with festoons of laurels, evergreens, flowers, &c. The portico over the door of the above hotel was highly ornamented, over which was placed the royal crown; a very large triumphal arch was also thrown over the street, about twenty yards from the door, highly decorated as above. The royal party remained about half an hour, during which time the dense crowd occasionally complimented them with deafening acclamations of "God bless," &c. &c. "Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, and her amiable mother." The windows of the Hand Hotel and of the King's Head, &c. were full of ladies, waving their handkerchiefs, which was most graciously acknowledged. Every one was delighted with the affability and condescension of their Royal Highnesses.

The royal visitors arrived in safety at Bangor, inspected the suspension-bridge, accompanied by Mr. W. Provis, &c. and terminated their journey for a day or two at Beaumaris, Anglesey.

The royal visitors proceeded through Bangor on their way to Beaumaris, on Monday, about five in the afternoon.

Soon after crossing the Menai Bridge, the guns of the Craig-y-don yachts fired a royal salute, and upon the cavalcade entering Beaumaris, the royal

ladies were most enthusiastically greeted by the loud acclamations of the whole population. The royal standard was hoisted upon the battlement of castle and in front of the Bulkely Arms hotel, the vessels in the bay displayed their colours, and festoons of ribands, flowers, and evergreens were hung across the main street leading to the hotel.

On reaching the hotel the royal party were waited upon by the landlady Mrs. Bicknell, who had been indefatigable in making every requisite preparation for the suitable reception of her illustrious guests. Within a few minutes after their arrival, the Duchess appeared on the portico, leading by the hand the youthful Princess. They were received with deafening shouts of applause from the immense multitude which filled the street in front of the hotel. The young Princess at once displayed all the buoyancy of spirit so beautifully characteristic of her time of life, and the bloom of healthful beauty.

On Tuesday afternoon the royal ladies walked across the green to the landing place, where a ten-oar barge belonging to the yacht waited for them. The barge crew received them with the appropriate naval honours, and with the royal standard displayed at the stern. They were rowed alongside the royal yacht, and immediately on their coming on board the standard of England was hoisted at the main, and the yacht getting under weigh stood down as far as Puffin Island, and returned to her anchorage at half past three o'clock, when the barge was manned and the royal party were rowed to shore with the same ceremonies which had attended their embarkation. A great number of the respectable inhabitants and visitors of Beaumaris were assembled on the green, whose respectful salutations were returned by the Duchess and Princess with condescension and affability.

On Wednesday morning a meeting of the mayor, bailiffs, and capital burgesses of Beaumaris was held at the council chamber; when it was resolved to present a congratulatory address to the Duchess and Princess on the occasion of their visit to Beaumaris.

The address was moved by T. P. Williams, Esq., seconded by W. W. Sparrow, Esq., and unanimously adopted by the meeting.

On Thursday morning the mayor (Rowland Williams, Esq.) and a deputation, waited on the Duchess at the Bulkeley Arms hotel; when the following address was read by the mayor:—

“ We the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses of the ancient and loyal borough of Beaumaris, beg to express the sincere pleasure and gratification afforded us by the presence of your Royal Highness in this island; as well as our grateful sense of the distinguished honour conferred upon the borough, by your Royal Highness having condescended to make choice of it as a place of residence for yourself and your illustrious daughter.

United as we are by the bonds of duty, loyalty, and attached to our most gracious Sovereign and every member of his illustrious house, we entreat your Royal Highness will accept our strongest assurance of respect and attachment towards yourself, as well as to your illustrious daughter, and sincerely hope your Royal Highness may enjoy lengthened years of uninterrupted health and happiness.

Signed, at the council chamber in the name and on the behalf of the corporation of Beaumaris, this eight day of August, 1832.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, Mayor.”

The following was her Royal Highness's answer to the address:—

“ Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I have to thank you, most warmly, for the Princess and myself, for the manner in which you express yourselves, on our visit to this charming place.

We receive with much gratification your assurances of good feeling to us,

dictated, as they are, by your loyal attachment to the king; and which has led you to receive us with so much attention."

A most numerous meeting of the inhabitants and visitors of the town, was also held in the Guildhall, on Wednesday afternoon, at one o'clock, pursuant to a requisition, for the purpose of deciding upon the best mode of testifying their respect for her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter:—when it was resolved, that an address drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Howard, and seconded by the Lord Bishop of Dromore, should be presented to her Highness, by a deputation consisting of,

Lord Bishop of Dromore.
Richard Armit, Esq.
Richard Gresley, Esq.
Francis Prendergast, Esq.
Sir Daniel Bailey
Rowland Williams, Esq., Mayor.
Rev. Dr. Howard.
John Wright, Esq.
William P. Poole, Esq.
Llewellyn Jones, M. D.
Rev. Mr. Bold.
Mr. Archdeacon Saurin.

Leonard Raisbeck, Esq.
W. Molineaux, Esq.
Andrew Gresley, junior, Esq.
Thomas Peers Williams, Esq., M. P.
Edmund Meyrick, Esq.
Mr. Redding.
Mr. Thomas.
John Williams, Esq.
Richard Howard, Esq.
Rev. Bulkeley Williams.
Mr. Batley.

The deputation accordingly waited upon her Royal Highness at the hotel, on Thursday morning: when the following address was presented and read by the Rev. Dr. Howard:—

"We, the undersigned, the inhabitants and visitors of the town of Beaumaris, anxious to manifest the high consideration we entertain for your royal person, and the regard in which we hold your character and virtues, beg leave to express the gratification we feel in seeing your Royal Highness and the Princess Victoria in the island of Anglesey.

With that loyal attachment which has so long characterised our country, we hail the arrival of your Royal Highness amongst us, with a respectful and affectionate welcome; and offer our most ardent hopes, that an excursion which has brought to us so much honour and delight, may prove to your Royal Highness and the Princess Victoria, a source of grateful recollection and renovated health.

Whether as a princess or a mother, we humbly express our warmest wishes for your welfare; may your Royal Highness long continue, as the one, to adorn the high station in which you live; and as the other, to receive the reward of your maternal anxieties and cares, in the future happiness and prosperity of your illustrious daughter."

The following was her Royal Highness's answer:—

"My Lord and Gentlemen,—It is not easy for me to express to you my feelings, in return for the sentiments you have just conveyed to me; be assured, I am most deeply sensible of them.

It is very agreeable to the Princess and myself, in fixing in this interesting part of the country, to receive from the inhabitants and visitors of Beaumaris such marks of attention, as a proof of their loyal attachment to the king."

Shortly after receiving the addresses, the Duchess and Princess, with their suite, got into their carriages, and drove to Carnarvon. On reaching the Menai Bridge, a royal salute was fired from a battery of guns planted in the vicinity.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a town meeting was held in the Guildhall, Mr. Bailiff Parry in the chair, at which it was resolved, that an address should be presented, and that a procession should be formed of the bur-

gesses and other respectable inhabitants to meet her Royal Highness and her illustrious daughter. It was also resolved, that in the absence of the deputy mayor, Joseph Goddard, esq. should be requested to officiate as his representative, with which request Mr. Goddard complied.

A most numerous procession was accordingly formed at half past twelve, in front of the *Urbridge Arms Hotel*, from whence it advanced, preceded by a band of music, about a mile on the Bangor Road, and there awaited the approach of the royal visitors.

At a quarter past one, the cavalcade came up, and the carriages having halted, Mr. Goddard was introduced to their Royal Highnesses by Sir John Conroy. On the arrival of the royal visitors at the hotel, a salute was fired from the guns on Twthill.—In a few minutes the Duchess, accompanied by the Princess, appeared at one of the windows of the hotel, when they were received with the most deafening acclamations by the dense multitude in front, which appeared highly gratifying to the illustrious ladies, who acknowledged in the most condescending manner the marks of esteem and respect shewn them by all ranks and classes.

The deputation appointed to present the following address, were then received by the Royal Highnesses:—

“Madam,—We, the deputy mayor, bailiffs, burgesses, and other inhabitants of the ancient and loyal borough of Carnarvon, humbly beg to approach your Royal Highness and the Princess Victoria with sincere congratulations on your arrival in the Principality; but more particularly to express our high gratification at the honour now done to our town, the birth-place of the royal Edward.

We sincerely trust that your Royal Highness will experience much gratification and enjoyment amidst our wild and romantic scenery, and that the pure air of our mountains may be the means of permanently establishing your Royal Highness in the best of health.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity, to express our warmest feelings of loyalty to our most gracious sovereign, and humbly to request your Royal Highness to accept the assurance of our highest esteem and respect.”

To which her Royal Highness was graciously pleased to return the following answer:—

“Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—The Princess and myself were not aware that this visit, of which you could hardly have been apprized, would have permitted you to shew us this attention. But the loyalty of your ancient borough to the king, has led you to hasten to offer us, as members of his family, the demonstrations of attachment that have marked our reception here to-day; and for which we are most grateful.”

After partaking of refreshment, in which they were joined by Mr. Goddard, by the special invitation of the Duchess; the royal party accompanied by the same procession as before, proceeded to visit the venerable ruins of Carnarvon Castle.

On arriving at the castle, the royal party entered by the principal gate, and after inspecting the interior, and ascending to the top of one of the turrets which flank the eagle tower, they returned to their carriages, and proceeded by Castle-street and High-street, through the Porth yr Aur to the quay, where the barge was waiting to convey them to the royal yacht. Joseph Goddard, Esq. had the honour of handing the Duchess and her illustrious daughter into the boat, in which they were rowed to the royal yacht amidst the thundering of artillery, and the cheering of almost all the population of the town and neighbourhood of Carnarvon, who crowded the quay, the walls, and shipping in the port, and every spot from whence a view of the royal embarkation could be procured. Having received the

royal party on board, the yacht weighed and set sail for Beaumaris, where the Duchess and Princess disembarked and returned to the Bulkeley Arms.

On Friday, the Princess Victoria partook of an early dinner with T. A. Smith, Esq., of Vaynol, and his lady, on board that gentleman's magnificent steam vessel, the *Menai*.

In the course of the week, the illustrious strangers were visited at the hotel, Beaumaris, by most of the people of distinction now resident in this quarter of the country.

On Monday, Mr. Smith, of Vaynol, had the honour of conveying the Duchess and Princess in his steam vessel to Conway, from whence they returned in the evening by land.

The following correspondence will no doubt be read with deep interest.

On the anniversary of the birth-day of the Duchess, bonfires were kindled on Penmean-mawr, Snowdon, and other mountains. At Carnarvon, Beaumaris, Bangor, and Conway, the inhabitants received the royal visitors with every testimony of outward parade, and of heartfelt affection. At Bangor, where an address was presented, as at other places, a royal salute was fired from the guns which crowned the brow of the mountain. An accident here occurred, which for some time threatened serious consequences. The guns having been wadded with oakum, some of the wadding, when discharged, was carried by the westerly breeze to the leeward, where it fell in a state of ignition amongst the dry grass, furze, and other combustible vegetable substances with which the edge of that part of the mountain is thickly covered; in a few seconds two or three roods of the surface was in a blaze, and the flames were rapidly approaching the picturesque and beautiful plantation of Mr. Pennant, which crowns that part of the mountain that overhangs the lower part of the main street of Bangor. Mr. Wyatt, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Cottingham, and several other gentlemen, aided by great numbers of the inhabitants, both male and female, set themselves to arrest the progress of the conflagration, and by cutting down some young trees in order to prevent the fire reaching the body of the plantation, and by throwing water in large quantities upon the places already ignited, their efforts were in about two hours crowned with complete success. The excessive toil of carrying water from the bottom of the mountain was most cheerfully undergone by hundreds on this occasion; and several active young men suspended themselves by ropes over the precipice, at the hazard of their lives, while cutting away the furze and brushwood with which it was overhung.

VISIT TO LLANBERRIS.

Early in the morning of the day proposed, it was known at Carnarvon that their Royal Highnesses would pass through the town, on their visit to the romantic lake, and to Llanberris. Accordingly, the fires lighted the previous evening on Twhill and on the Elidir mountain, in honour of the Duchess's birth-day, were scarcely extinct when Carnarvon was all in a bustle of preparation to display yet other proofs of attachment to the royal visitors.

The day was such as the morning promised, clear and refreshing. The Uxbridge Arms Hotel was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags. The streets leading to the Llanberris road from the hotel were profusely decorated; the neighbouring woods seemed to have been dismantled of their branches, to supply the fronts of the houses with foliage. Flags, with appropriate inscriptions, were hoisted opposite the houses in the Bangor road, and in many places in the town. The children of the National Schools were drawn up, girls and boys separately, in front of the hotel, headed by benevolent individuals and their teachers. A little after twelve o'clock the

royal carriage arrived in front of the hotel. It was soon perceived that the Princess Victoria *was not* present, and a feeling of anxiety pervaded the people to learn the cause. It was soon understood that her Royal Highness was slightly indisposed, on account of the fatigues of the preceding day, and it had not been deemed advisable that she should leave home. The Duchess seemed much pleased with the appearance of the children; and, after changing horses, the party proceeded in the direction of Llanberris, amid the loud greetings of the assembled inhabitants.

The road to Llanberris pursues its course chiefly along an elevated ridge, at the foot of the Seiont, winding over its rugged bed, guiding the eye to its origin in the lake of Llanberris. Her Royal Highness must have enjoyed the scene, spotted with the harvest, into which the sickle had already entered. The cavalcade stopped at a temporary pier erected for the embarkation of the royal party, near the northern extremity of the lake, a few hundred yards from the ruins of the hall of Llewelyn, where tradition informs us King Edward the First embarked to attack the Welsh when they made their last stand. Here her Royal Highness and suite entered the boat of T. A. Smith, Esq. provided for their reception, at the stern of which floated the royal standard for the first time on this lake since the days of the first Edward. The cortege was increased by the arrival of a number of carriages from Carnarvon, which kept pace with the boat as it proceeded up the lake, and pedestrians lined the roads and rocks. The scene at the entrance of the lakes is very striking. The mountains at the extremity of the pass, about seven miles in the distance, approach each other, forming a narrow and bold defile, and seem to close up the view in the dark and rugged majesty. On either side of the lake the mountains rise abruptly to an immense altitude; and the lake, reflecting their rocky sides, has always a particularly dark appearance. As the boat proceeded slowly along, the royal visitor was greeted by salutes from above 2,000 rock cannon, a species of artillery which will require some description. In convenient parts of the rock holes are bored to a sufficient depth, and, being charged with gunpowder, are connected by means of trains, so that, upon the application of a match, countless successive explosions take place, which reverberate in a fearful manner among the mountains. The fire glanced along the rocks like flashes of lightening, followed by explosions, the hollow rumbling of which can only be compared with the repeated bursts of thunder. The royal party landed at the ruins of Dolbadarn, one of the ancient British castles which guarded the pass, where they were escorted by several hundred members of the benefit societies of the vale to the New Inn just erected by Mr. Smith, and now called the Royal Victoria, where the royal banner was displayed opposite the Hill of Council, where the barons of Snowdon were encamped when they made with Edward the treaty which united England and Wales.

Considerable disappointment was felt when it became known that the young Princess, or, as the quarry-men call her, "*y frenines fach*," (the little Queen,) was not of the party. They were, however, highly delighted with the condescending manners of the Duchess.

After partaking of refreshments, the royal party proceeded to visit the ancient castle, and Mr. Smith's beautifully situated cottage on the lake. They then set out on their return by land, receiving as they went a thundering farewell by the mountain cannons, which the *llangciau Eryri* (lads of Snowdon) had reloaded.

It was the intention of the miners to seek an opportunity of presenting an Address to her Royal Highness, but they were deterred from it by the fear of being thought intrusive.

DONATIONS TO THE LOCAL CHARITIES OF BEAUMARIS, CARNARVOR, AND BANGOR.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has given at Beaumaris—to the Ancient Druids, £25; the Carnarvonshire and Anglesey Dispensary, £50; the Ladies' Society of Beaumaris, £25; the National Schools of Beaumaris, £50; to aid in building a school-room, £50.—At Bangor, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, and disabled and necessitous Clergymen, £25; the National Schools, £50; the Female Friendly Society, £25; the Lying-in Charity, £25; the Penny Club, £25; the Infant School, £50.—At Conway, £30 to the Conway Charity Schools.—At Pwllheli, £25 in aid of the subscription for the New Church; wherever she went, she left testimonials of her benevolent disposition in her munificent donations to public charities.

The accounts we have received of the numerous addresses and introductions, together with festivities and rejoicings of all kinds; would positively occupy not only a single number of the Cambrian Quarterly, but volumes would not suffice; and, as we shall have to notice the royal visitants in the proceedings of the Eisteddfod, we take leave to conclude our lengthened observations upon the royal tour, summing up our remarks with the observation that, although we have been most anxious to prove ourselves faithful chroniclers, we have unavoidably omitted to mention many many instances of bounteous charity on the part of the Duchess of Kent.

THE EISTEDDVOD.

Previously to entering upon the description of so peculiar a national custom as the Eisteddvod of the Cambrian branch of the old Celtic family, we venture to think that a few brief observations may not be without value;—to our countrymen, we need not address ourselves; but as we do not write for Wales and Welshmen, merely to the Saxon, in common with all foreign readers, who may be unversed in the intent and importance of Eisteddvodau, we conceive it absolutely necessary to offer something like a key to the business of the meeting, however imperfectly we may discharge our undertaking. It is therefore proper to inform such persons, that it is far different in its objects from the modern musical festivals held in England, whose objects are either charity or ordinary festivity. The venerable Eisteddvod of the Welsh was in olden time a congress of *all* the poets and minstrelsy of the country, attended and presided over by the princes and nobles of the land; it was also a depository for national oral record; and though falling infinitely short of the noble Eisteddvod, the glorious Elizabeth Tudor, queen of England, appears, as far as possible, to have imitated the customs of her Welsh ancestors, during her various visitations and commemorations in England. But the similarity merely went so far as regarded an immense mass of retainers, for the pomp, and pageant, and mummary of the one, has no parallel in the solemn ritual and high congress of the old British bards.

But, in proportion as the customs of antiquity would of themselves gradually sink into darkness, it becomes necessary, in accordance with the taste of fresh generations, in order to keep up the ancient ritual, to interweave with the old, as part of the entertainment, modern amusements; so as to attract an assemblage of rank and power: it has therefore been found necessary, at all Eisteddvodau, held in our time, to retain the services of English professors, and the bards *Datganiad* and *Harpey* certainly cannot be now considered, (because not understood,) as constituting the sole attraction of a modern Eisteddvod.

We now proceed to our promised detail of the BEAUMARIS EISTEDDVOD: after due advertisement, it commenced on the 28th of last August,* patronized by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. The weather was unfavourable; Monday, the day preceding the festivities, was cold, rainy, and comfortless; and the morning of Tuesday was cheerless. However, about eleven o'clock the sun gleamed occasionally through the heavy clouds by which it had been obscured. The town instantly became a scene of bustle and animation, which reminded us of those beautiful lines by one of the modern Welsh poets:—

Aflonydd dwrf olwynion
A drystiant y' mhalmant Môn.

In consequence of the number of subjects given for competition, and the rewards attached to them, exceeding those of any preceding Eisteddvod, the bards and minstrels on this occasion were proportionably numerous; and though a few straggling rhymers will attend meetings like these, nearly all the candidates on the present occasion were persons of reputation, who had been drawn to Beaumaris by no other motive than an ambition to excel their fellow competitors in any contest in which they might be engaged.

The royal party quitted the Bulkeley Arms on Saturday, with their suit, by which time all the beds in the town were engaged. The company was very numerous, comprising a large portion of the gentry, nobility, and clergy of North Wales, and the bordering English counties.

There were present the Duchess of Northumberland; Lord Robert Grosvenor and Lady; Lord and Lady Mostyn; Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn and Lady; Lord and Lady Fingal; Archbishop of Tuam; Lord Bishop of Bangor; Lord Bishop Dromore; Lord Boston; Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M. P.; Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart. and Lady; Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart., M. P.; Sir R. Virian, Bart., M. P.; Sir John Jennings, Bart.; Sir John and Major Hilton; J. Maddock, Esq., Glan y Wern; P. York, Esq., Erddig; O. Stanley, Esq., Penrhos; Pierce Mostyn, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

On Tuesday morning at twelve o'clock, a procession was formed at the town hall, which, headed by music, escorted the president, Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, to the castle; in the area of which was erected a spacious platform, surrounded by seats. Sir Richard, upon taking the chair, was most enthusiastically greeted.

The heralds having advanced to the front of the platform, and sounded their trumpets three times; the Rev. J. Blackwell, opened the proceedings by reading the following proclamation in Welsh:—

Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd.

Yn y flwyddyn 1832, pan yw yr huan yn nesau at Alban Elfed, yn awr au-terth, ar yr 28ain o fis Awst, gwedi cyhoeddiad teilwng, agorir yr orsedd hon yn Nghastell Beaumaris, yn Ngwynedd, i roddi gwys a gwahawdd i bawb a gyrchont, lle nad oes noeth arf yu eu herbyn, ac y chyoeaddir barn gorsedd ar bob awenydd a barddoni a roddir dau ystyriaeth, yu llygad haul, ac yn ngwynneb goleuni. *Y gwir yn erbyn y byd.*

Aneurin Owen, Esq. then favoured the company by giving the following translation:—

The Truth against the World.

In the year 1832, and the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, at the hour of noon, on the 28th day of August, after due proclamation, this *gorsedd*

* It is but justice to state that we are much indebted to the newspapers in framing our notices of the Eisteddvod, especially to the Chester Courant.

is opened in the Castle of Beaumaris, in Gwynedd, with an invitation to all who may come, where no weapon is naked against them, and judgment will be given upon all works of Cimbric genius submitted for adjudication in the eye of the sun and in the face of the light. *The truth against the world.*

Sir Richard Bulkeley now stepped forward, and following the example of presidents on former occasions, made the following observations, which were exceeding well delivered and received with loud applause:—

He feared he would incur the charge of presumption for having accepted the high and honourable office to which he had been called, as he felt himself sadly deficient in two very necessary qualifications. He was not so well acquainted as he ought to be with the history of his native country, and he was totally ignorant of the language that would be employed in a great part of the proceedings. It was nothing but the pleasure which he experienced in contributing, as far as he was able, to the advancement of Welsh literature, that could have brought him to place himself in that distinguished situation. In confessing his own incapacity, he would claim the indulgence of the meeting, and confidently depend on receiving from those around him any assistance of which he might stand in need. As some ladies and gentlemen might not be fully acquainted with the precise nature of an Eisteddvod, he would endeavour, in a few words, to explain its origin and its design. In days of yore Eisteddvodau were held every three years. The primary object of them was the cultivation of literature, the improvement of the morals of the people, and especially the encouragement of poetry and music. For these purposes the Eisteddvodau were then held, and he could not say that at the present day these purposes were at all altered. The productions in the Welsh language that would be offered to the meeting, he was told by persons competent to form an opinion on the subject, had seldom been equalled and never excelled. He was obliged to be indebted to others for the pleasure of understanding this, so that the ignorance he had confessed carried with it its own punishment. To the bards of Cambria the assembly would owe the amusement which awaited them. He sincerely lamented that the condition of this most honourable class of men was different from that of the bards of former days. The situation, though not the character of the bards, was much changed. In the days to which he had referred they were the constant and familiar companions of the native princes, accompanying them to their wars, encouraging and animating them in the field of battle, and, in times of peace, cheering and solacing them in their halls and palaces. It was a subject of regret that the present race did not equal them in station, but they were in no respect inferior to them in talents. He sincerely rejoiced that although the meeting was not summoned, as had been the case in days that were past and gone, by royal authority, yet it was under royal patronage; and he was delighted to see, in the present literary contributions, which, as he had before said, had rarely been equalled, and had never been surpassed either in number or in excellence, that the Welsh *Awen* was in no wise extinct. The result of the festival, he was confident, would be to inspire them with loyalty and patriotism, and at the same time, with the sacred love of liberty and freedom. He had to thank the ladies and gentlemen present for the kind indulgence with which they had heard him; and having thus endeavoured, though imperfectly, to describe the nature and objects of the meeting, he would conclude with taking his leave.

At the conclusion of the honourable baronet's address, the secretary, W. Jones, of St. Asaph, invited such bards as had Englynion to recite, or were prepared with any other compositions in honour of the meeting, to ascend the platform. Several persons immediately obeyed the summons, and the company were successively addressed by them in English and Welsh. Among others we select the following.

Address to the Chairman.

Henffych o ddawnwych ddywenydd, Syr Risiard,
 Syw rasol Gadeirydd ;
 I *Awen* fad iawn ef fydd
 A chu lais yn achlesydd.

O'i dda rinwedd ddewr hynod, cu lwyddawl
 Coledda'r cyfarfod,
 Noddwr y gân glân ei glod,
 Was da addfwyn Eisteddfod.

Llawenydd ein Llyw union, eich gweled
 A'ch golwg mor foddlon,
 Ym mysg Beirdd, a miwsig bôn,
 Dewr addas y Derwyddon.

I noddi Awenyddiaeth, wych alwad,
 A choledd Dysgeidiaeth,
 Yn glau yn ddian e ddaeth
 Athronwyr yn feithriniaeth.

Brythoneg hêr iaith union, law-forwyn
 Lefain tra gwendôn,
 'Tra amser, tra ser, tra sôn,
 'Tra mwyn nawws ter Monwysion.

Mor hyfryd eres, dymor Frodorion,
 Clywed y bonedd clau eu dybenion
 Deuai'r Seneddwyr dros Awenyddion
 A gwar Rïanod mor wiw gywreinïon
 Llên mād yn lloni Môn—mor weddawl
 A dala'n wrawl hên delynorion.

RICHARD PARRY, Llanerchymedd.

Annerchiad i Eisteddfod Beaumaris.

Henffych well, *Gastell*, ein Gwestawr—mirain
Beaumaris brydferthfawr,
 Eisteddfod, yd west hoeddfawr
 Daeth o lwydd, diau i'th lawr.

Yn awr Môn wen, crechwena—iawn achos
 Yn uchel banllefa ;
 Caed Eisteddfod, hynod ha !
 Llon wychawl llawenycha.

Syw roesaw i *Syr Risiad*—ein dewrwych
 Gadeiriwr, mwyn penllad,
 Baron-hil, o bur iawn bād,
 Mynweswn y *Monwysiad*.

Ac i'r Awen ein goreuwyr—ddaethant
 Yn ddoethaf Achleswyr ;
 Sai 'n haeddawl ein Seneddwyr
 Cadw 'n hiaith, yw gwaith y gwyr.

Heb *Iorwerth*—er ein cyfnerthu—wele
 Anwylion o'n dentu ;
 Hil Tudor ein Cynor cu,
 Hyneif o Fôn yn hanu.

Er alltudio hyd i orwyllt oedwig,
Gronwy o'r *Mawrlon*, i gwr *Amerig*,
 Daw i Fôn raddau, diau'n fawreddig,
 Daw i'n Hawen fwyn addien foneddig,
 Chwal y braw uchel eu brig a 'i graddau,
 Yn bur ei moesau, yu ber ei miwsig.

Daw ail *Oronwy*, od eiliwr union
 Etto rhyw *Feilir*, welir yu wiwlon
 A gwiw Feirdd enwog, fo o radd *Einion*
Ednyfed a *Gwalchmai*, garai ragorion
 Cyfyd o'u mysg—cofiwyd Môn—a'n mamiaith
 Ha ! ha ! i'n eilwaith, a ddaw anwylion.

THOMAS PARRY, Llanerchymedd.

Breathes the soul of a Goronwy through Mona's fair isle ?

Wafted hence may the muse, borne along
 On the wings of sweet zephyrs and grac'd with a smile,
 Preside at the feast of the song !

Dwells the spirit of Ionawr with mortals below ?

Is the genius of Walia his care ?
 Or in heav'n, to the harp, do his joys ever flow,
 While he sings to the Trinity there ?

Shall Kerry's blest Shepherd, retir'd to the shade,
 Neglected, sweet moralist, lie ?

My country forbid it ! Or Virtue shall fade,
 And Charity weep in the sky.

Strike the lyre ! May his praise, as the seasons roll on,
 Embellish the soul-thrilling strain !

While the walls of Beaumaris Castle, anon,
 Respond the fair theme o'er again.

Unassuming, the muse, from Siluria remote,

Greets the Congress of Cambria so fair ;
 While the bard and the minstrel its mirth shall promote,
Will the hearts of Siluria be there ?

H. JONES, Merthyr Tydvil.

Hail, Cambria, hail gladly this festival day,

Entwin'd be thy muse with the brightest of flowers ;
 Illum'd be that genius, immortal the day,

That the minstrel-bard chaunts in these grey hoary towers.
 For the harp's swelling strains with emotion's more sweet
 When the bards and their patrons thus happily meet.

The strains of our *Cynfeirdd*, inspired of yore,

Awake, and repel the proud Borderer's tale ;
 His disdain shall not sully our minstrelsy more—

Your fire is not quench'd—your accents reveal :
 And the grateful thrill'd patriots will never refuse
 A just meed of praise to Cambria's sweet muse.

Hail, hail, and thrice welcome, brave patriot band,

And thrice welcome sons of the Awen ;—to ye
 The proud rocks of Arvon, to Mona's bright strand,
 Exulting, re-echo the songs of the free.

This Congress of Bardism and Royalty—Fame
To long unborn ages shall proudly proclaim.

Within these bold turrets, 'mid our ancestors' wail,
Did the tyrant depose e'en that dear minstrel band.
Forbid the dark record, and deem it a tale
By horror once vision'd of old in our land,
For allay'd were the wrath of that proud ruthless king
Had he heard but the minstrel of Cambria once sing.

The drear clang of war alarms *Cymru* no more,
The bright sun of Freedom's gold radiance distils;
Let's forget now the dark gloomy ages of yore—
The glory fiend's vanish'd that dyed our green hills.
To Freedom unbounded our sweet lays invoke—
The gyve now lies shatter'd, the tyrant-spear broke.

Sweet harp of old Cambria, this hour thou art tuned,
Approving, fair Royalty listens to thee;
In the courts of the kingly thou'st often communed,
Thy magic delighting the noble and free.
Now, benignantly smiling, princesses command
With joy the fond lays of our dear mountain land.

Immortal Goronwy's wreath'd lyre shall string
To the fair race of Tudor, brave sire of Mon;
The hoar cromlewch echoes, the Druid groves ring,
Joy, joy to our nobles!—True Briton's have shown,
And declare that each bosom with loyalty thrills,
And welcomes their visit to Cambria's green hills.

Again, let the Awen's sweet accents prepare
To the much honour'd patriot—record we the fame
Of Baron Hill's *nenbren*—he graces the chair;
While the minstrel and bard their fond raptures proclaim
In greeting the fam'd one, whose munificent hand
Revives the fond strains of his dear native land.

Hil telynorion, doed adnerth i'ch tannau;
Boneddion gwladgarawl a dyrant yn nghyd
I noddi y beirddion, ac enuyn plethiadau
Yr awen, fu bellach heb achles gyhyd.
Mawrion feithrinant wir ddawn awenyddion,
Blodeued yr awen tra saif Cymmrû dirion,
Mcwn cof tra daiaren, boed iaith yr hen Frython,
Ei beirddion yn enwog hyd ddiwedd y byd.

THOMAS LLOYD JONES, Holywell.

Premiums Awarded.

Mr. Jones, the secretary, stated that the next business would be the adjudication of prizes to the successful authors of literary compositions. They came on in the following order:—

PRIZE I.—For the best six stanzas (*chwe Englynion*), on Menai Bridge, a premium of £7, and a medal of the value of £2. For the second best on the same subject, a premium of £3 10s.

The Secretary called upon the judges to come forward and declare the successful candidates.

The Rev. Evan Evans, who was one of them, said that the subject had

excited great interest among the sons of the Awen, for no less than sixty-two compositions had been sent in! Upon a subject so confined, and allowing so little scope for the display of superior genius, the judges had felt great difficulty in coming to a decision. There were eight poems of merit, seven of which were so much upon a par, that they would consider it an act of injustice to award the second prize to any one in particular, to the exclusion of the other competitors. They considered the paper signed "DEINIOL," the best, and recommended that the medal and £3 10s. should be given to him; and the £7 divided equally among the rest.

"Deiniol" was requested to declare himself, and immediately the Rev. David Williams, of Clynnog, answered as the representative of Ebenezer Thomas, of the same place. The reverend gentleman was invested with the medal by Lady Williams, of Beaumaris.

ENGLYNION AR BONT MENAI.

Pont Menai pa'nd dymunol—ei chadwyn
A'i chydiad gorchestol;
Di lerw Din, o lawer dól,
A phlethiad, asiad oesol.

Oesol adail seiliedig—ar waelod
Yr heli chwyddedig,
Niweidio 'i mur unedig
Nid all y don a'i dull dig.

Er dull dig rhuad hallt eigion—ni syf
Nes syfio *Eryron*;
Ac o'i ffurfio caiff *Arfon*
Bont tra myg i ben tir *Môn*.

Pen tir Môn pa antur mwy—ei gyrhaedd
Tros gerynt *Porthaethwy*;
Nid hâd, y Bont safadwy,
A ddaw a glan yn ddi glwy.

Di glwy, yw tramwy a gwneud tremiad—ar
Yr oruwch adeilad;
Uwch o ran ei chywreiniad
At iawn les na phont un wlad.

Nid oes un wlad is y Ne' lou—fyth deif
Y fath Did tros afon;
Na chynnygiwch, Enwogion,
Heb wneud taith hyd y Bont hon.

The second prize was divided among the seven competitors, according to the recommendation of the judges.

PRIZE II.—The president's premium of £10 to the author of the best elegy on Owain Myfyr.

The Secretary said that he was sorry only two compositions had been received upon this subject; neither of which were considered by the judges of sufficient merit to claim the prize. The subject would therefore be left open to future competition.

PRIZE III.—A premium of £15, and a medal of the value of £5, for the best Essay in English, on the History of the Island of Anglesey, with biographical sketches of the eminent men it produced; and a premium of £7 10s. for the second best Essay, in English, on the same subject.

The Secretary having called the person using the signature of "Bronwen" to come forward, and no one answering, broke open the seal, and declared Miss Angharad Llwyd, of Caerwys, to be the author.

Miss Charlotte Williams was invested with the medal as the representative of the author, Miss Llwyd, by the president.

Henry Davies, esq. of Cheltenham, then came forward, and recited the following ode—his vocal intonation was exceedingly clear, accompanied by proper action and pathos.

Isle of the Druid and the Bard ! since thou
Wert chronicled in song, the ebb and flow
Of times and tides have ceased not
Centuries have roll'd
With more to thee than centuries of woe;
Yet hath dishonour left no blot
Upon the 'scutcheon of thine ancient fame,—
And oh ! how bless'd thy lot !
Had History's muse still left untold
The tale of Mona, when the Roman came,
Buckler'd, and helm'd, and panopled in flame !
Nor trac'd one line of triumph, to record
The course of Loigria's desolating sword ;
When crimson conquest's sanguinary flood
Dash'd through the barriers that had long withstood
Its lurid deluge;—and the Awen light
Of Cambria that, undimm'd and bright,
Had blaz'd for centuries, was quenched in blood !
Mother of Wales ! Nurse of the free and brave !
Dense was the gloom that gather'd round thee then ;
And hoarser than the thunders of the wave,
The cry of anguish and despair arose
From mountain-cave and glen !
Seem'd it not then, dark island, unto those
Who loved thee most, and served thee unto death,
That night eternal was about to close
Around the land, where erst alone
The light of Freedom and of Genius shone ;
The dauntless heart that never quail'd
In battle's onset, fainted now !
Patriot alike and poet failed
To mourn their country's overthrow!—
Torn were the harp-stings—hush'd the voice of song ;
And echoless our father's halls, our father's hills among.
Five hundred years went by, and still
The lyre of Mona slept,
Nor was there one to wake the thrill
Of rapture and of hope, until
Her own Goronwy—bard beloved !
Its chords in triumph swept ;
And to the Loigrian scoffer proved
That genius from Cynddelw's land
Should never pass away :
But long as Arvon's mountain stand
Should sound, through Time's remotest gay,
" To high-born Howel's sharp, and soft Llewelyn's lay."
And lo ; again, again,
The bardic strain

Echoes along the bosom of the main
 That belts with billows Mona's sacred shore ;
 While louder than the ocean's roar,
 The voice of fame
 Gladdens the welkin, and with loud acclaim
 Peals a new era to the Cambrian name !
 The spirits of the mighty dead,
 Hail the glad pæan, and, rejoicing, spread
 Their viewless pinions to the eternal blaze
 Of sunless glory that around them plays,
 Commission'd earthward upon high behest.
 Breaking the gloom
 That mantles round the past, they come
 From the green islands of the far off west,
 Unseen of vulgar eye, but not the less
 Present, the gifted and the good to bless ;
 To welcome those who, led by genius' light—
 Inheritors of inspiration's might—
 Are destin'd soon
 To share with them the high and holy noon
 Of immortality :—and wear the wreath
 That fades not, withers not, and owns not death !
 They came to hail a brighter morn
 Than ever yet to Mona's isle,
 In the fair orient of the past, was born,
 Or woke creation's smile.
 Mother of Wales ! Around thy shore,
 Songless and harpless long,
 Behold from North and South, once more,
 Thy gifted children throng !
 Fired by the spirit that of yore
 Inspired the masters of the lofty tongue ;
 Nor seeks in vain the youthful harp,
 The minstrel aged, and the seer,
 Renown's fair guerdon and award,
 The smile of beauty and the cheer
 Of gratulation,—proud reward,
 To every child of song and every minstrel dear.
 And these to other times shall tell,
 Through other lands proclaim,
 How Cymru's Awen broke the spell
 That manacled her fame.
 When Wallia from her deepest dell,
 To Snowdon's sun-lit peak,
 Echoes exulting to the swell
 Of joy and triumph, that bespeak,
 The smile to Cambria long unknown,
 The presence of the princely heir to British Arthur's crown.

PRIZE IV.—The Gwyneddigion medal, to the author of the best stanzas on Adam and Eve in Paradise.

The Secretary stated that the Judges of Adam and Eve in Paradise, were not present, and that the adjudication of the prize would be deferred.

PRIZE V.—A premium of £10 and a medal of the value of £3, for the best elegy (*Rhyddalaeth*) in Welsh blank verse, on "*Ifor Ceri*," (the late Rev. J.

Jenkins, Kerry,) and a premium of £5, for the second best elegy in Welsh verse on the same subject.

The Rev. J. Blackwell read the following adjudication, which was signed by himself and Mr. Wm. Owen Pughe:—"Eight compositions have been received on the lamented death of one of the best of men and of Welshmen—one of the principal promoters of modern Eisteddfodau. We are glad to see in our bards a growing taste for a species of metre in which the sweetness of their national *cynganedd* is not likely to lead men astray. Of these eight compositions, four are excellent: those are signed "Galarwr," "Cynddelw," "Ymddifad, Hiraethog," and "Cynddelw." But we consider the two signed "Cynddelw" the best; that commencing "Tan ywen hên," is evidently the production of a man of much poetic talent. His imagination is warm, his taste good, his language elegant, and he would most probably have gained the prize, had not the merits we have mentioned, united to other merits peculiarly his own, been possessed by his rival "Cynddelw." We conceive "Cynddelw" commencing "Pan y machludo huan araul nawb," to be eminently worthy of the prize."

The Secretary called upon "Cynddelw" to declare himself, when Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, of Holywell, answered, and was invested with the medal by Miss Charlotte Williams.

The premium of £5, for the second best elegy on the same subject was adjudged to the Rev. John Jones, (*Tegid*) of Christchurch, Oxford.

PRIZE VI.—A medal for the best ode on the coming of age of Piers Mostyn, Esq. eldest son of the worthy and much esteemed Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, president of the late Denbighshire Eisteddfod.

The judges in this case were the Rev. J. Blackwell, and the secretary, Mr. Wm. Jones. The latter gentleman read the following adjudication to the meeting, signed with both of their names.

"We do not recollect having a severer task to perform than to determine the palm of victory between two competitors on this exhilarating subject—"Simwnt Vychan," and "Simwnt yr oes yma." Both are, in our opinion, deserving, and almost equally deserving of praise; but as the medal must be awarded to one competitor, we think, that the striking national peculiarity of "Simwnt yr oes yma" entitles him to a very slight preference over his rival. When we venture to say that these poems are not utterly unworthy of their subject, we feel that we pay them the highest compliment in the estimation of all who are acquainted with the rising and manly virtues of the young chieftain of Talacre. We think so very highly of "Simwnt Vychan," that we would wish him to declare himself, and if we dared, we would earnestly recommend him to the consideration of the committee."

The secretary having called upon "Simwnt yr oes yma" to declare himself, Mr. William Edwards, of Ysgeiviog, Flintshire, answered, and being introduced upon the platform, was invested with the medal by Mrs. Brice Pierce.

The person using the signature of "Simwnt Vychan," was called to declare himself. Mr. William Edwards, Llanberris, answered.

PRIZE VII.—A premium of £20, and a medal of the value of £5, for the best awdl (*Ode*) on the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*, (*Llong ddrylliad y Rothsay Castle*): and a premium of £10, for the second-best Ode on the same subject. On this subject 19 compositions were received, the judges of which were the Rev. Walter Davies and Mr. William Jones. A critical letter was read to the meeting, from the former gentleman, by which it appeared that he considered the poem by "*Un a gâr fyw yn nglan y môr*," the best composition, although several of the others were of great merit. Mr. Wm. Jones, the other judge, stated that at the request of the Rev. Walter Davies, he had read the two best poems, and cordially agreed with that gentleman in his de-

cision, and considered the composition above mentioned one of the finest bursts of poetic genius, and the most striking ebullition of the Welsh *Awen*, which had ever fallen under his observation. In confirmation of that opinion he made several quotations; and concluded by observing, that if the Eisteddfodd had been got up for no other purpose than the production of this poem, its promoters and the Principality would have been amply rewarded.

The successful bard, being called upon to declare himself, stood confessed before the meeting in the person of the Rev. W. Williams, of Carnarvon, and as it was the principal literary prize, the reverend gentleman was installed in the bardic chair, by the chair bards then present, namely, Rev. E. Evans, Robert Davies, of Nantglyn, and William Jones, of Carmarthen. Lady Bulkeley then invested him with the medal amidst the approbation of the meeting.

The second prize was awarded to Mr. Griffith Williams, alias Gutyn Peris, of Llandegai; and Mr. Blackwell observed that his poem was scarcely inferior to the other.

Pennillion singing was introduced again; after which the secretary announced that the subject fixed upon for the prize Englynion for the medal given by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, was "the Marriage of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, Bart."

The Concert.

In the evening a very numerous and fashionable company assembled at the Town Hall, to witness a concert of vocal and instrumental music, under the superintendence of Mr. John Parry. The selection was judicious, and passed off to the evident satisfaction of every one present. The vocal performers were Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Cramer, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Parry, sen., and Mr. Parry, jun. The instrumental performers were Mr. Cramer, leader; flute, Mr. Nicholson; trumpet, Mr. Harper; violoncello, Mr. Lindley; principal violin, secondo, and viola, Messrs. Herman; clarionets, Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Entwistle; violoncello, Mr. Jackson; double bass, Mr. Hill; patent symphonion, Mr. Parry; pedal harp, Mr. Parry, jun.; grand pianoforte, Mrs. W. Knyvett.

At half-past twelve o'clock, Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley entered and stated he had received a letter from Sir John Conroy, which he would read. The letter was expressive of the regret of her Royal Highness that the state of the weather prevented her intended presence at the Eisteddfod, and announced her intention of being at Baron-hill in the evening at four o'clock, when the Princess and herself would invest the successful candidates with the medals. Sir Richard then proceeded to say, that as the room would not hold one-third of the ladies and gentlemen who wished to be present, it was proposed to adjourn to the castle; and that he should be happy to see such of the company as wished to be witnesses of the investiture of the successful competitors with medals by their Royal Highnesses, at Baron-hill, at four o'clock in the evening. These announcements were received with loud cheers, and the company began to move towards the castle.

A little before one o'clock the band announced the arrival of the president, by striking up a national air.

The President upon entering advanced to the front of the platform amid loud cheers, and repeated the information respecting the intentions of their Royal Highnesses which he had previously given in the Town Hall. Sir Richard concluded by inviting such of the company as might be desirous to be present at the ceremony of investing the successful candidates with the medals given by their Royal Highnesses, to Baron Hill, in the evening.

The Rev. Henry Parry, of Llanasa, opened the proceedings of the morning with the following address:

“ It may appear intrusive in me to address this splendid assembly, met to celebrate the bardic festival, as I am no bard myself; but I assume the liberty, as being present when this Eisteddfod was first thought of, being on its committee and as being a hearty well wisher to the order of bards. I shall endeavour to give a brief outline of the history of the institution, occupying as little as possible of your time; and on that account I shall omit all that bears upon the subject before the time of Edward the First. From the period of the conquest of Wales by that great monarch, till the accession of the House of Tudor to the throne of England, a dismal cloud hung over the bards and minstrels of the Principality. We have a tradition that Edward massacred the bards in this very place, where their successors this day hold their festival. But this is a point supported by such a slender testimony, that it is not credited at the present time, though it furnished an occasion for one of the sublimest odes in the English or any other language. The bards were inimical to the government of Edward; and, as the press now, were powerful agents in forming and directing public opinion. With the insurrection of Owen Glyndwr—must I call it rebellion?—the bardic spirit seemed to rekindle a little, but it was soon suppressed by the vigilance and prompt measures of Henry IV. In the time of his grandson, however, Henry VI., a very great Eisteddfod was held at Caermarthen, under the presidency of Gruffydd, grandfather to the great Sir Rice ap Thomas, so well known for assisting and placing Henry VII. on the throne, and ancestor to the present Lord Dynevor. This Eisteddfod was attended by all the bards and minstrels of Wales, and under the conduct of the well known Llawdden. Two silver badges were provided; a silver chair, and a silver harp. Both these badges were triumphantly carried away by a bard from Flintshire, and a minstrel from the same little county. The silver chair, after being honourably borne by Tudur Alde, passed back into South Wales, and was lost. The silver harp never revisited our southern brethren, and is now in the possession of the Hon. Edward Ll. Mostyn, of Mostyn. Some half a century after this Eisteddfod, brighter days shone upon the bards and minstrels. A Prince of the House of Tudor was on the throne. Henry VIII. distinguished himself for his great literary attainments and love for music, for he was a composer in that noble science; he summoned, in the fifteenth year of his reign, an Eisteddfod, which was accordingly held at Caerwys, in 1526. This was under the presidency of Richard ap Howal Vychan, Esq., of Mostyn. Of this meeting we know but little, for, in those days, there were no reporters to cook up an account of it. But his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, called, by a royal commission, now extant, a meeting to be held at the same town of Caerwys, which was accordingly held there in May, 1568. This commission is directed to Sir R. Bulkeley, to Thomas Mostyn, and to Peers Mostyn, Esquires; and it is singular, that the representatives of those gentlemen are now here, possessing the same ardour for promoting Welsh literature as their ancestors in the reign of the virgin queen. We are acquainted with every thing that was done at the Eisteddfod; for a contemporary author, the learned Dr. J. David Rees, a native of Llanfaethlu, in this island, has given us a full account of it. From this era to the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Eisteddfodau were entirely dropped. But they were partially revived by the exertions of the Cymmrodorian Society in London, in the end of the eighteenth century. Then the nobility and gentry of Wales caught the flame, and Eisteddfodau have been ever since held, every third or fourth year, in different provinces of the Principality. As the encouragement increased, the productions of the bards and minstrels also improved. The Royal Eisteddfod, held four years ago at Denbigh, under the presidency of Sir Edward Mostyn, left all others far behind it. But what shall we say of this, under the presidency of Sir R. Bulkeley, in ancient Mona, “ *Môn Mam Gymru*,” the land that gave birth to Owen Tudor, the founder

of the house of Tudor, that gave birth to Lewis Morris and Goronwy Owen; from which sprung Sir William Jones, and the brave warrior now holding the vice-regal sceptre on the other side of the water, and who derives his title from this beloved island. The bards were always loyal, and they often suffered for their loyalty. For their attachment to their native princes, Edward I. discouraged and repressed them; for their attachment to their legitimate sovereign, Richard II. when he was deposed, Henry IV. took severe measures, and enacted cruel laws against them; and, on account of their supporting the falling cause of monarchy in the time of the first Charles, Cromwell, when he obtained the supreme power, visited them with his severest vengeance. But now their prospects are splendid." There was much cheering during the time that the reverend gentleman addressed the meeting.

The Rev. E. Evans, of Chester, stated that the prize for the best composition on Adam and Eve in Paradise," which had not been awarded yesterday on account of the absence of the judges, was declared in favour of the writer using the appellation "Eryon Gwyllt Walia." The author, Robert Owen, not being present, Lady Bulkeley invested Mr. John Parry as his representative.

PRIZE I.—A medal to the author of the best six Welch Englynion on "the honour conferred by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria at our National Festival."

The Secretary stated that on this subject eighteen compositions had been received, from which the judges selected two as the best. They could not determine to which of these two the palm of superior merit ought to be given, and had therefore called in a third friend, who had pronounced in favour of the composition signed "Owen Tudor."

Robert Davies, of Nant Glyn, a chaired bard, on whom had been conferred many prizes at former Eisteddfodau, was introduced with "all his blushing honours thick upon him," and was invested with the medal by Lady Harriet Mostyn, of Mostyn. After the ceremony, the successful bard, at the particular request of the company, recited his Englynion. The following is a copy:—

" I Dduges Caint, braint i'n bro,—bid mawl mawr,
Bid mil a myrdd croeso,
A'i seren drylen deg dro,
Hoen ddiwrnod i'n haddurno.

Teyrnwaed Tudurwaed, da dirion,—oreu
Aeres Prydain goron,
Derchafid yn dra chyfion
O blanwydd Penmynydd, Môn.

Mal cenedl, grym hawl cynhes,—i'n tirion
Victoria, D'wysoges,
Mae ynom o wraidd monwes
Galon yn wreichion o wres.

Da deuodd, a Duw i'w dewis,—i Fôn,
Tros Fenai Bont fawrbris,
Urddasodd, graddodd bob gris,
A'i mawredd dre' Bewmaris.

Os bu lorweth gerth, waith gau,—yn tòri
O'n tîr ein beirdd goran;
Daeth hon i'n gwlad, clymiad clau,
Er nawdd i'r awenyddau.

Casglwn, cofleidiwn flodau tyner,
I'w taenu'n ei llwybrau,
Aw ei rhwysg, i'w thra mawrhau,
Wrth adwaen tîr ei theidiau."

The premium for the second best was given to Mr. William Ellis Jones, of Carmarthen.

PRIZE II.—An elegant silver-gilt Medal, presented by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, for the best four Welsh Englynion on the Marriage of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley. Ten excellent compositions had been sent in, and the award of the judges was declared in favour of the composition signed "Dewi." The author being desired to make himself known,

The Rev. J. Blackwell stood forward and was invested with the medal by Lady Robert Grosvenor, amid thunders of applause. Mr. Blackwell then recited the Englynion as follows:—

Eto unwyd mewn tynion—aur rwyman,
Rymus ddwy llin Brython
Treiddia trwy wlad Derwyddon:
Gerddi mawl—nes gwardda Môn.

Iforaidd yw myfyrion—Syr Risiart,
Rhoes-roesaw i feirddion:
Ystanley fydd Nest hoenlon
Iddo—a merch newydd Môn.

Golau haul, a gwawl hylon,—tirion wên
Dadtry'n ol gysgodion
Od oedd ddwl is dydd alon,
Nid tywell mwy mantell Môn.

Dwy oes hir, hyd i oes wyrion, i'w rhan,
Agwir hedd yn goron;
A'gadael tra Caergwydion,
Lu o'u meib i lywio Môn.

DEWI.

PRIZE III.—A Silver Medal to the successful author for the best Essay on Agriculture.

The Rev. Mr. Metcalf (private chaplain to Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart.) stated that there were three compositions which possessed extraordinary merit, and of these the judges had decided in favour of "Amaethon."

Aneurin Owen, Esq. having declared himself the author, was invested with the medal by Lady Mostyn.

The second premium on this subject was adjudged to Mr. William Jones, of Pwllheli.

The Rev. Mr. Metcalf stated that there was another production on this subject (agriculture), which merited particular notice. The judges had ranked it in the third place; but, impressed with a sense of its very great merits, they recommended that it should be published in addition to the other two. The composition bore the signature of "Ralph Aricula Robinson." The author not appearing, the seal was broken, and the name of the Rev. Samuel Roberts, Llanbryn-mair, appeared as the author.

PRIZE IV.—The Medal of the Royal Cambrian Institution, for the best Essay on Welsh Grammar.

There were only two competitors for this prize, and as both Essays were considered of equal merit, the judges proposed that medals should be presented to both of them. The first of them was Mr. Hugh Jones of Chester, for whom Mr. Edward Parry, of Bridge-street, in this city, was invested with the medal. To the Rev. J. H. Williams, of Llancaudwaladr, Anglesea, was awarded the other medal; and the Rev. J. Jones, of Holyhead, was invested as his *locum tenens*.

PRIZE V.—An elegant Silver Medal, the gift of Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart., for the best poem on David playing the Harp before Saul.

The Rev. Henry Parry said he had the honour of being one of the judges on this subject. No less than twenty-seven compositions were sent in, six of which were excellent. The palm of superiority was, after careful investigation, awarded to "Hanesydd."

Mr. Robert Davies, the bard of Nantglyn, presented himself amid loud tokens of approbation, and was invested with the medal by Lady Mostyn, of Talacre.

The premium for the second best composition on the same subject, was awarded to Mr. W. E. Jones, (Cawrdaf.)

The President begged to state that the successful candidate for the best History of Anglesea was not present yesterday, he was most happy however to announce that the lady was among the company today. (Cheers) He then took the opportunity of passing a very warm encomium upon the lady's industry and talents, and observed that the work would, when published, embellish the library of every gentleman throughout the principality of Wales.

Lord Mostyn immediately introduced Miss Angharad Lloyd, who was invested with the prize medal by Sir R. Buckley, the president.

CONTEST FOR THE HARP.

The judges in the contest for the prize were Mr. John Parry, the conductor, and Mr. Aneurin Owen. The candidates came forward in the following order:—

1. Miss E. Jones, of Corwen: tune, "Serch Hudol," (the Allurements of Love).

2. Griffith Jones, Capel Curig: tune, "Bro Gwallia," (Country of Wales.)

3. William Jones, Beaumaris: tune, "Pen Rhaw," (Spade's Head.)

4. Richard Pugh, of Corwen: tune, "Black Sir Harry."

5. John Williams, of Oswestry: tune, the same. His performance elicited much applause.

6. Hugh Pugh, of Dolgelley: tune, "The King's Joy."

7. Rees Jones, of Llanrwst: tune, "Sweet Richard."

The Silver Harp was awarded by the judges to Mr. John Williams of Oswestry, formerly a pupil of the celebrated blind harper, Richard Roberts, of Carnarvon.

Pennillion singing followed, when the President stepped forward and stated that the contest of Pennillion singers would take place at the Town Hall, in the evening. Mr. Parry, the conductor, sang in fine taste a stanza of our inspiring national anthem, "God save the King." The whole meeting enthusiastically joined in the chorus. Sir Richard then called for three times three cheers for the King, which were given, as well as three times three for the president. The company then separated.

PENNILLION SINGING.

In the evening, the pennillion singers met at the Town Hall, and a very interesting contest was carried on for three hours. The medal was awarded to Joseph Williams, of Bagillt; and the premiums were equally divided between all the other competitors. The hall was crowded to excess, and the audience seemed to take the most intense interest in the proceedings. The following gentlemen were appointed judges:—Mr. John Parry, Rev. Evan Evans, A. O. Pughe, esq. and Bardd Nantglyn. The individual who had gained the silver harp in the morning was appointed to play on the occasion. After an arduous struggle, the judges decided in favour of Mr. Joseph Williams, of Bagillt, who was accordingly invested with the medal.

PROCEEDINGS AT BARON HILL.

About the hour of four in the afternoon, a large concourse of spectators assembled at Baron Hill, the splendid seat of Sir R. Bulkeley, to witness the ceremony of investing the successful candidates with silver medals, by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, and her interesting child. The spot

chosen for investing the bards and other successful candidates with the medals, was the terrace in front of the building, where they were duly invested by the Royal Visitors.

THE BALL.

The ball in the evening was honoured by the company of 250 individuals, comprising not only a great portion of the nobility and gentry of North Wales, but a galaxy of youth and beauty, which it would be difficult to equal in this or any other part of the King's dominions. We are for want of space constrained to omit notices of the regatta, balls, &c. &c.

Thus has terminated the proceedings of the Royal Eisteddvod at Beaumaris. Before we conclude, we must congratulate the friends of Welsh literature upon a resolution passed by the committee before they left Beaumaris, namely, "that the surplus money shall not be diverted from the main object of the institution, *but be strictly applied to Cambrian literary purposes.*"

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

The latter end of June, at Pigeonsford, Cardiganshire, the lady of G. B. L. Price, esq. of a son.—On the 25th of June, at Pengwern, the Lady Harriot Lloyd Mostyn, of a daughter.—On the 8th of July, at Greenedge, near Bangor, Mrs. J. Hughes, of a daughter.—On the 1st of July, at Llysnewydd house, near Newcastle Emlyn, the lady of John Hammond Spencer, esq. of West Cross, near Swansea, of a son and heir.—At Llebcynfarwy Rectory, the lady of the Rev. James Hughes, curate of Bodedern, of a son and heir.—At Llangefni, Mrs. William Wilkins, of a daughter.—On the 10th of July, at Llangoedmore-place, near Cardigan, the lady of Major Herbert Vaughan, of a son.—On the 27th of July, at Wrexham, the lady of the Rev. Prebendary Law, of a son.—On the 31st of July, at Aberystwith, Mrs. Davies, of a son.—On the 10th of August, at Gorphwysfa, the lady of Richard Heywood, esq. of a son.—On the 6th of August, at Nanhoran, Carnarvonshire, the lady of Richard Lloyd Edwards, esq. of a son and heir.—On the 29th of July, the lady of the Rev. John Jones, Holyhead, of a son.—On the 28th of July, at St. David's College, the lady of the Rev. Llewelyn Llewelyn, D. D. Principal, of a son and heir.—On the 4th of August, in Whitehall-place, Lady Hen. Cholmondeley, of a daughter, which survived its birth but a few hours.—On the 23d of August, Mrs. Richards, wife of Captain Richards, of Port Madoc, of a daughter.—On the same day, Mrs. Watkins, wife of Captain Watkins, of the same place, of a son.—On the 18th of August, Mrs. Evans, of the same place, of a daughter.

Marriages.

On the 29th of December last, at Patna, Bengal, James Clarke, esq. M. D. to Harriette Anne, youngest daughter of Simeon Boileau, esq. of Carnarvon.—On the 17th of June, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesey, by the Rev. W. Wynne Williams, A. M. rector of Llangainwen, Mr. John Evans, of Bryn Isa, to Anne, third daughter of Mr. W. Rowlands, of Hen dy.—On the 19th of June, at Denbigh, by the Rev. John Jones, Charles Jones, esq. Holywell, to Mary Ann Jones, only daughter of Mr. Edwards, Denbigh.—On the 18th of June, at Wrexham, Thomas Murray, son of James Gladstone, esq. of Liverpool, to Frances, only daughter of the late John Eddowes, esq. of the former place.—On the 26th of June, at Llanelly, Hugh Williams, esq. Carmarthen, to Miss Jones, of Kidwelly, and of Corvus Lodge, Carmarthenshire.—On the 29th of June, at Henllan, by the Rev. W. Williams, M. A. W. York Jones, esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Williams, esq. Abbey, Denbigh.—On the 2d of July, at St. Michael's, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, by the Rev. J. Johnson, M. A. Capt. Kyrke

Royal Denbighshire Militia, of Summer-hill, to Jane Frances Horseman, eldest daughter of Mrs. Barber, Upper Stanhope-street, Liverpool.—On the 23d July, at Llandysilio, Anglesey, by the Rev. David Griffith, Captain Thomas Jones, of Burlington-street, Liverpool, to Mrs. Fisher, late of Whitehaven.—On the 19th of July, at Dolgelly, by the Rev. H. W. White, Thomas Jones Stevens, esq. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Anne, daughter of the late Humphrey Owen, esq. of Doleserey.—On the 3d of July, R. Woodcock, esq. to Miss Ashmore, both of Llanfyllin.—On the 5th of July, at Llanferris, Denbighshire, by the Rev. Charles Butler Clough, John, youngest son of Wm. Hughes, esq. of Thankerton House, Lanarkshire, to Dorothea, eldest daughter of the late Richard Hughes Lloyd, esq. of Gwerclas, Merionethshire.—On the 26th of July, at Dolgelley, Merionethshire, — Stephens, esq. of Cambridge, to Miss Ann Owen, daughter of the late Humphrey Owen, esq. of Dolserrey. Considerable surprise was occasioned: as it was reported that a professional gentleman from Holyhead was expected next day to demand the hand of the bride. His arrival was therefore “the day after the *fair*.”—On the 2d of August, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, the ceremony having been first performed according to the rites of the Church of Rome, Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, in the county of Anglesey, bart. M. P. to Maria Frances, the only daughter of Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, of Hooton, in the county of Chester, bart. and granddaughter of Lady Haggerston, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland.—On the 15th of August, at Llanfihangel Ysgeifiog, Anglesey, Mr. Moses Williams, late of Ty-hen, to Miss Mary Jones, of Ynysfant.—On the 30th of July, a Llanasa, by the Rev. Henry Parry, vicar, Edward Morgan, esq. of Golden-grove, to Alice, second daughter of John Douglas.—On the 1st of August, at Neath, the Hon. John Wingfield Stratford, of Addington-place, Kent, to Harriette, daughter of the late Henry Grant, esq. of the Gnoll, Glamorganshire.—On the 28th of July, at Strata Florida, John Maurice Davies, esq. of Crygie, Cardiganshire, to Margareta Jeannetta, only daughter of Thos. Davies, esq. of Pantyfedwen, in the same county.—On the 4th of August, at St. James's, Viscount Sydney, to Lady Emily Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey.—On the 1st of August, at Penegoes, Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. T. Hughes, M. A., the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, M. A., Chaplain to the Hon. East India Company, to Miss Jewsbury, the celebrated poetess.—On the 28th of July, E. Phillips, esq. of Ruabon, Denbighshire, to Miss Eliza Puttenham, of Liverpool-road, Wavertree.—On the 7th of July, at Abergavenny, Frederick Tanner, esq. of Exeter, to Anna Maria, daughter of Vere Herbert Smith, esq. of Abergavenny.—On the 2d of July, at Llanferres, Denbighshire, John, son of William Hughes, esq. of Thankerton House, Lanarkshire, to Dorothea, daughter of the late R. Hughes Lloyd, Esq. of Gwerclas, Merionethshire.—On the 8th of August, at St. Mary's church, Chester, John Humphreys, esq. of Higher Berse, near Wrexham, to Mrs. Price, of Lower Berse.—On the 7th of August, at Erbistock church, by the Rev. Geo. Robson, Wm. Shone, esq. of Overton-bridge, to Miss Francis, of Erbistock.—On the 16th of August, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, by the venerable Archdeacon Onslow, Edward Thos. Foley, esq. M. P. of Stoke Edith Park, Herefordshire, to the Lady Emily Graham, third daughter of the Duke of Montrose, and sister to Lady L. Clive, of Powis castle.—On the 24th of August, the Rev. Mr. Hollis, to Miss Francis, of Penstrowed, Montgomeryshire.—On the 28th of August, at Beaumaris, Thos. Holesworth, esq. of Wakefield, Yorkshire, to Miss Eliza Jane, only daughter of the late Rev. William Jones, rector of Llanbadric, Anglesey.—On the 21st of August, at Llanbeblig, by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, William Barton Panton, esq. Hermitage, Beaumaris, youngest son of Jones Panton,

esq. of Plas Gwyn, Anglesey, to Miss Ann Williams, only daughter of Henry Ramsey Williams, esq. Penrhos, near Carnarvon.

Deaths.

On the 11th June, at his father's house, aged 22, Prochorus Roberts Jones, second son of the Rev. Edward Jones, Wesleyan minister, Wrexham, of pulmonary consumption.—On the 15th of June, in Chester, Mary, the wife of the Rev. T. M. Davies, rector of Treflan, Cardiganshire, and daughter of the late Alderman Bedward.—On the 20th of June, at Henllan Vicarage, Denbighshire, Mrs. Bonnor, wife of the Rev. Richard Bonnor.—On the 18th of June, of spasmodic cholera, Captain Henry Wynn, of the Royal Welsh Fusileers. This distinguished officer joined the above regiment in Egypt; was present at the taking of Martinique, at Walcheren, throughout the Peninsular war up to the surrender of Paris, and at the battle of Waterloo. At Paris, his lady, after giving birth to a daughter, now 16 years of age, died, and lies interred adjoining the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, in Pere la Chaise. He had been four times severely wounded, and had been complimented on several occasions for his conduct.—On the 5th of July, at Rose-hill, Ermin, relict of the late Richard Harry Kenrick, esq. of Nantclwyd, in the county of Denbigh, and youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir Thomas Kyffin, of Maynan, Carnarvonshire.—On the 9th of July, at his father's house, in Grafton-street, London, after a long illness, Watkin Henry, eldest son of the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, in the 17th year of his age.—On the 4th of July, at Hashford, Evan Thomas, esq. of Sully, Glamorganshire, and of Llwynmadoc, Breconshire, in the 54th year of his age.—In July, at Aberystwith, William Jones, esq. solicitor and town-clerk of that town.—On the 17th of July, in his 73d year, at his residence, in Bridge-place, Richard Buckley, esq. Mayor of Chester.—On the 10th of July, at Caer Groes, near Llanrwst, Jane, relict of William Owen, esq. of Pencraig Inco, Carnarvonshire.—On the 10th of July, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Jones, of Gelliwig, in this county, mother of the late Col. Jones, of the 22d Welsh Fusiliers.—At Ynys Fantach, in the parish of Llanidan, Anglesey, at the advanced age of 100, Mr. David James, late of Ffridd Bach, in the above parish.—On the 27th of July, at Ruthin, aged 33, Humphrey Maesmore, esq.—On the 31st of July, of a slow decline, which he bore with meek resignation to the divine will, Lewis Vaughan, esq. of Penmaen Dovey, Merionethshire, in his 77th year.—On the 3d of July, at his residence Garth View, Thomas Roberts, esq. in the 65th year of his age.—By accident we have omitted, in the two last numbers, to place upon record the death of Mr. Griffith Jones, late Secretary to the Cymmrodorion Society. Mr. Jones was a native of Merionethshire; formerly he possessed a great facility in public speaking, but his merits rested not alone on the powers of elocution, he was warmly attached and ever alive to the interests of his native country: pieces of plate, medals, &c. had been presented to him as an acknowledgment of his patriotic services.—Lately, at an advanced age, Mr. Henry Jones, of Bala, father of the Rev. J. Jones, (Tegid,) of Christ Church, Oxford.—On the 28th of July, at an advanced age, David Williams, esq. of Pen-y-hont, near Bala, and father of the Rev. W. W. Williams, of Plas Llanfair, Anglesey.—On the 3d of Aug. at Presteign, Wm. Meredith, esq. of Knighton, Radnorshire.—On the 6th of August, at Gloucester, Mary Eliza, wife of W. Cother, esq. and eldest daughter of the late John Bill, esq. of Llandrinio Hall, Montgomeryshire.—In his 52d year, at the Isle of Wight, greatly regretted, Wm. Watkin Anwyl, esq. M. D. of Bala, Merionethshire. Three brothers in this respectable family have thus been consigned to the grave within a very short period.—At Abbotsford, on the 21st of September, Sir Walter Scott. We regret that our limits preclude us from giving a full account of this celebrated literary character in the present number; but which we promise to do in our next.

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